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THE ELIXIR OF DEATH.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE OREGONIAN.

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On Friday, the 13th day of November, it is one year ago to-day since she died, and before night I shall have followed her across the threshold of darkness and of death. It was one year ago since she died, alone, on the broad ocean, in a foreign ship, with no friend near her, with only strange hands to do the last rites of this life, and with tongues yet stranger to answer her last words. She died at 6 in the morning, and at 6 in the evening I shall die, as I sit here in the great city as she on the dreary sea. At 6 to-night, in two or three short hours more, when the chill wind falls down on the damp streets, amid the hurrying roar which tells that the day is done, I shall leave this life—unworthy to die as I am to live.

I do not die to punish my sin. I know full well that far worse it would be a punishment more to live, with my body worn and racked, with my brain on fire, with my heart dull and dead, with my conscience sharper than an asp, with the awful knowledge I have now of the emptiness of life. There is nothing for me to do: I have no hopes—no desires even. For me the future is as black as the past. Annihilation, to be blotted out absolutely from the universe, to cease to be suddenly—body, mind, and soul—this is the one thing I could wish, and this one thing I know I cannot attain. I at least can die; in life I can control myself; after death, what happens will happen—with no effort on my part, and despite my utmost effort should I be foolish enough to resist.

Before I die, then, with the little strength allowed to me, and in spite of the gnawing pain which will kill me at last, I write this record of my search for the elixir of death. Its curiosity may lead some man to read it—the same curiosity which led me to my great crime, and through the crime to the great discovery. I shall not begin at my birth or at my bringing-up; it is of my death and not of my birth that the world will care to read. I am not yet two-and-thirty years of age: I shall die before I have attained half of the allotted years of man; and my life has been lived along one line—I have been unceasing, unhasting, unresting inquirer. I have had always the same fatal and unquenchable curiosity which is the index of the highest and most masculine genius, as it is also the mark of the most feminine pettiness.

I was a youth of studious habits, with a persistent desire for investigation, especially in odd paths little trodden by the average man—the mortification of the humdrum and the commonplace, from which I ever revolted. I had the same taste even as a boy—if, indeed, I ever was a boy. Sometimes when I have watched other children, I have wondered whether I was ever a child myself; it seemed to me as though I had always been what I was. A time came when I hoped to have my childhood in the society of my own children: but now—— And perhaps it is best as it is; there are those who wish for children that they may be trained to continue a great work, and to carry it on to ultimate victory. But I have made my great discovery, and I have nothing to leave a son but a confession of the emptiness of life and the futility of desire. I do not know the meaning of family ties; my father died before I was born, and my mother died in giving me birth. I have always lived alone and lonely except during the few short months of my marriage.

When I left college I spoke French, and German, and Italian; I knew Greek and Latin better than most students of my age; and I had a smattering of Hebrew and Sanskrit. To science I had then given little attention, and I did not know enough to be aware of my own ignorance. My graduating thesis was on "The Dead-lock of Science;" I found it two or three years ago, and I was surprised at the sharp reasoning and at the depth of my incompetence to attempt a subject of which I knew nothing. I devoted myself at once to the study of law with a youthful ardor, which has now burnt out and consumed itself utterly, leaving not so much as the smouldering ashes behind. I studied the old law books; I learnt Norman French; I deciphered crumbling and mouldy treatises on Roman law, written in quaint mediæval Latin, full of queer elisions and contractions. It was not long before I discovered that medical jurisprudence interested me more than any other branch of law. From Wharton and Stille I turned to the *Gazette des Tribunaux* and to the *Newgate Calendar*, until I had a strange callousness to the details of physical suffering, which had for me a morbid fascination. I read all the famous trials; I became an expert on infanticide, on assault, on murder; I studied the details of death by strangulation, by the sword, by dagger, and by poison. I found a special charm in the investigation of dormant charges of poisoning, freely bandied about in Italy and in France when the darkness of the middle ages was clearing away and the principles of toxicology began to be better understood. I gave a [illegible] to many an accused, and acquitted many a victim who had fallen beneath the axe, while I sent to the scaffold many a king and emperor, many a prince and pope who had died comfortably in his bed 300 years before I was born. I became learned in poisons; I knew the differences between vegetable and mineral poisons; I knew the antidotes and remedies; I guessed the poison which has no antidote. In the course of this study I soon felt the insufficiency of my preparation for scientific research, and for the investigation of physiological subtleties. I abandoned the law, and gave myself up to the study of medicine. I enrolled myself in a medical school, and began at the beginning to conquer the science of medicine as I had conquered the science of law. In this I found my legal studies and my linguistic training of the greatest use.

Time passed and I was graduated. For my thesis on "The Future of Toxicology" I took a prize. I did not seek to set up as a physician after I received the diploma which gave me the right to cure or to kill. I had not need, for the little money I might make in practicing, and I had already begun to hoard my time as the most precious of my possessions, if I expected ever to be of use to mankind. The little fortune which had hitherto supported me was enough for my simple wants. With strict economy I was enabled to set aside from my annual income a sum to be devoted to my researches.

At first this money was spent in books, for I soon exhausted all that the best public and private libraries of New York contained on my specialty. I did not cumber my small rooms with the standard treatises, or with long sets of volumes to be found in every collection, but I took a keen delight in gathering together reports of trials for poisoning, not only in America and England, but in France, Germany, and especially in Italy. I had copies made for me from the secret archives of France; and thus, for instance, I obtained the interrogatories which confirmed the contemporary suspicions as to the cause of the death of Louvois. Correspondents in Italy sent me the useful fragments of unpublished memoirs as frank as those of Benvenuto Cellini or Casanova de Seingalt, and as useful for the understanding of the past. Many a strange and tortuous transaction settled by the sudden hand of death I was able to read by the light of modern science, and to explain as clearly as Sir David Brewster explained the mystery of the legion of devils which appeared at midnight to Cellini in the colosseum at Rome three centuries and a half ago.

Besides the books about poisoning, I had the poisons themselves. I arranged in chronological order a collection of the famous poisons of history, in little vials on a single shelf of a bookcase might be seen the hemlock draught of Socrates, the potion which Locusta got ready at the bidding of Nero; the famous poison of the Borgias (far simpler and far more easy to counteract than its reputation warranted); the curious substances composing the candle which lighted Pope Clement VII. to his death; the mixture, also Italian, which Catherine de' Medicis gave to Charles IX.; the subtle perfume, as deadly as the odor of the upas, with which the bouquet of Adrienne Lecouvreur was charged; the succession powder of the Marquise de Brinvilliers; the unpretending but efficacious dose given by Madame Lafarge to her husband; and, worse than all, the Italian *aqua tofana*, colorless and odorless, yet so deadly that a single drop administered once a week caused death at the end of two years, during which time the very slightest ailment was inevitably fatal. I have stood before that little case of poisons hour after hour in rapt contemplation of the awful possibilities of destruction pent up within the scant space of tiny vials.

In time my researches were noted abroad; I was known as an earnest student; I was called upon to testify as an expert; and I was soon recognized as an authority on toxicology. My testimony decided more than one case; and more than once a man's life hung on the words that fell from my lips. In the great Hungerford trial, it was my original investigation and my startling experiment, repeated in court before the jury, which revealed the prisoner's guilt incontrovertibly, in spite of the feeble protests of a professor of analytical chemistry, the poor ignorant creature whom the defense had relied on to combat me. I suppose I ought not to call him ignorant now as he has heard me testify so often that even he must have been forced to pick up a little knowledge of the elementary principles of toxicology.

It was at this time, just as my position was assured, that a strange thing happened to me—I fell in love. I was in court bearing witness against a young man named Morgan, who was accused of having poisoned his father. Before I had said twenty words I became conscious of a look of intense appeal in the face of a beautiful girl sitting just below me. I turned my head so as not to see her, but her large mournful eyes rose before me, and the wistful twitch of her mouth I could not but remember. I caught sight of the prisoner's face, and in a second I was assured that the tall, pale creature, with the sad and pitiful expression, was his sister. A minute more and my plan was made, my testimony, which was wont to be firm and unhesitating, became weak and wavering. The counsel for the defense was a clever man, and he saw the openings I had left for him, and in five minutes of hurried cross-examination he got from me just the evidence his case needed. By great good fortune, the prosecution had also engaged the absurd old professor of analytical chemistry, and the counsel for the defense had no difficulty in turning the feeble old fellow inside out and in revealing the emptiness within. The jury acquitted Wilfred Morgan without leaving their seats; and within six months Lilian, his sister, was my bride.

We made a wedding trip to Europe and we did what all newly-married couples are wont to do. We wandered through Scotland and England, and we spent a few days in London, where I found little to interest me. Life in humdrum England is tame to a man whose thoughts are set on the more mysterious tragedies of human existence. We paused in Paris while I picked up rare volumes, long lacking on my shelves. We walked in Switzerland and rowed on lake Geneva by moonlight under the shadow of Mount Blanc. We crossed into Italy, and here I felt my interest in humanity revive. We were happy, as man may be once in his life at least, for a little space. We found our happiness in each other, and each enjoyed the other's pleasure. At times it has seemed to me that the memory of this happiness has embittered the sorrow which followed it swiftly. In a dream sometimes I live those joyful days again, and then I awake to feel myself alone and to know myself what I am. After all, sleep is but a palliate for the disease of life—death is the only remedy.

When we left Italy we passed up into the Tyrol, and there one day I heard a chance allusion to the arsenic-eaters, and I recalled an early desire to investigate for myself the habits of the workers in the arsenic mines, who feed daily on a fixed portion of the deadly mineral, not merely without injury or danger, but with advantage, in that they are thereby protected from the insidious assault of the fatal product of their labor. I went to the mines alone, for my wife had a horror of poison in all its forms. The word even was painful to her. She believed her brother to be innocent, but whenever she chose to close her eyes she could see him lying in prison, under the awful accusation of parricide.

My examination of the mine was to me most interesting and instructive. Strange as it may seem, I discovered that it was possible to poison by refusing to give poison: in other words, when a man has learned to eat arsenic in a fixed dose with impunity, that dose is necessary to him, and if it is denied, then apparently the accumulative force of the mineral in his system is released, and he dies with every symptom of arsenical poisoning. The superintendent of the mines told me that at the age of 18, to protect himself from the pernicious effects of his daily toil, he took a grain of arsenic every morning in his coffee, and that he had gradually had to increase the dose until at the time I saw him, at the age of 35, he took fifteen grains every day. Now I know that fifteen grains is a quantity sufficient to kill five men. Twice had the superintendent been induced by timorous friends to try to stop the dangerous habit; and twice he had failed miserably. On the seventh day from the absence of arsenic he had been obliged to return to it again, on the penalty of his life. He was fully resolved, so he told me, that he would not again attempt to break off the habit suddenly, for he knew that the habit would inevitably be fatal. He intended, when he should retire from his position, at the age of 45, to begin to reduce the daily dose gradually until at 50 he might give it up altogether. I took notes of his statements and of my own corroboratory observations, and I set down in bold black and white the fact which had most struck me. It is possible to cause death by ceasing to administer a poison.

It was in the midst of the happiness of my bridal tour, when I smiled at the world and the responsive world willingly smiled back and when the future was full of hope and desire, it was then that I caught the first glimpse of my grand idea and was conscious of the first vague intimations of my great discovery. Perhaps it was my happiness which led me into the search for what was to bring misery and death to my wife and to myself. It was late in the spring, and we were in Vienna; and I can remember even now the feeling of unwonted cerebral excitement I experienced. It was to me a moment of growth and expansion. I felt that the fertility of my mind was multiplied fourfold, although of course in the beginning I did not know either the cause or the effect of this. I can recall the very instant when the indistinct germ of the idea began to take root in my brain. An Austrian, a learned enthusiast in the history of his noble city, told me the moving tale of the attack of the Turks, and as I heard again how the fate of civilization depended on the defense of one town against the host of Islam led by a mighty leader, I could not but think how much shorter it would have been to have struck at that leader and to have killed *him*, without whose energetic will the invaders would soon have been beaten back. To disorganize an attacking force by removing its head, suddenly, unexpectedly, at the most inopportune moment—this would be at once the surest and the simplest means of defence. Then it was that I first thought of the Elixir of Death.

And from that instant the idea never left me; it took possession of me; it mastered me until I could master it. During the few weeks longer that we lingered in Europe I was still happy, for a man does not get out of the habit of happiness all at once. But I had a fixed idea, and I pursued that relentlessly, to the mangling and destruction of whatever might stand between me and the accomplishment of my desire. What I sought was a thing so important to all humanity that the few paltry human existences I might have occasion to sacrifice in the attainment of my goal were as nothing. For success in my search I was ready to give my own life, and I saw no reason why the lives of others should be more precious to me than my own.

The Elixir of Death was the name I had given in my own mind to the object of my search. And by the Elixir of Death I meant a poison of properties hitherto unknown or hitherto uncombined. **I believe that it was possible to discover a poison which could be administered to anybody at any time and from any distance, with the result of causing instant death. Once in possession of the Elixir of death, and I was** master of the world. The Elixir of Death was a universal talisman to which all things were obedient, for death would come at its call, and death rules all things. If I could once compound the Elixir of Death, I had in my power to change the destiny of mankind and to mould all humanity to my will. If an Attila, a Tamerlane, a Genghis Khan, threatened civilization, with the Elixir of Death I could remove him at once from the face of the earth. If a Napoleon arose, absorbing to himself by sheer force of will and intellect, the human energy which should have been utilized in forwarding human progress, a single drop of the Elixir of Death would be more potent than he. If there should come a false prophet, leading all mankind astray by eloquent sophistries, I had but to use the Elixir of Death, and he ceased to be. If a great criminal should get himself above the law, and thus with impunity gave an immoral example, the Elixir of Death would go on its way and do its deadly work, though the mighty malefactor were as inured to poison as Mithridates. When I had once discovered the Elixir of Death I should have—without let or hindrance or control—the power of life and death over the whole world. If a man in the furthermost corner of the earth deserved to die I had but to make use of the Elixir of Death and the man was dead. When my search should be successful I should have more power than any man who ever walked on the face of the earth. Yet I did not seek out this secret as a means of personal aggrandizement; I sought it for the furtherance of the cause of humanity. I had confidence in my own wish to do right. And now, in my last hour, as I look back over the few months since the Elixir of Death came into my possession as the result and the reward of my labor and my crime, I can say boldly that I have never used it for selfish ends. What I have done with the Elixir of Death, inexplicable as it may have seemed to the blind and foolish crowd, was done always with the highest motives; but there is no need now to enter into futile explanation. What I did is done, and the future must judge.

The search for the Elixir of Death was long and toilsome, and abounded in false starts and sudden endings in blind alleys. Clue after clue I took up with hope and laid down again with a feeling akin to despair. Soon I gained heart once more and attacked the problem on another side. Again and again I was on the brink of success, when a final experiment dropped me instantly to the bottom of the precipice I had been trying to climb. The tortures of Tantalus and the tortures of Sisyphus together were not as hard to bear as those I endured without complaint—for I had hope at bottom. Nay more, I had an unfailing belief that I should succeed at last. I knew that I should find the Elixir of Death before death found me. But this certainty as to the result did not lead me to relax any of my efforts for its attainment. I toiled unceasingly. Some days I worked so hard that when darkness came I could not sleep; then I would pace the silent streets all night, under the cold stars, with my mind at its highest tension; often have I wondered why it did not break down. Again I would work sometimes for a week together day and night, never leaving my laboratory for rest or food, going wholly without rest and almost without food.

In these months of wrestling with the unknown my wife was left to herself. To be mated to a man with one idea is to carry a ball and chain through life. An ardent enthusiast, with his gaze fixed on the future is a sorry husband for any woman, but she may at least have the joy of sharing in his hopes and of consoling him in his disappointments. This joy was denied to my wife. From the very nature of the secret I was seeking, it could not be confided to her. I could not go to her and tell her how far I had advanced toward my great discovery. The mere thought of poison pained her; the word never crossed her lips and she never entered my laboratory or my library. What she might see there was too painful to her in the memories it recalled. And thus it was that our happiness fell away and we began to drift apart. That I neglected her cruelly I know now, though I did not think of it then. Her life lost its sunshine and her heart failed her. She never repined, and if she murmured I never heard it. She was alone, and I was alone.

One morning a fresh misfortune fell upon her. She was devoted to her brother, whose life I had saved from the gallows, and against whom I never said a word to her. She believed in him; and even his moody ways and the unhappiness marked on his face never shook her confidence in his innocence. After his acquittal he had gone back to his old business, and in the reaction of public sentiment in his favor he had been prosperous. Lilian left her small fortune in his hands and at her suggestion I gave him mine to manage for me. I was never a man of business, but I ought not to have been blind to the fact that Wilfred Morgan was not in a condition to be trusted with the control of large sums of money. Knowing him and knowing what I had done, I ought to have kept watch over him. But I had but one thought—the Elixir of Death—and I paid no attention to Wilfred Morgan. Even the chance allusions that I happened to hear in regard to his speculations and dissipations did not make any impression on me. He always avoided me—I knew why. And I ascribed his haggard and hang-dog look to the same cause. So I was wholly unprepared for what happened. In spite of his frantic struggles to extricate himself, Wilfred Morgan was sucked deeper and deeper into the quicksands of speculation. He lost his own fortune, his sister's, mine, and then he shot himself through the heart.

On the evening of the day that this happened I had made the most important step toward my discovery. I had found the constituent elements of the Elixir of Death. To combine them in exactly the best proportions and to give them the further property of doing their deadly work at any distance—these were the things I had yet to do before the Elixir of Death was an assured success. And these things, I knew, would take many months more of unhesitating hard labor of body and mind. The shot that killed Wilfred Morgan shattered all my plans. To accomplish my great purpose I needed all my time, and absolute freedom from material cares was indispensable. The loss of my little fortune and of my wife's meant that I should have to support myself by the practice of my profession—either law or medicine, as I might choose.

Fortunately, just at this moment the editors of a great encyclopedia of medicine, a huge undertaking to which all the most eminent specialist were to contribute, asked me to prepare for them a treatise on toxicology and on medical jurisprudence, and to superintend the preparation of the host of minor titles in both these subjects. For these labors, which took but two or three hours a day, the payment was liberal and prompt. I was enabled to continue my researches; but I found that I now made little progress. I needed more time and I needed more money. I was forced to feel keenly the loss of my fortune; and yet I am glad to say that I never took thought how I could make another. And I had power to get money in ways unknown to other men.

I had often smiled as I read the story of the seekers after the philosopher's stone, which might transmute the baser metals into gold and silver. What was gold and what was silver to a true philosopher given over, body and soul, to the solution of a problem which seemed incomprehensible even to those who were capable of conceiving its condition? As vain as the efforts of the seekers after the philosopher's stone were the wanderings of those who thought to find the fountain of youth. But their motives were more laudable. That a man should desire to be young even after he had acquired the wisdom of years—that he should wish to have an unclouded eye and a quick hand, to execute what his mature mind had conceived—this I could understand and tolerate. But like wealth, youth is a means only, and the alchemists made it an end. To live forever—which was the aim of those who sought the Elixir of Life—what a paltry endeavor was this! Of what account is life in comparison with knowledge and power? And when men have attained to perpetual life, they have always found it a curse and never a blessing. Ahasuerus the Wandering Jew, and Vanderdecken, the flying Dutchman—they had forced upon them what the seekers after the Elixir of Life were in search of—and they hated it and they held themselves accursed that they had it. What Ahasuerus and Vanderdecken would have given their souls to possess was the Elixir of Death.

That I should be debarred from this precious discovery by barren considerations of money or time was intolerable. Perhaps, if I had a friend to whom I could pour forth my projects, and to whom I could explain my disappointments, and who could strengthen me with inspiring consolation and encouragement, I might have thrown off the feeling of impatient and feverish irritation and recklessness which came upon me. But I had no friend in the world. To my wife I could say nothing; shrouded in her grief, she glided silently about our four rooms, until I came to shrink from looking at her lest I should reproach her as the cause of my loss. If only she had not fixed her gaze upon me when I was about to testify in court, her brother would not have lived to bring ruin on us both. But consequences are pitiless.

While I was in this unhealthy and morbid state of mind, and while we were living thus insufferably, I happened to take down from an upper shelf the note-books I had used during my wedding trip to Europe. Loosely in the leaves of one of them I found two folded papers; they were the insurance policies on my life and on my wife's, each for $50,000, and each for the other's benefit, which we had taken out, at the suggestion of Wilfred Morgan, a few days before we were married. He had made the payments on them as they became due. With the papers in my hand I made a hasty calculation and I found that it was almost time to make another payment lest the policy should lapse by default. Moved by an inexplicable impulse, I picked out a hundred rare volumes from my overcrowded shelves, and took them to a bookseller who had recently told me that a customer of his was collecting a toxicological library; and the money he gave me for these sufficed to keep alive the policy on my wife's life. If she should die I would receive the insurance on her life; with $50,000 I would complete the Elixir of Death beyond all question or dispute. And I knew that my wife was tired of life, and that she longed for the rest of the grave. And the sight of her pale face wore on me more and more day by day.

Perhaps I was mad; I do not know. A great physician has said that all men are mad. It may be that he was right, and that I was only a little more mad than my fellow man. It may be that I am mad now. I know little about madness, yet I know more than most, for I know I know nothing. I despise the poor creatures who spend themselves prying into the nooks and recesses of the brain, when there is so much work waiting to be done in the world at large.

The note-book in which I had found the policies lay on my desk for a few days. When I took it up, I saw that it was the one in which I had recorded my notes in the Tyrol. I read them again in silence, and a sort of stupor fell upon me. I sat still and stolid for an hour or more, then I arose and locked the note-book in the secret drawer of my desk, and I went out for a walk. It was nearly midnight in the middle of winter, and a chill rain froze as fast as it fell. When I returned home just before dawn I was clothed in a cerement of ice, but I had not felt the cold. I went at once into the little room which served me as a laboratory.

The next day my wife complained of burning pains. I gave her medicine to relieve her, and although it did no immediate good, the pain gradually wore away, and had wholly gone at the end of the week. A few weeks later they returned, only to disappear again a few days later. I had increased the daily dose of arsenic that I gave my wife every morning in her coffee.

After that I increased it every three weeks, and once every three weeks my wife had these burning pains. I always prescribed for her in vain effort to relieve the inevitable pain. I gave time to this, which I had to take from my labors on the Elixir of Death—time that I could ill spare if I was ever to accomplish anything. I was glad to know that in spite of these pains Lillie was in excellent health, and I came in time to have a strong scientific interest in her case. I noted every symptom and watched every change. I think she mistook the meaning of my attention, and for a little while at least she was happy in the thought that I loved her again. Her love gave her strength to bear the pangs which came upon her so mysteriously.

In this manner nearly a year had sped with its burden of anxiety, and I determined to test the success of my experiment—not to end it finally, however, as the time for that had not yet come. One day I did not administer the usual dose of arsenic, nor did I the next nor the next. In less than a week Lilian began to fall away; she was too feeble to walk; she could not eat; she was burnt up by the gnawing and growing pain within; in a word, she had every symptom of arsenical poisoning. There could be no doubt as to the success of the experiment. If I did not at once give her the portion of arsenic to which she had become accustomed she would die. On the eighth day after the cessation I gave her poison again in her coffee at breakfast. It was but a trifling dose, but its effect was instantaneous. She revived and began to improve. In ten days I had returned to the full dose. I had even increased it slightly; and Lilian had recovered her strength. Yet she was taking every day four grains of arsenic, a quantity sufficient to kill two able bodied men.

I now began to prepare for the end, and I longed for the end to come that I might get on with my work. For several months so severe was the tension on my nerves that I had been unable to go on with the search for the Elixir of Death. Beyond a few barren experiments, mechanically conducted to an unsatisfactory conclusion, I had done nothing, and I was possessed by a passionate longing to get to work again as soon as might be. Every day's delay maddened me. Anxious as I was, and eager as I was to gain possession of the money which I needed in my great work, I was not wanting in caution. I had no wish to see the man who on the brink of the discovery of the Elixir of Death hauled to prison for a vulgar murder. I took counsel of my cunning. Hitherto I had ministered to all my wife's ailments, and she never dreamed of consulting another physician. I knew a conceited, good-natured, foolish young fellow who had just been graduated from the medical school, where he had been a favorite pupil of the poor, doddering old professor of analytical chemistry. From him I had nothing to fear, and him, therefore, I called in—a compliment which gratified him immeasurably. He came to see my wife several times and saw nothing. I gave Lilian a little medicine, and I threw in her way one or two books on climate. I began to drop hints that perhaps she had a tendency to consumption, likely to be developed rapidly by one of the harsh winters of New York. Her mother, who had married again, was living at Nice, and I suggested that there was no better climate for consumptives than Nice. As luck would have it, the next letter from Lilian's mother came from Mentone, and it expressed a wish that Lilian would come over and spend the winter with them at Nice. Then I arranged to meet the young doctor, accidentally, and I inoculated him with the idea that my wife was consumptive, and needed a season in the south of France, where she could have complete change and rest. I knew Lilian could hardly bear to part from me, so I called in the young doctor, and the suggestion came from him. My wife indignantly rejected it, but I combatted it so feebly that the young doctor persevered. For a week or ten days after his visit nothing more was said about her joining her mother; then the discussion was suddenly revived. The young doctor was called in again, his forcible arguments converted me reluctantly, and I told her she ought to go if she wished to save her life.

She yielded at last when I promised to rejoin her in the spring. I engaged her stateroom on the Deutschland, to sail Saturday, November 6, and on Sunday, the 1st day of November, I gave her the last dose of arsenic. In two or three days the effects of the cessation from the poison began to be apparent, but it was then too late to draw back. When Saturday came, and I took her on board the boat and led her to her stateroom and was about to say good-bye, she aroused herself from the dull lethargy into which she had sunk a few hours before. She clung to me and asked if I could not give up my work and go with her. And as she asked she knew that it was impossible. Then she begged me not to ask her to leave me. If she had consumption she was not afraid of death, she said, and she was ready to die here by my side in New York. I told her that it was then too late to draw back. She cast her large mournful eyes on me with a most pitiful look and said, "If I am to die, I would rather die here." Then she roused herself, and stood up and said that if she must die she would rather die by my hand!

I comforted her as best I could, and just as the bell rang for the departure of the boat I administered a soporific, which soon soothed her into slumber. Then I left the vessel and stood on the dock, and saw it glide away from my sight, as Lilian had glided out of my heart, fading away gradually until I could no longer distinguish it in the dim distance. **I knew that the end was at hand. I knew that Lilian would die eleven or twelve days after I had ceased to give the arsenic, and I knew that her death would be ascribed to seasickness, while her body would be consigned to the waves. And so it came to pass. In a** month all was over; the news came of the safe arrival out of the Deutschland, one passenger, the wife of an eminent American scientist, having died on the voyage from the effects of seasickness. In a few weeks the proof of her death had been given to the life insurance company, and I had received the $50,000 I needed for my search after the Elixir of Death.

It is impossible to describe the buoyant joy I felt the first time I entered my laboratory after I had received the money, and I knew that I could thereafter devote my time wholly to the cause of science without any vulgar thought of money-making. I had the fierce delight the Arctic explorer might feel could he stand in sight of the open Polar sea. For I too was in sight of my goal, a thing the leaden weight of poverty had kept me from going forward. I had combined the ingredients of the Elixir of Death, and all that remained to do was to devise the method of administration, at any time, at any distance, and in spite of any precaution against it. When compared with what I had accomplished, what remained to be achieved was the merest trifle. I came to my work fresh and with a new burst of enthusiasm, and after a month of hard labor I discovered the principle, and within another month I had perfected the application of it. Like all really great discoveries, it had the merit of extraordinary simplicity. Taking a hint from the Indian, who sends hurtling through the air straight to the heart of the victim, the poison arrow, the point of which he has steeped in the venom of the serpent's sting, I bent my utmost endeavors to the utilization of natural forces, and in time I taught them to do my bidding. Within three months after I had seen my wife sail away from my sight to meet a watery grave as I stood alone in my laboratory at midnight with a tiny vial in my hand containing the Elixir of Death. I had discovered the poison which could cause the death of any one, at any time, at any distance, despite any and all precautions. The Elixir of Death was mine at last, and the whole world was in my power!

With the accomplishment of my desire I lost my object in life. I had attained to the utmost of my wish. There was nothing further for me to do. To use the power I possessed was not part of my plan. It was the possession of the power which I had sought, and not its use. The wanton exercise of might was always repugnant to me, and I was tender-hearted enough never to kill an insect except to effect a purpose. While I was seeking the Elixir of Death it seemed to me that the occasions for its righteous use would be numberless, but when I had found the Elixir of Death I considered the few apparent occasions which reluctantly presented themselves, and they were inadequate. No Genghis Khan or Tamerlane threatened civilization; no Napoleon was master of mankind; no false prophet had arisen to lead humanity astray. Soon I saw that it might be a century before there would be need for the Elixir of Death—and in a century where should I be? I could not hope, and I knew I did not wish to live, to live as long as that.

If I were not alive when the occasion arose for the Elixir of Death who would there be to administer it? That was the question to which I gave prolonged thought. I knew no man to whom I could trust my secret. I knew no man in whose hands I would willingly place the awful power and the mighty temptation of the Elixir of Death. I knew no man strong enough to withstand that temptation and wise enough to wield the power solely for the benefit of all mankind. I knew no man who would have self-restraint enough not to make use of the Elixir of Death for the furtherance of his own self-interest. The longer I considered this question, the less I felt disposed to let the great secret pass from my own keeping. In time I began to doubt even my worthiness to have and to hold the Elixir of Death. I saw that even in my own hands, the proper exercise of the mighty power I possessed depended wholly on my own fallible judgment, and I feared that a day might come when my will should be weaker and when I myself might yield to the temptation and use the Elixir of Death for some paltry purpose of my own.

Then I awaked to the solemn fact that if there was no one to whom I could entrust the Elixir of Death after I had ceased to live, and if there was even a doubt whether I myself were altogether to be trusted to use it only at the right moment, then all this discovery had been futile, and all hope of its benefiting the world was vain. Slowly I awakened to the absolute uselessness of the elixir of death. That it was a mighty engine of good to mankind I knew, but there was no man fit to be trusted with its keeping.

When this chilling truth was borne in upon me, I had a moment of profound discouragement. And at this moment my thoughts went back to the wife, whose life I had taken in the search for what was worthless now I had it. I saw the mournful and appealing glance of her large eyes as we stood side by side in the cabin of the steamship just before she went away to her lonely death in desolate mid-ocean. Life had no longer anything to offer me but the bitterness of ashes; everything sank from under me at once. One night, as I sat in the laboratory, with my eyes fixed on the little vial which held the product of my thankless toil, I saw Lilian enter the room, smiling sadly. She stood before me for a minute, and then withdrew as mysteriously as she had come, beckoning to me as she disappeared.

Then I made a solemn vow, which I have performed to the best of my ability. Lilian had died by my hand, from the sudden stoppage of the habit of arsenic-eating. I must die the same death. This was my resolve. I began arsenic-eating at once, and as I was stronger than she had been, and as I had nothing now to fear, I increased the doses more frequently than I had dared to with her. I felt the burning pangs for four days every fortnight, as I increased the daily dose. In less than half the time I have reached the same amount she took before I sent her away to die. She died alone on the 13th of November, and on the 13th of November, to-day, I shall die the same death and in the same loneliness. She was buried at sea, but it may be days before I am missed and they break in here to find my body. Twelve days ago I took my daily allowance of four grains of arsenic and since then I have not touched it; I ought to die to-night. My strength is greater than hers, and my constitution is stronger and I fight harder against the suddenly released power of the accumulated poison. It may be that it will not kill me to-day, but I shall die to-night, for all that. If the arsenic does not do its work in season, I have here a little vial of the Elixir of Death, and it shall be of service to mankind for once at least.

BRANDER MATTHEWS.

[Fuller details of the arsenic-eaters may be found in most books about the Tyrol. The writer desires to acknowledge also the use here of a few fragments from a lighter sketch written twelve years ago and published under pseudonym.—B. M.—Copyright, 1885 by the author. All rights reserved.]

THE DEATH OF WASHINGTON.

WRITTEN FOR THE OREGONIAN.

What means that solemn dirge that strikes my ear?
What means these mournful sounds—why falls that tear?
Why toll the bells the awful knell of fate?
And why these sighs that do my fancy sate?

Where'er I turn the general gloom appears,
Those mourning badges fill my soul with fear;
Hark! Yonder rueful noise?—'Tis done! 'tis done!
The silent tomb receives our Washington!

Must virtues so exalted yield their breath?
Must bright perfection find relief in death?
Must mortal greatness fall?—a glorious name!
What then is riches, honor and bright fame?

The august chief, the father and the friend,
The generous patriot—let the muse commend—
Columbia's glory and Mount Vernon's pride,
There lies, enshrined with numbers at his side.

Then let the sighs [illegible] from the breast,
Leave in rich numbers, the glowing zest
Of tears refulgent beam with grateful love,
In sable mourning our afflictions prove.

Weep! kindred mortals weep! No more you'll find
A man so just, so pure, so firm in mind,
Rejoicing angels hail the heavenly sage!
Celestial spirits greet the wonder of the age.

—*Odracir.*

MORMONISM REVIEWED.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE OREGONIAN.

BY KATE FIELD.

No. III.

Politically the Mormons of Illinois voted as a unit, coquetted with both whigs and democrats, and being 15,000 strong—holding between three and four thousand votes—they grew to be hated and feared by both parties as their word was worthless. At heart they had no politics. Parties were used to serve their purposes as a [illegible]. They even went so far as to contemplate a separate government, actually petitioning congress to establish the territory of Nauvoo inside of the state of Illinois! Then in the spring of 1844 Joseph Smith announced himself a candidate for the presidency of the United States, and two or three thousand missionaries were sent forth in the dual capacity of preachers of the gospel according to Joseph Smith and electioneering agents for the same. "A sermon," writes Gov. Ford, of Illinois, in 1850, "was no more than an inflammatory stump speech, relating to their quarrels with their enemies, and ornamented with an abundance of profanity. From my own personal knowledge of this people, I can say with truth I have known few of their leaders who were not addicted to profane swearing. No other kinds of discourses were heard in the city. Curses upon their enemies, upon the country, upon the government, upon all public officers were the lessons taught by the elders, to inflame their people with the highest degree of spite and malice against all who were not of the Mormon church or its obsequious tools."

About this time the spiritual wife doctrine became bruited abroad, owing to the revelations made by women who had repelled the advances of Joseph Smith, Brigham Young, and others. Enraged at the general corruption, men within the church resolved upon rebellion, and thus began the anarchy which culminated in the deaths of Joseph and Hiram Smith. They were murdered by an infuriated mob, for which deed no excuse whatever can be offered in extenuation. These men, when imprisoned for crime, should have been tried according to law, but to assert that they were martyrs for religion's sake—unless intolerance, treachery and crime be religion—is as absurd as it is false.

In moving towards the Rocky mountains, the Mormons pursued the only course possible for salvation. They could not harmonize with Gentiles; therefore they would found a kingdom of their own. Remember that their exodus was before the Mexican war. Their dream was the Pacific ocean, on the borders of which they would fling their own flag to the breeze and set up "Zion." Even to-day may be found in the Mormon hymn book John Taylor's song entitled:

THE UPPER CALIFORNIA.

The Upper California, O that's the land for me!
It lies between the mountains and the great Pacific sea;
The Saints can be supported there,
And taste the sweets of liberty.
In Upper California, O that's the land for me!
We'll go and lift our standard, we'll go there and be free;
A land that blooms with beauty rare,
A land of life and liberty,
With flocks and herds abounding, O that's the land for me.
We'll burst off all our fetters and break the Gentile yoke,
For long it has beset us, but now it shall be broke;
No more shall Jacob bow his neck,
Henceforth he shall be great and free,
In Upper California, O that's the land for me!
We'll reign, we'll rule and triumph, and God shall be our King,
The plains, the hills and valleys shall with hosannas ring.
Our towers and temples there shall rise,
Along the great Pacific sea,
In Upper California, O that's the land for me!

Instead of lifting their "glorious standard" in upper California, the Saints, who had been singing John Taylor's verses all the way from Nauvoo, changed their minds. It is strange, considering their constant intercourse with the Almighty, that it had not been revealed to the Saints how soon Mexico would lose control of the far west. Much trouble would have been saved. Brethren and sisters need not have sailed from Atlantic ports to meet the faithful in Upper California, but the Lord made no sign and his people crossed the plains in ignorance of their fate. Before reaching Salt Lake valley, news came of Mexican defeat. The stars and stripes floated over upper California. One wilderness was as good as another, and Brigham Young halted where now stands the City of the Saints. Because old geographies labelled this portion of the American continent the "Great American Desert," there is a delusion, which Mormons have done their best to foster, that Utah has been transformed from sterility to a garden. The beauty, fertility and picturesqueness of several valleys in Utah were known to mountaineers and travelers long before Brigham Young dreamed of turning his face towards the setting sun. I have talked with a distinguished lawyer who as a youth wandered through those valleys and lighted his hunter's fire on the spot where now looms up the Mormon temple. This was several years before the coming of the Saints. He feasted his eyes on wonderful natural beauties and remarked the richness of the soil, which then produced luxuriant grass three and four feet in height. It was because of the charm and fertility that the Mormons pitched their tents within sight of wonderful Salt Lake. The land that was not covered with grass was covered with sage brush, and it is perfectly well known to those conversant with this western country that wherever sage brush grows there is fine soil for agricultural purposes, given water, of course. Water kills sage brush and leaves the land ready for seed.

The route to Salt Lake was well known and well defined six years before the Mormon emigration. To refer to their journey across the plains as "through a country probably as little known as were the deserts of Arabia in the time of the Jews, and in the face of enemies as fierce and bloodthirsty as those encountered by the Israelites in their march from Egypt to the promised land," excites a smile from those who preceded the Saints, as well as from women of my acquaintance who drove their own wagons in Brigham's pioneer company. Few were the Indians to molest and fewer to make them afraid, while the coyote, though it might make night hideous with its howling, was never known to attack a live human being.

Travelers lend a willing ear to the Mormon version of the forming of what was known as the "Mormon battalion" during the Mexican war. I have myself been told how inhumanly the United States government had called upon the suffering emigrants for 500 volunteers when not a man could be spared, and how this call was obeyed at terrible sacrifice to the saints. What say the records at Washington? That Brigham Young, in order to assist Mormon emigration, sent his agent, Jesse C. Little, to Washington for the purpose of urging upon the government the advisability of enlisting 1000 Mormons, of arming, equipping and establishing them in California—the land to which they were bound as emigrants; the lands which the United States had determined to wrest from Mexico. Brigham Young's object was to have his cake and eat it, too. As emigrants these men would be an expense; as volunteers they would be a source of revenue. Eventually the government recruited 500 Mormons, marched them across the country, disbanded them in California, allowing them to retain their arms, and paid them $20,000 for their needless services. This money was collected by Brigham Young's agent, John D. Lee, ostensibly for the families of the volunteers, but good authority avers that much of it clung to Brigham's fingers. **In the *Millennial Star*, (Liverpool) of November 15, 1846, John Taylor addresses the Saints in Great Britain thus: "The president of the United States is favorably disposed to us. He has sent out orders to have 500 of our brethren employed in an expedition that was fitting out** against California, with orders for them to be employed for one year, and then to be discharged in California, and to have their arms and implements of war given to them at the expiration of the term, and as *there is no prospect of any opposition it amounts to the same as paying them for going to the place where they were destined to go without* (sic). They also had the privilege of choosing their own leaders."

For this benevolence the United States government receives constant and lying abuse from those who alone were benefited.

Upon the accession of James Buchanan to the presidency, in 1856, the territory of Utah was organized into a separate military department in the same manner as had been Florida, Texas, Kansas and other portions of the United States. Major Van Vliet was commissioned by the government to notify Brigham Young of the fact. Young was then governor of Utah, but was about to be succeeded by Alfred Cumming of Georgia. The appointment of a Gentile as head of the executive had been rendered absolutely necessary by the treatment which federal officials had received by the Mormons. Perhaps it should here be stated that Congress has absolute control over the territories, but from the settling of Utah in 1847 it had allowed Brigham Young to exercise despotic power. A reign of ten years had convinced Joseph Smith's successor of his divine right to rule over Utah.

Major Van Vliet told Brigham Young that the troops would enter Utah simply to establish a post, that they neither would nor could be used to molest or interfere with the people, as their sole province was to act as a *posse comitatus* on the requisition of the governor of the territory, in case the authority of the government was defied. The troops held the same orders as were given to those of the department of Kansas. Major Van Vliet likewise informed Brigham Young that the government's intentions towards the people of Utah were absolutely pacific. "I was soon convinced," wrote Major Van Vliet in his report to the secretary of war, "that Governor Young had decided upon the course he intended to pursue, and could I have laid before him the most pacific intentions of the government over the signature of the president himself it would not have turned him from it. At present Governor Young exercises absolute power, both temporal and spiritual, over the people of Utah, both of which powers he and the people profess to believe emanate directly from the Almighty. Hence the opposition of the people to a new governor, and the remark of Governor Young that should Governor Cumming enter the territory he would place him in his carriage and send him back.

"I heard John Taylor, in a discourse to a congregation of over 4000 Mormons, say that none of the rulers of the earth were entitled to their positions unless appointed to them by the Lord, and that the Almighty had appointed a man to rule over and govern his Saints, and that man was Brigham Young, and that they would have no one else to rule over them."

If Ireland or Canada refused to receive the governor-general appointed by the British government, what would such refusal be called and how would it be treated?

No sooner was Major Van Vliet's back turned than Brigham Young issued the following proclamation:

"*Citizens of Utah*: We are invaded by a hostile force, who are evidently assailing us to accomplish our overthrow and destruction. * * * Our opponents have availed themselves of prejudice existing against us, because of our religious faith, to send out a formidable host to accomplish our destruction. We have had no privilege, no opportunity of defending ourselves from the false, foul and unjust aspersions against us before the nation. The government has not condescended to cause an investigation committee, or other person, to be sent to inquire into and ascertain the truth, as is customary in such cases. * * * Our duty * * * requires that we should not quietly stand still and see those fetters forging around which are calculated to enslave and bring us in subject to an unlawful military despotism, such as can only emanate (in a country of constitutional law) from usurpation, tyranny and oppression.

Therefore, I, Brigham Young, governor and superintendent of Indian affairs for the territory of Utah, in the name of the people of the United States in the territory of Utah:

1. Forbid all armed forces of every description from coming into this territory under any pretense whatever.

2. That all the forces in said territory hold themselves in readiness to march at a moment's notice to repel any and all such invasion.

3. Martial law is hereby declared to exist in this territory from and after the publication of this proclamation, and no person shall be allowed to pass or repass into or through or from the territory without a permit from the proper officers.

Given under my hand and seal at Great Salt Lake City, territory of Utah, this 15th day of September, A. D. 1857, and of the independence of the United States of America the 82d.

BRIGHAM YOUNG."

"On the following day (Sunday)," writes the historian Stenhouse, "the tabernacle discourses were overflowing with inspiration. For years the saints had been listening to predictions which promised them national independence. They had been looking forward to the time when the government by some act of folly should rise up against the Lord's anointed and force an issue that would justify the saints in throwing off their allegiance and verify the inspiration of the Apostle Taylor, now president of the church.

In that Sunday's sermon Brigham Young referred to the Gentiles as "hellish rabbles," and then paid his compliments to brave General Albert Sidney Johnston's army in this choice language:

"They say that their army is legal, and I say such a statement is false as hell, and that they are as rotten as an old pumpkin that has been frozen seven times and then melted in a harvest sun. Come on with your thousand illegally ordered troops, and I will promise you in the name of Israel's God that you shall melt away as the snow before a July sun. * * * You might as well tell me that you can make hell into a powder-house as to tell me that you could let an army in here and have peace, and I intend to fill them and show them this if they do not stay away. * * * And I shall say our enemies shall not slip the 'bow on old Brigham's neck' again. God bless you. Amen.

One year ago President John Taylor denied in the *North American Review* that there ever was a Mormon rebellion. If this is not rebellion, what is it? But listen to the patriotic songs of those days. Here is a sample in two verses of a "hymn" sung in the tabernacles after the administering of the Lord's Supper, when all Mormondom rose up in arms at the suggestion that the United States had a right to send troops into its own possessions:

"Old Sam has sent, I understand,
Du dah!
A Missouri ass to rule our land,
Du dah! du dah day!
But if he comes we'll have some fun,
Du dah!
To see him and his judges run,
Du dah! du dah day!

CHORUS—Then let us be on hand,
By Brigham Young to stand,
And if our enemies do appear,
We'll sweep them from the land.

"Old Squaw-Killer Harney is on the way,
Du dah!
The Mormon people for to slay,
Du dah! du dah day!
Now if he comes, the truth I'll tell,
Du dah!
Our boys will drive them down to hell,
Du dah! du dah day!

CHORUS, &c.

Nevertheless General Albert Sidney Johnston's army did enter Salt Lake valley, and if this brave officer had had his way he would have then settled the Mormon question forever. He encamped about forty miles southwest of the town, in order to avoid all semblance of threat. Fort Douglass, the present post, was established by Colonel Connor in 1862.

Utah's prosperity dates from the advent of the army. Then for the first time it was possible for Gentiles to live and prosper. Miners dared to invade the territory and gold and silver were circulated as currency. Prior to 1857 the population of Utah had lived on "carrots and religion," carrots being the coin of the hierarchy.

IN ARCADY.

In yon hollow Damon lies,
Lost in slumber deep.
(Hush, hush, ye shepherd girls,
Break not his sleep.)

Phyllis passes tiptoe by;
Whither is she hieing?
(Peep, peep, ye shepherd girls,
He for her is dying.)

Now she pauses, now she bends,
Ah, she kissed him purely.
(Look away, ye shepherd girls,
Frown, frown, demurely.)

See, he clasps her in his arms,
She who was the proudest.
(Laugh, laugh, ye shepherd girls,
Laugh, laugh, your loudest.)

—*Cosmo Monkhouse.*

The Oregonian.

SUNDAY MORNING, FEBRUARY 22, 1885.

SCIENTIFIC THEISM VS. SCIENTIFIC MATERIALISM.

In my communication on "Christian Theism" I endeavored to show, from a scientific standpoint, the utter impossibility for dead, inorganic matter to originate life, soul, spirit and force. I now propose in this article to demonstrate the entire inability of scientists to account for the existence of the facts of the universe on the hypothesis of "scientific evolution," "spontaneous generation," or the "nebular theory."

Of evolution there are several varieties, but these varieties may be classed in three main divisions, the theistic, atheistic and the agnostic. The theistic regards God—the great cause of all causes—as imminent in natural law and recognize in all phenomena the result for present divine action. The second deny explicitly the need of the hypothesis of God in the universe, while the third know nothing of God outside of nature and her laws.

Speaking of evolution at large and in comprehensive terms, Prof. Whewel says: "The system sought to be described as a system of order in which life grows out of dead matter, the higher out of the lower animals, and man out of brutes."

But to present this system in a more clear light, let us analyze separately the two points involved. First—What is the evidence for the succession of life from lower to higher form? Second—What is the evidence as to the existence of any instance of the conversion or transmutation of one species into another? The most eminent scientists of the present day, in discussing the system of geology, invariably speak of the existence in past history of vast periods of vast eons, or epochs of time, incomprehensible in duration, described as the reign of dynasties of certain extinct animals which have successively perished from the face of the earth at four distinct periods. These four great periods have been respectively designated as "the Eozoic" (dawn of life), "the Paleozoic" (period of ancient life), "the Mesozoic" (middle period of life), "the Neozoic" (recent period of life).

So vast and immeasurable in the duration of time has been the aggregate of these periods, since the first dawn of life upon the earth, that the fossil remains of extinct animals are found imbedded in rocks miles below the surface, each order of animal life being buried successively below the layer of the rocks of the succeeding one.

The present order of things evidently is the result of a series of creations, each of which, though related to what went before it, was not derived from it, in the order of natural and necessary antecedent and consequence. We need only allude here, in illustration, to those four great eras of transformation; eras which gave character to a corresponding number of periods in the earth's history; periods which some geologists have denominated the reign of fishes, the reign of reptiles, the reign of mammals, and the reign of man. The state of the earth, in neither of these periods, together with the order of sentient existence which then existed upon it, can be explained by reference to the preceding era. The former was preparatory to the latter, but cannot, upon scientific grounds, be referred to as its originating cause. The beginning of order was not more independent of the chaos which preceded it, in its origination, than was any of these secondary creations independent of the state of order by which each period was preceded.

Mr. Darwin, however, says: "I should infer from analogy, that probably all the organic beings which have ever lived on the earth have descended from some one primordial form, into which life was first breathed. I believe that animals have descended from at most, only four or five progenitors, and plants from an equal or less number."

To create a few original forms, or one form only, capable of self development into other and wonderful forms, is as marvelous, as incomprehensible, and as miraculous as to require and demand a fresh act of creation at the commencement of each period, to supply the void caused by the action of natural laws. He who sees the end from the beginning is alone capable. But geologists tell us that the earth advanced through successive creations, before it was fitted for the abode of man.

One race of beings was swept away—not developed into another. Each order of monsters had its day, and then passed off the stage to give place to a higher order of beings, so different and distinct, that they could not have existed at all on the earth that was specially fitted and prepared for a higher and different race of creatures.

The fossils of the old geological period reveal successive creations, not successive developments. The races were swept entirely away and all that now remains of them is found in the rocks.

Professor Agassiz says: "Each species according to geology, had a real existence and was endowed at the time of creation with the attributes and organs by which it is now distinguished. For myself I have a conviction that species have been created successively at distinct intervals, or great geological epochs." So says Professor Lyell "That each species had a real existence in nature and was endowed at the time of creation with the attributes and organs by which they are now distinguished." Sir Charles Bell affirms, "Each species are a distinct creation, not a gradual variation from its original type."

"After each epoch the different tribes of sentient beings," says Professor Sedgwick, "are so unlike those which preceded them that they might have been cast upon the earth by the collision of another planet."

"No instance has ever been established of one species being succeeded, after many generations by another, even of the same genus or family. In the immense collections of fossil remains which have been most carefully studied, no evidence of transmutation has been found. But on the contrary, instances are everywhere encountered of new types of life in creation, not gradation, but a sudden step of a new being having none to point back to as a progenitor."—*American Encyclopedia.*

If, as Darwin "infers" and "thinks probable," and "believes from analogy," there once existed a tendency to transmutation, as a law of nature, then clearly it exists as such law now, and no reason can be found why we should not be continual spectators of its results. But the history of the world and the origin of the human race, presents us with not a solitary fact indicating the remotest tendency on the part of any one species of animals or plants, toward a transmutation into a different species.

The teachings of observation and science are absolute on this subject, and at no period of the earth's history, do any facts present themselves of an opposite character, "either on the earth or under the earth." No instance is found among the rocks of transmutation—of one species passing into another or higher type in the whole realm of geologic observation and research.

We do not find fishes for example, after producing their own kind for myriads of years, suddenly begin to produce in the completeness and perfection of their organization monstrous land animals, that go on and for similar periods produce their own kind and then instantaneously begin to produce mammals of various species—while one of these species, the monkey tribe, after propagating its own kind exclusively for other periods, begins on a sudden to produce perfectly organized rational human beings—this process continuing for a little period, when the whole monkey race falls back under its first immutable law of producing exclusively its own kind. This is the order of nature on the hypothesis of Haeckel and Huxley. If, on the other hand, we suppose that the order of creation has been from the beginning progressive, indeed, but by successive creative fiats, as the successive states of nature demanded, and in new and higher forms according to an original and wisely projected plan—that is, that the cause of the order in nature is an intelligent power outside and above nature—then the facts presented to the race and developed by the researches of science, all take form in accordance with that hypothesis, and we have a series with no links wanting and whose diverse parts are separated by no impassable chasm.

W. F. WEST.

PORTLAND, Feb. 20, 1885.

Senator Butler of South Carolina is one of the mildest and most peaceful of men, although he would be the very last to run away from a fight forced upon him. The truth of history shows that he was a peace maker at Hamburg and that it was through his efforts alone that a great many lives were saved. Yet for a long time throughout the north he was called the leader of the men who committed the massacres. Occasionally a rural individual strays into the senate who still believes in the old story. One day last winter one of this class came into the gallery and asked a gentleman sitting there if he could point out to him Butler, the Hamburg murderer. The gentleman, who happened to be a friend of Butler's, in a spirit of fun, pointed at St. Jerome Edmunds, saying: "That is Butler. Take a good look at him so that you will know him the next time you see him." The countryman gazed long upon the awful face of the grim Vermonter, then he said: "There is not a jury in the world but what would convict him upon that mug of his. Why, he has got murder written all over it. You needn't tell me that he wasn't guilty. I may have had some doubts of it, but I haint any more. Why, a man with a face like that would drink blood just as we plain folks would drink whisky. Ugh! it gives me the creeps to look at him." The visitor here thunderingly retired from the gallery.—*Washington Letter.*

DICKENS AT HOME.

The Relations of the Great English Novelist with Children.

An Interesting Sketch Written by His Daughter, Mamie Dickens.

Charles Dickens was a very little and a very sickly boy, but he had always the belief that this circumstance had brought to him the inestimable advantage of having greatly inclined him to reading.

When money troubles came upon his parents, the poor little fellow was taken away from school and kept for some time at an occupation most distasteful to him, with every surrounding that could jar on sensitive and refined feelings. But the great hardship, and the one which he felt most acutely, was the want of the companionship of boys of his own age. A few years later on we read in 'Mr. Forster's Life' a school-fellow's description of Charles Dickens: "A healthy-looking boy, small but well built, with a more than usual flow of spirits, inclining to harmless fun, seldom or never, I think, to mischief. He usually held his head more erect than lads ordinarily do, and there was a general smartness about him." This is also a very good personal description of the man.

I have never heard him refer in any way to his own childish days excepting in one instance, when he would tell the story of how, when he lived at Chatham he and his father often passed Gad's Hill in their walks, and what an admiration he had for the red-brick house with its beautiful old cedar trees, and how it seemed to him to be larger and finer than any other house; and how his father would tell him that if he were to be very persevering and were to work hard he might perhaps some day come to live in it. I have heard him tell this story over and over again, when he had become the possessor of the very place which had taken such a hold upon his childish affections. Beyond this I cannot recall a single instance of any allusion being made by him to his early childhood.

He believed the power of observation in very young children to be close and accurate, and he thought that the recollection of most of us could go further back than we suppose. I do not know how far my own memory may carry me back, but I have no remembrance of my childhood which is not immediately associated with him.

He had a wonderful attraction for children and a quick perception of their character and disposition; a most winning and easy way with them, full of fun, but also of a graver sympathy with their many small troubles and perplexities which made them recognize a friend in him at once.

I have often seen mere babies, who would look at no other stranger present, put out their tiny arms to him with unbounded confidence, or place a small hand in his and trot away with him, quite proud and contented at having found such a companion; and although with his own children he had sometimes a sterner manner than with others, there was not one of them who feared to go to him for help and advice, knowing well that there was no trouble too trivial to claim his attention, and that in him they would always find unvarying justice and love. When any treat had to be asked for the second little daughter, always a pet of her father's, was pushed into his study by the other children and always returned triumphant. He wrote special prayers for us as soon as we could speak, interested himself in our lessons, would give prizes for industry, for punctuality, for neat and unblotted copy-books. A word of commendation from him was indeed, most highly cherished, and would set our hearts glowing with pride and pleasure.

His study, to us children, was rather a mysterious and awe-inspiring chamber, and while he was at work no one was allowed to enter it. We little ones had to pass the door as quietly as possible, and our little tongues left off chattering. But at no time through his busy life was he too busy to think of us, to amuse us, or to interest himself in all that concerned us. Ever since I can remember anything I remember him as the good genius of the house, and as its happy, bright and funny genius. He had a peculiar tone of voice and way of speaking for each of his children, who could tell, without being called by name, which was the one addressed. He had funny songs which he used to sing to them before they went to bed. One in particular, about an old man who caught cold and rheumatism while sitting in an omnibus, was a great favorite, and, as it was accompanied by sneezes, coughs and gesticulation, it had to be sung over and over again before the small audience was satisfied.

I can see him now, through the mist of years, with a child nearly always on his knee at this time of the evening, his bright and beautiful eyes full of life and fun. I can hear his clear, sweet voice as he sang to those children as if he had no other occupation in the world but to amuse them; and when they grew older, and were able to act little plays, it was their father himself who was teacher, manager and prompter to the infant amateurs. These theatricals were undertaken as earnestly and seriously as were those of the grown-up people. He would teach the children their parts separately; what to do and how to do it, acting himself for their edification. At one moment he would be the dragon in the "Fortunio," at the next one of the seven servants, then a jockey—played by the youngest child, whose little legs had much difficulty to get into the tiny top boots—until he had taken every part in the play.

And with his grown-up company of actors, so with his juvenile company, did his own earnestness and activity work upon them and affect each personality. The shyest and most awkward child would come out quite brilliantly under his patient and always encouraging training.

At juvenile parties he was always the moving spirit. He had acquired by degrees an excellent collection of conjuring tricks, and on the twelfth night—his eldest son's birthday—he would very often, dressed as a magician, give a conjuring entertainment, when a little figure which appeared from a wonderful and mysterious bag, and which was supposed to be a personal friend of the conjurer, would greatly delight the audience by his funny stories, his eccentric voice and way of speaking, and his miraculous appearances and disappearances. Of course a plum pudding was made in a hat, and was always one of the great successes of the evening. I have seen many such puddings, but no other conjurer has been able to put into a pudding all the love, sympathy, fun and thorough enjoyment which seemed to come from the hands of this great magician. Then, when supper time came, he would be everywhere at once, serving, cutting up the great Twelfth cake, dispensing the bonbons, proposing toasts, and calling upon first one child and then another for a song or recitation. How eager the little faces looked for their turn to come round, and how they would blush and brighten up when the magician's eyes looked their way.

There can be but little doubt that the children who came to those parties, and who lived to grow up to be men and women, remember them as something bright and sunny in their young lives, and must always retain a loving feeling for their kind and genial host.

In those early days when he was living in Devonshire terrace, his children were quite babies. And when he paid his first visit to America—accompanied by Mrs. Dickens—they were left under the care of some relations and friends. Anyone reading the 'Letters of Charles Dickens' must be touched by his frequent allusions to these children, and by the love and tenderness expressed in his longings to see them again.

I cannot at all recall his appearance at this time, but know from old portraits that his face was beautiful. I think he was fond of dress, and must have been rather a dandy in his way. "Carrying my memory further on I can remember him as very handsome. He had a most beautiful mouth, sensitive, strong and full of character, this was unfortunately, hidden when he took to wearing—some years afterward—a beard and moustache. But this is the only alteration I can remember in him, as to me his face never seemed to change at all. He had always an active, young and boyish looking figure, and a way of carrying his head, a little thrown back, which was very characteristic. This carriage of the head and his manner, altogether are exactly inherited by one of his sons.

Charles Dickens was always a great walker, but in these days he rode and drove more than he did in later years. He was fond of the game of battledore and shuttlecock, and used constantly to play with friends on summer evenings. There is a little drawing by the late Daniel Maclise, where a shuttlecock is to be seen in the air. This is suggestive of many and many a pleasant evening in the garden, which was shut in all around by a high wall, and where, in the summer time, a tent was always put up, and where after dinner the family would adjourn for "dessert." This was always considered by us a special treat.

As the children grew older, there were evenings when they would be allowed to drive out into the country, and then get out of the carriage and walk with "Papa." It seems now as if the wild flowers which used to be gathered on those evenings in the country lanes were sweeter and more beautiful than any which grow nowadays! The very lanes have all disappeared and grown into houses. But the memory of the one who originated those treats, and who was the good spirit of the time, can never be blotted out.

Charles Dickens brought a little white Havana spaniel with him from America, and from that time there were always various pets about the house. In particular there was an eagle and a raven. The eagle had a sort of grotto made for him in the garden, to which he was chained, and being chained he was not quite such an object of terror to the children as the raven was. This raven, with his mischievous nature, delighted in frightening them. One of the little daughters had very chubby, rosy legs, and the raven used to run after and peck at them, until poor "Tatie's legs" became a constant subject of commiseration. Yet the raven was a great source of amusement to the family, and there were countless funny stories about him. He was especially wicked to the eagle; as soon as his food was brought to him, the raven would swoop down upon it, take it just beyond the eagle's reach, mount guard over it, dancing round it, and chuckling. When he considered he had tantalized the poor bird enough, he would eat the food as deliberately and slowly as possible and then hop away perfectly contented with himself. He was not the celebrated Grip of "Barnaby Rudge," but was given after the death of that bird.

In bringing up his children, Charles Dickens was always most anxious to impress upon them that as long as they were honest and truthful, so would they always be sure of having justice done to them. To show how strongly he felt about this and what a horror he had of their being frightened, or in any way unnecessarily intimidated, his own words shall be quoted:

"In the little world in which children have their existence, whosoever brings them up, there is nothing so finely perceived and so finely felt as injustice. It may be only small injustice that the child can be exposed to; but the child is small, and its rocking-horse stands as many hands high, according to scale, as a big-boned Irish hunter." And again: "It would be difficult to overstate the intensity and accuracy of an intelligent child's observation. At that impressible time of life, it must sometimes produce a fixed impression. If the fixed impression be of an object terrible to the child, it will be (for want of reasoning upon) inseparable from great fear. Force the child at such a time, be Spartan with it, send it into the dark against its will, and you had better murder it."

He was always tender with us, as I have said, in our small troubles and trials. When the time came for the eldest son to be sent to a boarding school, there was great grief in the nursery at Devonshire terrace, and he came unexpectedly upon one of his daughters, who was putting away some school books, and crying bitterly at the time. To him the separation could not have seemed such a terrible one, as the boy was certain to come home once a month, if not once a week. But he soothed the weeping child, and reasoned with her, being much the same arguments as he used years afterwards, when the well-beloved Plorn went to Australia—namely, that these partings were "hard, hard things, but must be borne," until at last the sobs ceased, and the poor aching little heart, found consolation in his loving sympathy.

There are so many people, good, kind and affectionate, but who can *not* remember that they once were children themselves, and looked out upon the world with a child's eyes *only*.

A third daughter was born in Devonshire Terrace, but only lived to be nine months old. Her death was very sudden, and happened while Charles Dickens was presiding at a public dinner. He had been playing with the baby before starting for the dinner, and the little thing was then as well and as bright as possible.

An evening or two after her death some beautiful flowers were sent and were brought into the study, and the father was about to take them up stairs and place them on the little dead baby, when he gave way completely. It is always very terrible to see a man weep; but to see your own father weep, and to see this for the first time as a child, fills you with a curious awe.

When the grave where the little Dora was buried was opened a few years ago, and the tiny coffin was seen lying at the bottom of it, the remembrance of that evening in the study at Devonshire Terrace was fresh in the minds of some of those who were standing at the grave.

It was always a great honor and delight to any of the children to have any special present from "Papa," and on the occasion of a daughter's birthday, a watch had been promised, and the day was eagerly looked forward to by the whole of the family. When the morning arrived Charles Dickens was not well, and was unable to get up to breakfast, but the little girl was sent for, and went up to his bedside in a state of trembling and anxious expectation. He put his arms round her and kissed her wishing her "many happy returns of the day," and took a case from under the pillow and opened it. But when she saw first a gold watch, and then when he turned it and showed an enameled back, with her initials also in enamel, it was many seconds before the joyful "Oh!" could be gasped out; but when it did come, and she met her father's eyes, I don't think they were freer from a certain sort of moisture than were those of the happy and delighted child.

When the move was made from Devonshire terrace to Tavistock House—a far larger and handsomer house than the old home—Charles Dickens promised his daughters a better bedroom than they had ever had before, and told them that he should choose "the brightest of papers" for it, but that they were not to see "the gorgeous apartment" until it was ready for their use. But when the time came for the move, and the two girls were shown their room, it surpassed even their expectations. They found it full of love and thoughtful care, and as pretty and as fresh as their hearts could desire, and with not a single thing in it which had not been expressly chosen for them or planned by their father. The wall paper was covered with wild flowers, the two little iron bedsteads were hung with a flowery chintz. There were two toilet tables, two writing tables, two easy chairs, etc., all so pretty and elegant, and this in the days when bedrooms were not, as a rule, so luxurious as they are now.

Notwithstanding his constant and arduous work, he was never too busy to be mindful of the comfort and welfare of those about him, and there was not a corner in any of his homes, from kitchen to garret, which was not constantly inspected by him, and which did not boast of some of his neat and orderly contrivances. We used to laugh at him sometimes and say we believed that he was personally acquainted with every nail in the house.

It was in this home, some few years later, that the first grown-up theatricals were given. And these theatricals were very remarkable, in that nearly every part was filled by some celebrated man in either literature or art.

Besides being a really great actor, Charles Dickens as a manager was quite incomparable. His "company" was as well trained as any first-class professional company, and although always kind and pleasant, he was feared and looked up to by every member of his company. The rehearsals meant business and hard work, and sometimes even tears to a few, when all did not go quite satisfactorily. Each one knew that there could be no trifling, no playing at work. As in the children's performances, so in these later ones did he know every part, and enter heart and soul into each character. If any new idea came into his head, he would at once propound it to the actor or actress, who looking upon that earnest face and active figure, would do his or her very best to gain a managerial smile of approval.

He had a temporary theater built out into the garden, and the scenes were painted by some of the best scene painters of the day. A drop scene, representing the Eddystone lighthouse, by the late Clarkson Stanfield, R. A., was afterward framed and covered with glass, and hung in the entrance hall of Gad's Hill.

In the play called "The Lighthouse," written by Mr. Wilkie Collins, the great effect at the end of an act was to come from a storm, and the rehearsing of this storm was a very serious matter indeed. There was a long wooden box with peas in it, to be moved slowly up and down to represent rain; a wheel to be turned for wind; a piece of oil cloth to be dashed upon oil cloth and slowly dragged away for the waves coming up and then receding, carrying the pebbles along with them; a heavy weight rolled about upon the floor above the stage for thunder, etc., etc.

At the time of the storm the manager's part kept him on the stage, but during rehearsal he somehow or other managed to be in the hall where the storm was worked, as well as on the stage, for he sometimes appeared with the rain, sometimes with the wind, sometimes with the thunder, until he had seen each separate part made perfect. This storm was pronounced by the audience a most wonderful success. I know there was such a noise "behind the scenes" that we could not hear ourselves speak, and it was most amusing to watch all the actors in their sailor dresses and their various "make ups," gravely and solemnly pounding away at these raw materials.

Then the suppers after these evenings were so delightful! Many and many of the company, besides the dear manager, have passed away, but many still remain to remember them.

Until he came into possession of Gad's Hill, Charles Dickens was in the habit of removing his whole household to some sea side place every summer. For many years Broadstairs was the favorite spot, and for some seasons he rented a house there called Fort house. It stood on a hill, surrounded by a nice garden, a little out of the town and close to the cliff, and was a home of which he was very fond. Since those days the name of it has been changed to Bleak house. During these sea side visits he would take long walks, in all weathers—and always accompanied by one faithful friend and companion—and would get as brown and as weather-beaten as any of the sailors about, of whom he was the special favorite. "I think he had some of the sailor element in himself. One always hears of sailors being so neat, handy and tidy, and he possessed all these qualities to a wonderful extent. When a sea captain retires his garden is always the trimmest about, the gates are painted a bright green; and of course he puts up a flagstaff. The garden at Gad's Hill was the trimmest and the neatest, green paint was on every place where it could possibly be put, and the flagstaff had an endless supply of flags.

There was one year spent in Italy, when the children were still very young, and another year in Switzerland, at Lausanne; but after Broadstairs, Boulogne came the favorite watering-place. It was here, in a charming villa, quite out of the town, that he and his youngest son, "the Plorn," would wander about the garden together admiring the flowers; the little fellow being taught to show his admiration by holding up his tiny arms. It was a pretty sight to watch them down the long avenue, the baby looking so sweet in its white frock and blue ribbons, either carried in his father's arms or toddling by his side with his little hand in his, and a most perfect understanding between them! There were always anecdotes to be told of the Plorn after these walks, when his father invariably wound up with the assertion that he was "a noble boy." Being the youngest of the family, he was made a pet of, especially by his father, and was kept longer at home than any of his brothers had been.

Charles Dickens writes to his sister-in-law in the year 1856: "Kiss the Plorn for me, and expound to him that I am always looking forward to meeting him again, among the birds and flowers in the garden on the side of the hill at Boulogne." And when he had to part with this son in 1868, he says in a letter to a friend: "Poor Plorn has gone to Australia. It was a hard parting at the last. He seemed to me to become once more my youngest and favorite little child as the day drew near, and I did not think I could have been so shaken." The housekeeper at his office, who saw him after he had taken leave of the boy told "how she had never seen the master so upset, and that when she asked him how Mr. Edward went off he burst into tears, and couldn't answer her a word."

During the years spent at Tavistock house one of his daughters was for a time a great invalid, and after a worse attack of illness than usual her father suggested that she should be carried as far as the study, and lie on the sofa there while he was at work. This was of course considered an immense privilege, and even if she had not felt as weak and ill as she did, she would have been bound to remain as still and quiet as possible. For some time there was no sound to be heard in the room but the rapid working of the pen, when suddenly he jumped up, went to the looking-glass, rushed back to his writing table, and jotted down a few words; back to the glass again, this time talking to his own reflection, or rather to the simulated expression, he saw there, and was trying to catch before drawing it in words, then back again to his writing. After a little he got up again, and stood with his back to the glass, talking softly and rapidly for a long time, then looking at his daughter, but certainly never seeing her, then once more back to his table and to steady writing until luncheon time. It was a curious experience, and a wonderful thing to see him throwing himself so entirely out of himself and into the character he was writing about. His daughter has very seldom mentioned this incident, feeling as if it would be almost a breach of confidence to do so. But in these reminiscences of her father, she considers it only right that this experience should be mentioned, showing as it does his character, its earnestness and method of work.

Often, after a hard morning's writing, when he has been alone with his family, and no visitors in the house, he has come in to luncheon and gone through the meal without uttering a word, and then has gone back again to the work in which he was so completely absorbed. Then again, there have been times when his nerves have been strung up to such a pitch that any sudden noise, such as the dropping of a spoon or the clatter of a plate, seemed to cause him real agony. He never could bear the least noise when he was writing, and waged a fierce war against all organ-grinders, bands, etc.

In 1856 the purchase of Gad's Hill was made. Charles Dickens had never been inside the house until it was his own. For once we may hope and believe that a childish dream was realized, for certainly some of the happiest years of his home life were spent in the house he had so coveted and admired when he was quite a small boy. "It has never been to me like any other house," were his own words.

For the first three years Gad's Hill was only used by him as a summer residence, but after the sale of Tavistock house, in 1860, it became his home, and from this until the year of his death his great delight was to make "the little freehold" as comfortable, complete and pretty as possible. Every year he had some "bright idea" or some contemplated "wonderful improvement" to propound to us. And it became quite a joke between him and his youngest daughter—who was constantly at Gad's hill—as to what the next improvement was to be. These additions and alterations gave him endless amusement and delight, and he would watch the growing of each one with the utmost eagerness and impatience. The most important outdoor "improvement" he made was a tunnel to connect the garden with the shrubbery, which lay on the opposite side of the high road, and could only be approached by leaving the garden, crossing the road and unlocking a gate. The work of excavation began, of course, from each side, and on the day when it was supposed that the picks would meet and the light appear, Charles Dickens was so excited that he had to "knock off work" and stood for hours waiting for this consummation, and when at last it did come to pass, the workmen were all "treated" and there was a general jubilee. This "improvement" was a great success, for the shrubbery was a nice addition to the garden, and moreover in it, facing the road, grew two very large and beautiful cedar trees. Some little time after, Monsieur Fechter sent his friend a two-roomed chalet, which was placed in the shrubbery. The upper room was prettily furnished, and fitted all round with looking-glasses to reflect the view, and was used by Charles Dickens as a study throughout the summer. He had a passion for light, bright colors, and looking-glass. When he built a new drawing-room he had two mirrors sunk into the wall opposite each other, which, being so placed, gave the effect of an endless corridor. I do not remember how many rooms could thus be counted, but he would often call some of us and ask if we could make out another room, as *he* certainly could.

For one "improvement" he had looking-glass put into each panel of the dining room door, and showing it to his youngest daughter, said, with great pride: "Now, what do you say to this, Katie?" She laughed and said: "Well, really, papa, I think when you're an angel your wings will be made of looking-glass, and your crown of scarlet geraniums."

He loved all flowers, but especially bright flowers, and scarlet geraniums were his favorite of all. There were two large beds of these on the front lawn, and when they were fully out, making one scarlet mass, there was blaze enough to satisfy even him. Even in dress he was fond of a great deal of color, and the dress of a friend who came to his daughter's wedding quite delighted him because it was trimmed with a profusion of cherry-colored ribbon. He used constantly to speak about it afterward in terms of the highest admiration.

During the summer months there was a constant succession of visitors at Gad's Hill, with picnics, long drives, and much happy holiday-making. At these picnics there was a frequent request to this lover of light and color of: "Please let us have the luncheon in the shade at any rate." He came to his daughter one day and said he had "a capital idea" about picnic luncheons. He wished each person to have his or her own ration neatly done up in one parcel, to consist of a mutton pie, a hard-boiled egg, a roll, a piece of butter, and a packet of salt. Of course this idea was faithfully carried out, but was not always the rule, as when the choice of food was put to the vote, it was found that many people cared neither for mutton pie nor hard-boiled egg. But the "capital idea" of separate rations was always followed as closely as possible.

Charles Dickens was a most delightful and genial host, had the power of putting the shyest people at ease with him at once, and had a charm in his manner peculiarly his own and quite indescribable. The charm was always there whether he was grave or gay, whether in his very funniest or in his most serious and earnest mood.

He was a strict master in the way of insisting upon everything being done perfectly and exactly as he desired, but on the other hand, was most kind, just and considerate.

His punctuality was a remarkable characteristic, and visitors used to wonder how it was that everything was done to the very minute, "almost by clock-work," as some of them would remark.

It is a common saying now in the family of some dear friends, where punctuality is not quite so well observed, "What would Mr. Dickens have said to this?" or, "Oh! my dear child, I wish you could have been at Gad's hill to learn what punctuality means!"

Charles Dickens was very fond of music, and not only of classical music. He loved national airs, old tunes, songs and ballads, and was easily moved by anything pathetic in a song or tune, and was never tired of hearing his special favorites sung or played. He used to like to have music of an evening, and duets used to be played for hours together while he would read or walk up and down the room. A member of his family was singing a ballad one evening while he was apparently deep in his book, when he suddenly got up, saying, "You don't make enough of that word," and he sat down by the piano showed her the way in which he wished it to be emphasized, and did not leave the instrument until it had been sung to his satisfaction. Whenever this song was sung, which was often, as it became a favorite with him, he would always listen for that word, with his head a little on one side, as much as to say, "I wonder if she will remember?"

There was a large meadow at the back of the garden in which, during the summer time, many cricket matches were held. Although never playing himself, he delighted in the game, and would sit in his tent keeping score for one side the whole day long. He never took to croquet, but had lawn-tennis been played in those Gad's hill days, he would certainly have enjoyed it. He liked American bowls, a game which he used constantly to play with his male guests. For one of his "improvements" he had turned a waste piece of land into a croquet ground and bowling-green.

In the meadow he used to practice many of his "readings;" and any stranger passing down the lane and seeing him gesticulating, and hearing him talking, laughing and sometimes it may be weeping, must surely have thought him out of his mind. The getting up of these "readings" gave him an immense amount of labor and fatigue, and the sorrowful parts tried him greatly. For instance, in the reading of "Little Dombey," it was hard for him to be able so to steel his heart as to be able to read the death without breaking down or displaying too much emotion. He often told how much he suffered over this story, and how it would have been impossible for him to have gone through with it had he not kept constantly before his eyes the picture of his own Plorn alive and strong and well.

His great neatness and tidiness have already been alluded to, as also his wonderful sense of order. The first thing he did every morning, before going to work, was to make a complete circuit of the garden, and then to go over the whole house, to see that everything was in its place. And this was also the first thing he did upon his return home after long absence. A more thoroughly orderly nature never existed. And it must have been through this gift of order that he was enabled to make time—notwithstanding any amount of work—to give to the minutest household details. Before a dinner party the *menu* was always submitted to him for approval, and he always made a neat little plan of the table, with the names of the guests marked as in their respective places, and a list of "who was to take in whom" to dinner, and had constantly some "bright idea" or other as to the arrangement of the table or the rooms.

Among his many attributes, that of a doctor must not be forgotten. He was invaluable in a sick room, or in any sudden emergency; always quiet, always cheerful, always useful and skillful, always doing the right thing, so that his very presence seemed to bring comfort and help. From his children's earliest days his visits, during any time of sickness, were eagerly longed for and believed in, as doing more good than those even of the doctor himself. He had a curiously magnetic and sympathetic hand, and his touch was wonderfully soothing and quieting. As a mesmerist he possessed great power, which he used most successfully in many cases of great pain and distress. He had a strong aversion to saying good-by, and he would do anything he possibly could to avoid going through the ordeal. This feeling must have been natural to him, for as early as the 'Old Curiosity Shop' he writes: "Why is it we can better bear to part in spirit than in body and while we have the fortitude to bid farewell have not the nerve to say it? On the eve of long voyages or an absence of many years, friends who are tenderly attached will separate with the usual look, the usual pressure of the hand, planning one final interview for the morrow, while each well knows that it is but a feint to save the pain of uttering that one word, and that the meeting will never be! Should possibilities be worse to bear than certainties?" So all who love him, and who know the painful dislike he had to that word, are thankful that *he* was spared the agony of that last, long farewell.

Almost the pleasantest times at Gad's hill were the winter gatherings for Christmas and New Year, when the house was more than full, and the bachelors of the party had to be "put up" in the village. At these times Charles Dickens was at his gayest and brightest, and the days passed cheerily and merrily away. He was great at games, and many of the evenings were spent in Playing Yes and No, Proverbs, Russian Scandal, Crambo, Dumb Crambo—and a game of Memory, which he particularly liked.

The New Year was always welcomed with all honors. Just before 12 o'clock everybody would assemble in the hall, and he would open the door and stand in the entrance, watch in hand—how many of his friends must remember him thus, and think lovingly of the picture! as he waited, with a half-smile on his attentive face, for the bells to chime out the new year. Then his voice would break the silence with "a Happy New Year to us all." For many minutes there would be much embracing, hand-shaking and good-wishing; and the servants would all come up and get a hearty shake of the hand from the beloved "master." Then hot spiced wine would be distributed and good health drunk all round. Sometimes there would be a country dance, in which he most delighted, and in which he insisted upon every one joining, and he never allowed the dancing—and real dancing it was too—to flag for an instant, but kept it up until even he was tired and out of breath, and had at last to clap his hands, and bring it to an end. His thorough enjoyment was most charming to witness, and seemed to infect every one present.

One New Year's day at breakfast, he proposed that we should act some charades, in dumb show, that evening. This proposal being met with enthusiasm, the idea was put into train at once. The different parts were assigned, dresses were discussed, "properties" were collected, and rehearsing went on the whole day long. As the home visitors were all to take part in the charades, invitations had to be sent to the more intimate neighbors to make an audience, an impromptu supper had to be arranged for, and the day was one of continual bustle and excitement, and the rehearsals were the greatest fun imaginable. A dear old friend volunteered to undertake the music, and he played delightfully all through the acting. These charades made one of the pleasantest and most successful of New Year's evenings spent at Gad's Hill.

But there were not only grown-up guests invited to the pretty, cheerful home. In a letter to a friend Charles Dickens writes "Another generation begins to peep above the table. I once used to think what a horrible thing it was to be a grandfather. Finding that the calamity falls upon me without my perceiving any other change in myself, I bear it like a man." But as he so disliked the name of grandfather as applied to himself, those grandchildren were taught by him to call him "Venerables." And to this day some of them still speak of him by this self-invented name.

Now there is another and younger family who never knew "Venerables," but have been all taught to know his likeness, and taught to know his books by the pictures in them, as soon as they can be taught anything, and whose baby hands lay bright flowers upon the stone in Westminster abbey every June 9, and every Christmas eve. For in remembrance of his love for all that is gay in color, none but the brightest flowers, and also some of the gorgeous American leaves, sent by a friend for the purpose, are laid upon the grave, making that one spot in the midst of the vast and solemn building bright and beautiful.

In a letter to Plorn before his departure for Australia Charles Dickens writes: "I hope you will always be able to say in after life that you had a kind father." And to this hope each one of his children can answer with a loving, grateful heart, that so he was.—*The Cornhill Magazine.*

Mr. Speedy's book on "Sport in the Highlands and Lowlands of Scotland" has a good story of a sportsman who drank only cold tea, and after a draught from his flask, addressing his gillie, said: "Driver, would you like to have a swill from my flask?" He promptly replied: "Thank you, sir—I am dying for something; but you are far too kind, as it is not often any comes in my way." The gentleman, holding the beautiful, clear metal cup in one hand, poured the red-colored liquor from the flask. Glittering in the sun, the colored liquor gurgled into the cup, resembling in reality genuine brandy. The liquor, as it was poured into the cup, had so whetted the appetite of the temporary gillie, that he clutched it with a greedy hand, and in an instant it was being poured down the throat of the victim of that aggravated thirst to which, happily, even ordinary tipplers are strangers. The effect on the poor wretch may be conceived, but never adequately described. Handing the cup, with an evident feeling of disgust, to the gentleman, and with an air of offended dignity, he said: "Ca' ye that brandy? I tell you, sir, it's the most abominable stuff ever crossed my craig, an' I hae been dabbling in a' kinds of drink for the last thirty years."

ENGLISH FEMALE POETS.

Some of their Characteristics and an Estimate of their Work.

Mr. Robertson's Book on "English Poetesses" Aptly Reviewed—Interesting Personal Sketches.

Wordsworth's definition of what is poetry—"emotion recollected in tranquillity"—has always seemed to us an unfortunate one, as descriptive of the process of verse making rather than of the thing itself. Particular idiosyncrasies are not to be heeded as to the sources from whence poetical structure may emanate, for has not Shelley declared that poetry "is the recollection of the best and happiest minds?" The author of this interesting work cites in proof of the difference of motive what the musician Schubert declared was his inspiration—"the product of my genius and my misery." And so Keats wrote, rather lugubriously, "Some divine being has enabled me to put into poetry the pain which I feel." In the discrimination of poetry made by a man or a woman the author believes that the difference which actually exists arise from the condition of sex. A woman has an abiding faith, but a man doubts; "The man digs, but the woman gleans; he finds, she keeps. His is the uncreated, hers the created. To know, to man is but the stepping stone; to the woman it has been a resting place. * * * We may find in most paintings of the 'Flight into Egypt' a picture of this human nature. Mary has sat down on the roadside to suckle the infant; Joseph is chiding his patient beast a little further along the road." Directly Mr. Robertson then asks the question, "Have women been clearly excelled by men in poetry?" and the answer is overwhelmingly in favor of the sterner sex. There is no rivalry between them. Mrs. Hemans feels this superiority of the man, for she writes of Carlyle: "I fear that a woman's mind never can be able to, and never was formed to attain that power of sufficiency to itself which seems to be somewhere or other among the rocks of the man."

Commencing with Katharine Philips, the "matchless Orinda," she was the first English poetess who wrote verse that people of her time talked about. She was a very honest and pure woman when manners were at their worst, and though by her wit and elegance she might have been enthroned among the gay gallants of Charles II.'s court, she was happy in her quiet country life. Had she not died so young, at 33, Katharine Philips might have exercised the happiest influence on English society. There was perhaps something about her which recalled the *precieuses* of the Hotel Rambouillet. She might, according to our ideas, have been a little bit inclined to write mythological verses on minor topics. Her characters are christened Palaemon, Silvander, Lucasia, or Rosania. Still, her men and women are chaste and elegant. The verses in memory of a son of hers who died in his 13th year are very sweet and natural:

"If I could ever write a lasting verse,
It should be called, dear Saint, upon thy hearse.
But Sorrow is no Muse, and does confess
That it least can what it would most express.
Yet that I may some bounds to grief allow,
I'll try if I can weep in numbers now.
Ah, beauteous blossom, too untimely dead!
Whither, ah, whither is thy sweetness fled?"

There must be respect for the woman praised by Dryden and Jeremy Taylor, and of whom Cowley wrote these somewhat turgid lines:

"If Apollo should design
A woman laureate to make
[illegible]
[illegible]

Of Aphra Behn, who wrote dissolute plays, marvels of nastiness, little can be said, save that she made an occasional poem which has the only merit of being clean. The "Divine Astraea," as she was called, wrote more vulgarly than any woman who ever lived. She threw modesty to the winds, and died miserably in 1689.

The duchess of Newcastle lives, perhaps, in English literature more from the interest taken in her and her husband, and because she was a good and loyal wife than from her writings. Charles Lamb eulogized her, but to us her prose is far better than her poetry. When after Marston Moor, the marquis of Newcastle, and his wife (Margaret Lucas was his second wife) sought refuge on the Continent they had no money enough to buy food; so she wrote quaintly enough: "My lord, being already a great master of his passions, was—at least showed himself—not in any manner troubled at it, but in a pleasant humor told me that I must of necessity pawn my clothes to make so much money as would procure a dinner." The duchess' best known poems are "The Pastime of the Queen of the Fairies" and a "Dialogue between Melancholy and Mirth." The first is replete with nice conceits. But what is really full of grace is the "Song by Lady Happy." Never has a mermaid been more prettily or trippingly described. Its conclusion is as follows:

"So when I swim on waters high,
I see myself as I glide by;
But when the sun begins to burn,
I back into my waters turn,
And dive into the bottom low,
Then on my head the waters flow,
In curled waves and circles round,
And thus with eddies I am crowned."

"There is," writes Mr. Robertson, "a good deal of the roundness, the smooth roundness of phraseology—if one may use the expression—which charms us in the song written of the Elizabethan age."

Between the Duchess of Newcastle and Lady Mary Wortley Montagu the lapse of time is not very great, for the daughter of the Duke of Kingston was born in 1690. In 1716 she went with her husband to Constantinople and wrote her famous "Letters." We do not know of any more delightful reading than these letters. If they have not the elegance of Mme. de Sevigne, they have a terseness and a power which the French woman cannot equal. It is a nice bit of criticism when Mr. Robertson writes that "you probably read the Frenchwoman oftener than the Englishwoman, but you can read more of the Englishwoman at a sitting." Of her poetry the "Epistle to the Earl of Burlington" is about her best. Of Mme. Piozzi, the Mrs. Thrale of Dr. Johnson she is remembered for her "Three Warnings." Though this was believed at one time to be a production of Johnson's it would hardly be thought worthy of notice to-day. Hannah Cowley, who wrote that clever comedy, "The Belle's Stratagem," made tawdry verse, not worth the reading. Charlotte Turner, born in 1749, and who, married to a wretched husband, became Charlotte Smith, wrote verses very much praised by Sir Walter Scott. Her "Elegiac Sonnets" were highly lauded in their day. She was subjected to a good deal of adverse criticism in her time because of her translation of the Abbe Prevost's "Manon L'Escaut." Charlotte Smith had a vein of sadness, which ran through all her verses. She concludes some fairly good lines on the glow worm, as follows:

"Her lucid treasures rayless as the dust,
So turn the world's bright joys to cold and blank disgust."

When we come to Mrs. Barbauld we write of a clear headed woman who had great literary power. No girl had a better training than Anna Letitia Aikin, who was the daughter of a learned schoolmaster. Although she had mastered Latin and was not deficient in Greek, she never was a pedant. There is a pretty story of her when she was a girl as to her method of escaping from too assiduous a lover. There was a rich but stupid man, who, finding her once alone in her father's garden, importuned her to become his wife. Flustered and frightened, the young woman climbed a tree, stole along a branch, and then dropped out of sight in a neighboring inclosure. She must have been a beautiful girl, for the portraits of her taken in her later life are full of charm. She married, when 30, Rochemont Barbauld, who unfortunately in after life became insane. It was for her nephew that she wrote "Early Lessons" (1774) and "Hymns in Prose" the popularity of which was immense. Mrs. Barbauld was no admirer of Dr. Johnson. She thought that he was far from being a great character. * * * He was continually sinning against his conscience and then afraid of going to hell for it." With her prose we have not much to do, save to note that she did write some political papers of great merit. Her longest and most ambitious poem is entitled "Eighteen Hundred and Eleven," in which she prophesies the downfall of England. But Mrs. Barbauld wrote one poem, entitled "Life," which has for its conclusion some nine lines which should be remembered. There is a tenderness about them which has the charm of the true lyric. Old crusty Rogers, sitting near Mme. D'Arblay, asked her whether she remembered Mrs. Barbauld's "Life." "Remember them," she answered. "I repeat them to myself every night before I go to bed." Wordsworth said of them: "I am not in the habit of grudging other people their good things, but I wish I had written these lines:

"Life! we've been long together,
Through pleasant and cloudy weather;
'Tis hard to part when friends are dear;
Perhaps 'twill cost a sigh, a tear;
Then steal away, give little warning,
Choose thine own time;
Say not Good Night, but in some brighter clime
Bid me Good Morning."

With Mrs. Barbauld's "Hymns in Prose" we are certainly more familiar in this country than in England. There may be, as the author of this book states it, "fading doubtful rhymes, but there is of language that recalls style." And then, perhaps that deep abiding faith in God the most brilliant of all essay

"The Swan of Lichfield," she is better known, has an devoted to her. Anna Seward have been born in ecclesiastic ple, for her father was canon she was accustomed from her live among highly educated her letters she writes: "What may possess they have not to notice of my neighbors from inferior station. My father is his birth and by his profession cation, and, being canon of essarily converses on terms of proudest inhabitants of our later years she never asserted ill, as in her youth her pride ition, she always had the very her own talents. It is quite the first fifty lines which are to Darwin's "Botanic Garden no woman who had a reputation Scott's time is more forgotten than is Annie Seward to-day.

Mrs. Opie, the Amelia Alderson close of the last century, sang of her own composition, was of Dr. Alderson, who was of Norwich. "From their father liberal tendencies, and these her friends in the country the famous Old Bailey trials grove and others who were for sedition that it was burn her letters lest they should writer in an awkward manner the artist Opie, and they were married. There is about her letters home she writes: "Mr. Opie has my declared lover almost came. I was ingenuous principle, and I told him my state of my heart. He said he sist and risk all consequences to and so he did and does, and I forbid his visits." Opie was orphan, who had been his first marriage by a good after having been divorced from he determined to devote all his art, but he met Amelia and at with her. Never could there lives more happily blended. thing that can only be described touching in all the fragments her which have been preserved licity of heart shines through addressed her with a certain as if he ever could quite realize not that so perfect a creature with his life." His love for her he seems to have inspired her literary talents, for his four lecture him for his academical term formances. Opie died young, year, and he lies buried near a Reynolds, in St. Paul's. To prose is immensely superior to two poems the best remembered men" and "The Orphan Boy's Tale has still some antiquated grace has been worn out in children's Mary Lamb, as associated with Charles, a sketch of her life some time ago in the *Times* to "The New-born Infant" and tender. It seems to consign Hannah More to the past, she who was once thought the age. But so it is. Hannah verses are almost forgotten. Grisell Baillie, who wrote some songs, Mrs. Cockburn's, whose Forest" will live forever, and whose "Auld Robin Gray" never the Baroness Nairn's "Land of even a finer outflow of verse than We come now to a really wonder who had sustained poetic faculty, Miss Joanna Baillie. "Woo'd and A'" is a famous song, and so is Lin," and "Saw ye Johnny Com ago about it that only Burns can Mrs. Hemans was a true woman quite away from what was pompous winged or curled and perfumed ural verses. She never was Read these glowing verses, "The Procession." They ring with the pomp of war. A man could not have genuinely martial. For pathos "The Household" still touches sympath the longings for a happy future ever expressed than in Felicia H Better Land." Of L. E. L. little Poor Letitia Landon, who lived a life in London, who got into all the tifatle scrapes, and who then rough man and went to the coast—a fever bed, and whether prussic acid by her own or hand, will never be known. Old who, as lads, read poetry many a may have gloated over this L. E. L. what poor, washy stuff it seems What a curse to literature was the trash which blossomed forth in in those times. L. E. L., in her not good, according to mature besides she had a bad trick of zac, for she took from his goodly portion of his "Peau de Cha of space forbids us doing more th Adelaide Proctor, Caroline Norton, and Lady Dufferin whose ballad, of the Irish Emigrant" is worth thing these other women wrote.

When the name of Mrs. Brow tioned we no longer can say with percilious authority, in reading is very good—good for a woman. son devotes a most careful chapter ysis of her verse. Mrs. Browning greatest of English poetesses last and nearest to us, but she was sition to the grandeur of her mind force and passion—which are The business of her life was to body her thoughts in verse. She conviction of an inspiration; it was and certainly no woman was than Elizabeth Barrett. How tells in her "Wine of Cyprus" how with her old Greek tutor:

"For we sometimes gently wr
Very gently, be it said,
Since our thoughts were disen
By no breaking of the thread

We speak not of "The Romaunt which has no classical tinge "Isobel's Child," but of the "The Lay of the Brown Rosary would have made any man or wo It is a just criticism to declare son has it, that "Lady Geraldine as fine as Tennyson's "Locksley may, we say it, it has a depth of spontaneous outburst about it, and more careful no laureate but is careful rarely to develop muse. Elizabeth Barrett Brow when she pleases, can the woman of to-day, but there poem sweeter than the one she blessed psalm: "He giveth his entitled "The Sleep." These lines, they are!

"O earth, so full of dreary
O men, with wailing in your
O delved gold, the waller's
O strife, O curse, that o'er
God makes a silence through
And giveth his beloved sleep

What, if Mrs. Browning was to her rhymes? Nold the her "meadow," "shadow," "admiring," "iron," and the sources," "horses," still the may not always be to one's taste care invariably for the the heart if it calls worship. In Mrs. Browning is food for thought. The are both pure and noble. tricacies and abhors the labyrinth be no society formed, now that interpret her works, as is being Browning music. It is all clear, your English and you can Browning and get all aglow, while quite a different thing you read what her husband writing now.

Mr. Robertson's appreciation poetess is indeed quite a notable seems to us that with some very he is invariably in the right.

Peter Johnson and his

Hon. A. Payne's Reminiscences

Journal.

Mr. Johnson lost his wife, and a well-known theory, the tion of the only bliss of Para survived the fall be promptly monial alliance with a worthy he had long been acquainted when he called upon her she Johnson my friends think for me to receive your attentions the death of your wife." To replied: "I have been a constant than thirty years, and during been in constant attendance this state, and I think I ought thing about the law, and when a woman has been month she is just as dead in as if she had been dead a year have satisfied the good lady.

The Oregonia

SUNDAY MORNING, FEBRUARY 22,

THE BIG BEND COUNTRY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE OREGONIAN.

Pacific slope, the great Columbia is thy stan
And furthermore thy chief of commerce—gift
ture;
The landings on her banks are steps of earth
gression,
Where may be heard the human voice with
laugh
Of civilization's notes expanding to their sta
As wheel of fate revolves with her sublime
sion,
That man may live in brotherhood's urbani
With man, in nature's congress of humanity

The Columbia river is the great natur way of commerce between the country ad to its pathway and her minor side tribu This great slope, when reduced to square gives a region vast in proportions—yes, enough for a mighty empire in itself. Th edents in the world's history teach that kingdoms and empires vie with each oth emulation in expending money with a hand to open remote and secluded parts o sovereignty to the blessings of commerci change—civilization. A portion of this v main has to a greater or less extent e through railroads and steamboats plying lower Columbia the advantages of such communication: but the vast plains of th Bend and the adjacent cascade tributaries west and north of the Orondo has not heard the whistle of the locomotive nor s deck of the steamboat on their errands o merce.

The people of this region look down the Columbia river and say: Why Captain Pin of the Oregon Navigation company ex the upper river a few years ago in low stage, and pronounced it a good stream f igation, except small portages, provided ders were removed at certain points; also tenant Symons, the chief engineer of this ment, examined the river a few years a agreed in conclusions with Captain Ping I quote from his report to the war depa as follows:

"From its mouth to the mouth of the W ette, the Columbia is navigated by ocean ers, sea-going ships and river craft of all From the Willamette up to the Cascade boats find abundant water and go free seasons of the year except when the river up, which happens generally each winter freeze-ups on this portion of the river la short time, however. * * *

In considering the amelioration of the from Grand rapids to its mouth, we can the rapids which form obstructions to tion into two classes; first, those which admit the passage of steamers in ascendi descending the river, and cannot be m admit this passage by any work upon the themselves; and, second, those which, forbidding the passage of steamers in asc permit them to descend in safety or can to permit the downward passage by work rapids themselves.

The Dalles, the cascades, Grand rapid Kettle falls belong to the first class; all th rapids belong to the second class.

Priest, Cabinet, Rock Island and the Na rapids all permit, or can be readily made mit, the downward passage of steamers then, we suppose that a loaded steamer en in river commerce, can start at Grand and safely descend the river to The Dalle by means of improvements here and at th cades to the river's mouth, the problem fies itself into adopting some system of im men, to permit this steamer with its ascend the river."

Lieutenant Symons gives the river dis from the mouth of the Columbia river to rapids as follows: Distance to Astoria 1 to the mouth of the Willamette 108 miles, Lower Cascades 150 miles, to the head Dalles 220 miles, to Ainsworth 336 mi Priest rapids 409 miles, to Cabinet rapi miles, to Rock Island rapids 467 miles, to atchee rapids 482 miles, to Entiat rapids do) 498 miles, to Okanogan river 549 mi Nespilem river 590 miles, and to Grand 704 miles.

Two hundred and twenty-five miles river above Kettle falls was navigated ways with supplies by the steamer "49" the Frazer river gold excitement. A Okanogan river is navigable to Osooyoo in British Columbia being seventy-five mi tant from the Columbia river. In high at least, it is navigable, and we have b formed that a company talked some of two steamers to run down the Okanogan mouth, thence down the Columbia to th atchee next summer: at least, Mr. Ch Sutrie, on the fifteen-mile strip and fiv from the British line, so informed me By the way, there is quite a large settle the fifteen-mile strip now, and they e boom next spring when the Moses rese is thrown open to settlement. They des communication with the lower river as possible.

There are four distinct settlements part of the Big Bend. First, on the C flats it is just beginning to settle. The write from is called Orondo, and it is:

Sequestered in the bosom of Columbia's bi
Upon a semicircular bend of the river—
The greatest river of the vast Pacific slope
Nigh where the rapids of the Entiat deliver
Upon the rocks, her mighty watery volum
puffs
And jets, and roarings unmusical in scope,
Except to nature's child who loves sublimit
Begotten, born, and reared in carnate liber

The flats on the river here vary in places from one-fourth mile to 1½ width, and are peculiarly adapted for duction of vegetables and fruits, as the here is about five to ten degrees warmer thermometers than on the great plains above us. We are satisfied that alfalfa succeed here for winter fodder sheep, horses. Orondo is on the left bank of the bia, and the adjacent country on both the river, twenty-five miles each way, is called "the bluffs." This bl gion varies from three miles miles in width and is covered with bunc the bluffs also rise from the river 2000 fe tending to the plains above. This vast has more or less springs and is peculiarl ed for sheep, stock, or horse grazing—tr to three months' feed in winter will be g required. It is almost all ment land as yet and off chance for the stock man or sh not often found as the climate is dry an being peculiarly adapted to sheep hus Twelve miles below here, on the We flats, they raise luscious grapes and peac at Longview, six miles below here, I sa Detwiler's one of the finest of gardens son. He irrigates, however. We wa with means here to go into sheep or sto ing, also fruit raising.

Orondo, 500 miles above Portland, clasp as a river landing and looks to the busin of that commercial hub to bestir thems securing for us the opening of the upp and placing steamers thereon as soon as We want to buy our goods of you, and sheep, stock, horses, grain, fruit and vo return. Spokane Falls is reaching with stretched hand for the commerce of Bend. And what is Portland doing?

Beyond the "bluff" region, the Badge tain country and adjacent bunch-grass peculiarly adapted for wheat and grain offers her advantages to the settler. postoffice is seven miles distant from and by the way, the mail routes from Falls to Wenatchee pass through this p thence down the canyon to Orondo, down the river flats to Wenatchee. N of which Badger is the postoffice, ha mill and blacksmith shop and a large sett

Ten miles farther east, on the bunc plains, Okanagan has a large settlemen the present county seat of Douglas cou is a fine wheat growing region and nee settlers. This Okanagan must not founded with the older Fort Okanagan Okanagann river, as they are thirty mil It is very unfortunate that the new O had to use a name borrowed from a neig river beyond the Columbia river, as th name for near places is very confusin traveler. Okanagan has a store, hotel eral other buildings; and they are drilli now for artesian water.

Some fifteen miles farther, east there a settlement in the Moses coulee, whic its attractions for the settler.

Several hunting parties have been winter, one on the benches of Badger and the Columbia river brought in elev and another across the Columbia river the Cascades brought in thirteen deer, were all consumed at home, as Portlan no route for us to ship them to her.

The proprietor of Orondo proposes twenty acres of land, with a grove of ev er it, to a campmeeting association, wh make business for steamers this way w thing is under way.

Settlers intending immigrating to Bend this spring will receive replies to information by enclosing stamps for po Messrs. Adams & Mann, or B. L. Marti Okanagan; Messrs Nash & Stevens, of Corbaley, P. M., Badger; and Dr. J. B Orondo, via Badger P. O., Douglas co T. Each party will give information r his particular locality.

OR

The Oregonian.

SUNDAY MORNING, FEBRUARY 22, 1885.

THE BIG BEND COUNTRY.

To the Editor of the Oregonian.

Pacific slope, the great Columbia is thy staff,
And furthermore thy cleft of commerce—gift of nature;
The landings on her banks are steps of earth's progression,
Where may be heard the human voice with merry laugh
Of civilization's notes expanding to their stature,
As wheel of fate revolves with her sublime procession,
That man may live (in brotherhood's urbanity,)
With man in nature's congress of humanity.

The Columbia river is the great natural highway of commerce between the country adjacent to its pathway and her minor side tributaries. This great slope when reduced to square miles gives a region vast in proportions—yea, large enough for a mighty empire in itself. The precedents in the world's history teach that states, kingdoms and empires vie with each other in emulation in expending money with a lavish hand to open remote and secluded parts of their sovereignty to the blessings of commercial exchange—civilization. A portion of this vast domain has to a greater or less extent enjoyed through railroads and steamboats plying on the lower Columbia the advantages of such intercommunication but the vast plains of the Big Bend and the adjacent cascade tributaries to the west and north of the Orondo has not as yet heard the whistle of the locomotive nor seen the deck of the steamboat on their errands of commerce.

The people of this region look down the great Columbia river and say: Why Captain Pingstone examined the upper river a few years ago in low water stage, and pronounced it a good stream for navigation, except small portages, provided bowlders were removed at certain points; also Lieutenant Symons, the chief engineer of this department, examined the river a few years ago and agreed in conclusions with Captain Pingstone. I quote from his report to the war department as follows:

"From its mouth to the mouth of the Willamette, the Columbia is navigated by ocean steamers, sea-going ships and river craft of all kinds. From the Willamette up to the Cascades, river boats find abundant water and go freely at all seasons of the year except when the river freezes up, which happens generally each winter. The freeze-ups of this portion of the river last but a short time, however. * * *

In considering the amelioration of the river from Grand rapids to its mouth, we can divide the rapids which form obstructions to navigation into two classes; first, those which do not admit the passage of steamers in ascending and descending the river, and cannot be made to admit this passage by any work upon the rapids themselves; and, second, those which, while forbidding the passage of steamers in ascending permit them to descend in safety or can be made to permit the downward passage by work on the rapids themselves.

The Dalles, the cascades, Grand rapids and Kettle falls belong to the first class; all the other rapids belong to the second class.

Priest, Cabinet, Rock Island and the Nespilem rapids all permit, or can be readily made to permit, the downward passage of steamers. If, then, we suppose that a loaded steamer engaged in river commerce, can start at Grand rapids and safely descend the river to The Dalles, and by means of improvements here and at the Cascades to the river's mouth, the problem simplifies itself into adopting some system of improvement to permit this steamer with its load to ascend the river."

Lieutenant Symons gives the river distances from the mouth of the Columbia river to Grand rapids as follows: Distance to Astoria 15 miles, to the mouth of the Willamette 108 miles, to the lower Cascades 159 miles, to the head of The Dalles 220 miles, to Ainsworth 336 miles, to Priest rapids 409 miles, to Cabinet rapids 463 miles, to Rock Island rapids 467 miles, to Wenatchee rapids 482 miles, to Entiat rapids (Orondo) 498 miles, to Okanogan river 549 miles, to Nespilem river 590 miles, and to Grand rapids 704 miles.

Two hundred and twenty-five miles of the river above Kettle falls was navigated both ways with supplies by the steamer "49" during the Frazer river gold excitement. And the Okanogan river is navigable to Osooyoos lake in British Columbia being seventy-five miles distant from the Columbia river. In high water at least, it is navigable, and we have been informed that a company talked of building two steamers to run down the Okanogan to its mouth, thence down the Columbia to the Wenatchee next summer; at least, Mr. Chance, of Suttle, on the fifteen-mile strip and five miles from the British line, so informed me last fall. By the way, there is quite a large settlement on the fifteen-mile strip now, and they expect a boom next spring when the Moses reservation is thrown open to settlement. They desire mail communication with the lower river as soon as possible.

There are four distinct settlements in this part of the Big Bend. First, on the Columbia flats is just beginning to settle. The place I write from is called Orondo, and it is:

Sequestered in the bosom of Columbia's bluffs,
Upon a semicircular bend of the river—
The greatest river of the vast Pacific slope—
Right where the rapids of the Entiat deliver
Upon the rocks, her mighty watery volumes with puffs
And ebbs and roaring ups unmeasured in scope,
Except to nature's child who loves sublimity,
Begotten, born, and reared in climatic liberty.

The flats on the river here vary in different places from one-fourth mile to 1½ miles in width, and are peculiarly adapted for the production of vegetables and fruits, as the climate here is about five to ten degrees warmer on the thermometer than on the great plains 2000 feet above us. We are satisfied that alfalfa would succeed here for winter fodder sheep, stock or horses. Orondo is on the left bank of the Columbia, and the adjacent country on both sides of the river, twenty-five miles each way, is what is called "the bluffs." This bluff region varies from three miles to five miles in width and is covered with bunch-grass; the bluffs also rise from the river 2000 feet in ascending to the plains above. This vast region has more or less springs and is peculiarly adapted for sheep, stock, or horse grazing—from two to three months' feed in winter will be generally required. It is almost all government land as yet, and offers a chance for the stock man or shepherd not often found as the climate is dry and mild being peculiarly adapted to sheep husbandry. Twelve miles below here, on the Wenatchee flats, they raise luscious grapes and peaches, and at Longview, six miles below here, I saw at Mr. Detwiler's one of the finest of gardens last season. He irrigates, however. We want men with means here to go into sheep or stock raising, also fruit raising.

Orondo, 500 miles above Portland, clasps hands as a river landing and looks to the business men of that commercial hub to bestir themselves in securing for us the opening of the upper river and placing steamers thereon as soon as possible. We want to buy our goods of you, and sell our sheep, stock horses, grain, fruit and venison in return. Spokane Falls is reaching with an outstretched hand for the commerce of this Big Bend. And what is Portland doing?

Beyond the "bluff" region, the Badger mountain country and adjacent bunch-grass plains, peculiarly adapted for wheat and grain raising, offers her advantages to the settler. Badger postoffice is seven miles distant from Orondo, and by the way, the mail routes from Spokane Falls to Wenatchee pass through this place and thence down the canyon to Orondo, thence down the river flats to Wenatchee. Nashland, of which Badger is the postoffice, has a saw mill and blacksmith shop and a large settlement.

Ten miles farther east, on the bunch-grass plains, Okanagan has a large settlement and is the present county seat of Douglas county. It is a fine wheat growing region and needs more settlers. This Okanagan must not be confounded with the older Fort Okanagan near the Okanogan river, as they are thirty miles apart. It is very unfortunate that this new Okanagan had to use a name borrowed from a neighboring river beyond the Columbia river, as the same name for near places is very confusing to the traveler. Okanagan has a store, hotel and several other buildings; and they are drilling there now for artesian water.

Some fifteen miles further east there is quite a settlement in the Moses coulee, which offers inducements for the settler.

Several hunting parties have been out this winter, one on the benches of Badger mountain and the Columbia river brought in eleven deer, and another across the Columbia river towards the Cascades brought in thirteen deer, but they were all consumed at home as Portland offers no route for us to ship them to her.

The proprietor of Orondo proposes to give twenty acres of land, with a grove of evergreens on it, to a compromising association, which will make business for steamer this way when the thing is under way.

Settlers intending immigrating to this Big Bend this spring will receive replies to desired information by enclosing stamps for postage to Messrs. Adams & Mann, or B. L. Martin, P. M., Okanagan; Messrs Nash & Stevens, or Platt M. Corbaley, P. M., Badger; and Dr. J. R. Smith, Orondo, via Badger P. O., Douglas county, W. T. Each party will give information respecting his particular locality. ORONDO.

ENGLISH MAGAZINES.

Brief Extracts from the Best of their Literature.

Historical and Biographical Sketches—Interesting Information and Occasional Anecdote.

ABOUT KISSING.

In one of the letters written by him from England in the reign of Henry VIII, Erasmus dwells with immense relish on the English custom of kissing ladies at first meeting them, and describes the custom as delightful because maidens as well as matrons kissed all visitors both when they came and when they went. One of the courtesies appertaining to this usage was that partners kissed at the close of a dance. Thus the king in Shakespeare's "Henry VIII." (act I., scene ix.), when he sees Anne Bolyn for the first time and dances with her, says to the lady as soon as the dance is over:

It were unmannerly to take you out
And not to kiss you. [Kisses her.]

Manifestly this custom, familiar to an Elizabethan audience, is assumed, though not expressly indicated, in the dancing scene in Romeo and Juliet. If we saw all the partners kissing at the close of the dance, we should understand at once that Romeo's kiss is not "unmannerly," as it certainly now appears to us. It may be objected that a modern audience would be shocked by such an unlimited and promiscuous quantity of kissing. But I do not think that would be the case, if the business were properly managed. The dancing is of a more or less stately character. The general salute at the end of it would be equally ceremonious. The special character of Romeo's action would then be felt in its right relation to all that is going on around him. For he has no express title to kiss Juliet, since he is not a recognized visitor, but an intruder and enemy. Neither can he claim the privilege of a partner, for he has not danced with her. But under the cover of a prevailing usage, and the general kissing that is going on all round him, he approaches Juliet with the devout reverence appropriate to her assumed character, and craves permission to pay a holy palmer's homage to the shrine of his devotion. This is demanded by the true spirit of the scene, which under these conditions (but these only) becomes graceful and poetic. The kissing between all the partners at the end of the dance leads naturally up to the kissing between Romeo and Juliet, and instead of Romeo's first greeting of Juliet being marked by a vulgar familiarity, it takes the character of a peculiarly deferential homage.—Earl Lytton in Nineteenth Century.

A WHIST PARADOX.

There is that famous hand in which the duke of Cumberland held ace, king, queen and knave in one plain suit, ace, king, queen in another, ace, king in the third, while in trumps he held king, knave, nine and seven; yet with this perfectly magnificent hand, and the lead, leading also quite correctly, he did not make a single trick.

This seems incredible, but when the hands are supplied the solution of the problem will be readily seen. The four trumps lying just over those held by the duke of Cumberland, viz., the ace, queen, ten and eight, were on his left, with nine diamonds, while on his right were five small trumps. He led a trump, which was taken on his left, and a diamond led—trumped on his right. Another trump was led through him, which was similarly taken, and another diamond led, which was also trumped on his right. Another trump lead through the duke caused his last trump but one to fall; the last was then extracted by the player on his left. The duke had now no diamonds, that being the suit of which he had held only the ace and king. Then the diamonds on his left were as good as trumps, and made all the remaining tricks.—R. A. Proctor, in Longman's.

OCCUPANTS OF THE SEE OF LONDON.

The see of London has been occupied since the reign of Henry VIII. by singular types of the episcopal character. The martyred Ridley, the prosecuting Bonner, the learned Lowth, the grave Sherlock, the politic Porteous, the saintly Juxon, the irrepressible Laud, the dignified Howley, the classical Blomfield, occupied at various times the palace at Fulham, which has for many centuries been the official residence of the prelates of the metropolis. It was Bishop Compton that enlarged and beautified the ancient manor house of Fulham where King Henry III., Queen Elizabeth, and other monarchs have been entertained on a scale of princely magnificence. In the Tudor epoch Bishop Aylmer, a bishop of London altogether *sui generis*, is recorded to have cut down the elms at Fulham. There are as odd stories about this Bishop Aylmer as about any bishop of Clogher or Derry. He is said to have cut down the elms at Fulham to the extent of £6000, an enormous sum in those days. He ordained his blind gatekeeper, and gave him the living of Paddington as a means of providing for him. The bishop had a son-in-law, a drunken, worthless clergyman, and on the plan of adjusting differences in a sawpit, the bishop closeted himself with his son-in-law, and, taking a good stout cudgel, gave him a hearty thrashing. Some valuable cloth had been stolen from some dyers in Thames street. It was on the bishop's lands, and the unfortunate thieves, before they were executed had admitted the identity of the cloth. The owners applied for it, but the bishop refused to surrender it except on satisfactory proof of ownership. In the opinion of his lordship the proof was never sufficiently satisfactory. "The bishop," according to the Martin Marprelate tracts, "knew as well as the owners to what good uses it could be put. It is very good blue, and so would serve well for the liveries of his men; and it was very good green, fit to make cushions and coverings for tables. Brother London, you were best make restitution; it is plague, theft, and horrible oppression. Bonner would have blushed to have been taken in the light of it."—Pall Mall Gazette.

A GREAT NEWSPAPER'S ROAD TO SUCCESS.

The success of the *Times* was not rapid. Writing in December, 1788, Horace Walpole asks the Countess of Ossory, "Have you seen Mr. Cambridge's excellent verses, called the 'Progress of Liberty?' They were printed last Wednesday in a newspaper called the *Times*, but they are ascribed to a young lady." Mr. Walter often felt his post of editor a trying one. In 1786 he had to pay a fine of £150 for a libel upon Lord Loughborough. In 1789, being convicted of libeling the Dukes of York, Gloucester and Cumberland, the libel consisting of the remark, probably well founded, that they were "insincere" in their professions of joy at the king's recovery, he was sentenced to pay a fine of £250, to stand for an hour in the pillory at Charing Cross, to be imprisoned in Newgate for twelve months, and to find security for good behavior for seven years after leaving prison. When in prison two other libels were laid to his charge—he was accused of publishing that the Prince of Wales and the Duke of York had demeaned themselves so as to incur the just disapprobation of his majesty, and that the Duke of Clarence had returned home without authority from the admiralty or his commanding officer. Mr. Walter was brought from Newgate on the 3d day of January, 1790, to receive sentence for these heinous offenses. For both libels he was sentenced to a year's imprisonment in Newgate, to date from the expiry of the year he had to serve, and to pay £200. After being imprisoned sixteen months he was liberated on the intercession of the Prince of Wales. In the reigns both of George III and his son, imprisonment for libel occasioned as little disgrace as it did in France during the reign of the third Napoleon, when some of the best men were in prison and some of the worst in office. However, Mr. Walter was so disheartened by the treatment he received that he contemplated giving up the *Times*, and confining himself to printing and publishing books. The journal was conducted at a loss, and to be subjected to fine and imprisonment, in addition to losing money by the journal, was as trying to his temper as to his pocket. Instead, however, of discontinuing to publish the *Times*, Mr. Walter wisely associated his eldest son in its management, and in 1803 made him sole conductor. Mr. John Walter, Jr., was born in 1776; like Henry Sampson Woodfall, the eminent editor of the *Public Advertiser*, he was educated at Merchant Taylor's school. He went to Trinity college, Oxford, afterward, where he remained one year only. He studied at Oxford with the view of entering the church, but at his father's request he abandoned his original intention. He had been regularly apprenticed to his father, and had mastered the art of printing. It was for the purpose of giving the *Times* another and a last chance that John Walter, Jr., was admitted to a share in its management. He had the great qualification, in addition to remarkable natural gifts, of a thorough acquaintance with the details of printing and publishing. He was 27 when he undertook the sole management of the *Times*, an early age, it is true, yet not so early by eight years as that at which Henry Sampson Woodfall became editor of the *Public Advertiser*. The connection of John Walter, Jr., with the *Times* was the beginning of its prosperity and the true source of its fame. He found it a struggling and feeble journal, he left it the most successful and powerful journal in the world. On obtaining the power to give effect to his policy, he set himself to reorganize the staff of the *Times*, to do everything that he could do accelerate the production of the paper, to fill it with fresh and trustworthy intelligence, to discard any arrangement and terminate any understanding which might interfere with free action and fearless criticism. It was then the custom to take payment for theatrical puffs, but he distinctly intimated that no such custom would be acted upon by him, and he adhered to his determination, despite a pecuniary loss to the paper. His father did not approve of his scrupulousness; he desired the paper to be independent of any person or party, but he did not object to accepting payments which were consecrated by usage, and which he considered to be a fair remuneration for service rendered.—The Nineteenth Century.

ROME RECONSTRUCTED.

Since the establishment of the constitutional monarchy in Italy, a double problem has been working itself out—how to make Rome a modern capital, healthy, clean and habitable, and how to preserve the margin of recovered ruins, and spread for the antiquary (that epicure of decay) his dainty table of the broken victuals of the past. Rome has been held in a double grasp of "dead hands" for centuries. There was the dead hand of the Roman Pontiffs, and behind it the dead hand of time. The Rome of the papacy has been disentangling itself from the modern and from the ancient city. The great barracks of monkery and the faded *palazzi*, with their shadowy sarcophagous courtyards and precincts, where gloom and uncleanness strove for mastery, are rapidly diminishing from most quarters of the city. Modern tastes and every-day needs have swept a large area into that straggling *rus in urbe* patched by tracts of arid desolation, the vineyard trailing over leprous-looking rubbish, the ilex nodding on the moldered gatehouse, the scraggy tufts of plane and cypress clothing scantily the ruined mound of ages, and squalid cottages or deserted limekilns clustering fungus-like on the grey villa's walls. Through these the settler of to-day breaks his way with plummet and trowel, and the faded remnants of shabby grandeur recede as he invades. Here and there the pioneer of utilitarianism unearths crumbled mosaics, scraps of painted wall surface, decayed frescoes, fragmentary and chaotic glimpses of the golden age of empire. They peep from the chasm for a moment, catch the sunshine once again, and then return to earth and resume their thousand years of slumber. Yet surprises and discoveries come thick and fast, and, sifted from this refuse, the stock of monumental trophies which adorns the Capitoline museum is said to have more than doubled in less than ten years. A policy of artistic reconstruction of the known haunts of classic interest wherever possible, and of careful preservation of fragments where impossible, has for some years prevailed; and the result is that the eye of the well read *cognoscente* may reclothe those spots with their ancient scenery, trace against the pavement of the Via Sacra, and reconstruct in imagination the temples and public offices which echoed the footsteps of Horace.—The Edinburgh Review.

WHERE SOME OF THE MONEY WENT.

When on his acceptance of the Belgian crown Leopold of Coburg resigned the allowance of £50,000 a year which had been granted to him by parliament on his marriage with the Princess Charlotte, the announcement by the government of the surrender of this allowance was greeted by vociferous cheers and eulogistic speeches in both houses, and the public out of doors echoed these expressions of grateful appreciation of a magnanimous act. There were two circumstances, however, which considerably detracted from the merit of the sacrifice and the value of the gift. The surrender of his English pension had been made an indispensable condition of Prince Leopold's elevation to the throne of the new kingdom; and under the terms of this surrender the Prince had stipulated for the allowance remaining liable for a number of very considerable charges, including "the payment of suitable rewards to those persons who have claims upon me for their faithful services during my sojourn in this country." Among the "faithful services" thus requited at the cost of the English taxpayer were those rendered by Christian Stockmar and his cousin Caroline Bauer, both of whom (shades of Joseph Hume!) for their remaining days drew from her majesty's treasury the pensions settled upon them by the widowed consort of the Princess Charlotte of Wales.—The Fortnightly Review.

RELIC WORSHIP.

In the lonely forest depths we note from afar the summit of some huge dome of solid brickwork, and on a nearer approach find that it is surrounded by some wonderfully carved stone pillars and stairs, and everything to prove how unsparingly human labor has been lavished upon it: and then we learn that all this honor is bestowed on the collar bone, or some other portion of a Buddhist saint. But as to the reputed tooth of Buddha himself, its history, and the wars which have been fought for its custody, would fill a volume. Even at the present day the worship of the tooth is a strikingly picturesque scene, with surroundings of priceless, quaint ecclesiastical jewels and other temple properties, yellow-robed priests, gorgeously-attired Cingalese nobles, richly-caparisoned elephants, and graceful pilgrims, male and female, approaching in crowds, each bearing an offering of fragrant flowers carried high above the head, to be laid in adoration before the holy tooth. Gifts of more permanent values are not lacking, though the offering of costly towels is less frequent than of yore. Far away to the north, among the mountains of Thibet, Buddhist relic worship takes another form. On the death of a good Lama, whose sanctity may allow reason to believe that he has attained to the Buddha-hood, or some approach to that exalted perfection, his body is burned by his priestly brethren; and the ashes, being mingled with clay, are worked up into balls and then formed into sacred medallions, which are preserved in the temples with reverent care. All this seems natural enough when we regard it as a part of the system of a false creed. But when we recollect how strangely similar to this is the practice of two great branches of the Christian church—the Greek and the Latin—we cannot fail to perceive that here is something which we are wholly at a loss to reconcile with the simple teaching of Christianity as inculcated by its founder. When we think of the hydra-headed martyrs whose heads, hair, limbs, fingers, even toe nails, are treasured as priceless relics in so many different churches—of the miracles supposed to have been wrought by them—of the toilsome pilgrimages undertaken by the devout to enable them to worship and present their offerings before the shrine so richly endowed, and to claim the intercession of the dead; and when we know that all this is going on around us at the present day, we feel that in no sense can ancestor worship be said to have died out among us. Looking back to the days of Constantine, we learn that the veneration of relics was carried to such a pitch that it was solemnly decreed in council that all altars beneath which none were found should be demolished, as a church without relics could not be consecrated. And even in the present day the church of Rome requires that some holy tooth, hair or nail, shall, on the consecration of every new church, be carried in solemn procession by the priests to the altar, and therein, in a duly prepared niche, shall be deposited by the bishop, (who stands mitreless to receive that precious reliquary, and who may possibly hope that his own bones may some day receive a similar honor.) Having duly offered incense, he anoints the covering stone with holy oil, and so seals the relic tomb, while solemn anthems rise and prayers are duly said.—C. F. Gordon Cumming, in the British Quarterly Review.

CHARLES LAMB.

The most beloved of English writers may be Goldsmith or may be Scott; the best beloved will always be Charles Lamb. His claim and his charm, for those who can feel them at all, are incomparable with any other man's. The more we consider any possible points of comparison, any plausible shades of likeness, which may seem to suggest or to establish the fact of his spiritual kinship with greater or lesser humorists before him or after—with Sterne (for example) among his precursors, or with Hood among his successors—the more we are convinced, the more we are certified of the truth, that in all those qualities which most endear his memory to us all he holds really of no man but himself. It is impossible merely to like him; you must, as Wordsworth bade the redbreast whom he saw chasing the butterfly,

"Love him, or leave him alone."

All men worthy to know him would seem always to have loved him in proportion to their worthiness; and this inevitable affection would seem again to have given them for a time the very qualities most wanting to their usual habit of mind. It fixed the inconstancy of Coleridge; it softened the austerity of Wordsworth. It withdrew for a moment the author of "The Friend" from contemplation of metaphysics and the author of "The Prelude" from meditation on himself. Nor was the converse of this testimony wanting to the completeness of the evidence afforded, the perfection of the tribute paid him. To the currish man of parts, to the selfish man of genius, a man so upright and unselfish, so single-hearted and clear-spirited must indeed have seemed pitiable and contemptible. The sycophant Moore and the backbiter Carlyle have added what it was in them to add to the memorial raised by Wordsworth—the witness of the toad and the homage of the scorpion to a creature that would not crawl and could not sting. This indeed was not wanted, but it is as well that it should not be wanting. Their distaste and their disdain may serve to enhance yet more the value, to justify yet further the expression, of Shelley's and of Landor's most reverent and most ardent sympathy. Between Lamb and these two greater poets there was as wide and deep a gulf of difference as could well exist between men of genius—the bond between them was that of community in goodness, of simple-hearted and pure-minded loving kindness.—Swinburne, in the Nineteenth Century.

SECRET PAPERS OF THE SECOND EMPIRE.

The services rendered to Louis Napoleon in the early part of his career seem to have been paid for with no niggard hand. The first receipt from Miss Howard for 1,000,000f. on March 25, 1853, is in discharge of all her rights and interest in the domain of Civita Nuova in the March of Ancona. On this property, in 1850, a sum of 321,000f. was lent to Louis Napoleon by the Marquis Pallavicino, which was repaid in 1852 with interest, through the hands of the duke of Galliera. This million, however, is only one out of nearly six given to the same individual. The Comtesse Emilie Campana accepted on July 29, 1851, a bill drawn by the president of the French republic for 33,000f. By 1870 she had received "approximately 400,000f." Miss Mary Gwynne received between 1846 and 1868 at least 132,000f. by way of pension, besides 25,000f. as an "establishment" on her marriage in 1852, and 12,500f. by way of "succor" in 1868. An unknown lady under the initial T., received in 1857 the sums of 90,000f., 30,000f. and 80,000f. Alexander Vergeot figures as recipient of numerous sums of varying amount, finishing with 25,000f. in 1852. These are only some of the most salient figures on the face of the alphabetical abstract. The list is of enormous length and contains some names we are surprised to find there, with singular details as to the nature of the claims on the imperial purse. In 1866 the emperor appears to have had nearly a million sterling in money and securities deposited with Messrs. Baring. This, however, was the nominal value of the securities which was contested by M. Pietri.—The Edinburgh Review.

EATING MELON SEEDS.

All the Chinese delight in picking open and nibbling melon seeds, in accordance with a Chinese proverb which expresses the satisfaction of always having something in the mouth. In this respect the race are like squirrels, except that rich men's long-pointed nails do the work even more effectually than teeth. In every idle moment the whole population devotes itself to cracking melon seeds. As they walk in the streets, or at the social chat, to beguile the tedium of a journey or to lighten the cares of business, the infallible remedy is melon seeds. Even at the theaters the spectators are provided with little plates of watermelon seeds, and an attendant walks about with a large basket to replenish them again and again, so that the sound of the cracking seeds is heard incessantly, and the floor is invariably strewn with them. They are offered for sale everywhere. In the districts where melons grow abundantly the refreshing fruits are freely offered to all comers on condition of their saving and restoring the seeds. These are collected in great bales as articles of commerce, and form the chief cargo of many junks on the rivers. Small children, busy merchants, great mandarins, delight in them. The poorest coolie, notwithstanding the disadvantage of his short nails, contrives to spare a few cash for the purchase of this luxury. I am told that this curious passion for melon seeds prevails throughout the empire, and that the four hundred millions of Chinamen are all insatiable for these dainties.—The Cornhill Magazine.

HOW INSECTS BREATHE.

If we take any moderately large insect, say a wasp or a hornet, we can see, even with the naked eye, that a series of small, spot-like marks runs along either side of the body. These apparent spots, which are generally eighteen or twenty in number, are in fact the apertures through which air is admitted into the system, and are generally formed in such a manner that no extraneous matter can by any possibility find entrance. Sometimes they are furnished with a pair of horny lips, which can be opened and closed at the will of the insect; in other cases they are densely fringed with stiff, interlacing bristles, forming a filter, which allows air, and air alone, to pass. But the apparatus, of whatever character it may be, is always so wonderfully perfect in its action that it has been found impossible to inject the body of a dead insect with even so subtle a medium as spirits of wine, although the subject was first immersed in the fluid and then placed beneath the receiver of an air pump. The apertures in question, which are technically known as "spiracles," communicate with two large breathing tubes, or "tracheæ," which extend through the entire length of the body. From these main tubes are given off innumerable branches, which run in all directions and continually divide and subdivide until a wonderfully intricate network is formed, pervading every part of the structure and penetrating even to the antennæ and claws.—Good Words.

THE POWER OF ABSTRACTION.

According to one of his friends, Victor Hugo wrote "Notre Dame" during the revolution of 1830, while bullets were whistling across his garden and barricades were being erected almost at his door. "He shut himself up in one room, locking up his clothes lest they should tempt him to go into the streets, and spent the whole of that winter wrapped up in a big gray comforter or writing against time to complete his work by the 1st of February, 1831." The author of a work on French political leaders tells us that Victor Hugo wrote that terribly pathetic drama "Le Roi S'Amuse," during the insurrection. The first act was written in four days. As he lived near the Tuileries garden he was accustomed to walk there under the trees, and to compose his verses as he walked. One day, when hard at work on a monologue, he was interrupted by a riot, whose angry waves penetrated almost to his peaceful retreat and compelled him to take refuge in a neighboring arcade. The tide of battle followed him, and the poet, forgetting his verses, had to get behind some column for protection. Mrs. Sommerville had, to some extent, the same power of concentration, and became so absorbed in her task as to be unconscious of what was going on around her. Dr. Somerville told Harriet Martineau that he once laid a wager with a friend that he would abuse Mrs. Somerville in a loud voice to her face and she would take no notice, and he did so. Sitting close to her he confided to his friend the most injurious things—that she rouged, that she wore a wig, and other such nonsense, uttered in a very loud voice. Her daughters were in an air of laughter, while the slandered lady sat placidly writing. At last her husband made a dead pause, after her name, on which she looked up with an innocent, "Did you speak to me?"—All the Year Round.

Bald Heads in the Senate.

Senator Edmunds, the presiding officer of the senate, has fallen into the habit of wearing a black silk skull cap. He is very bald, and the air of the senate chamber is uncomfortably cool to exposed cranial surfaces, causing colds and the consequent inconveniences. So he wears this little black cap all the day, in the committee rooms, in the vice-president's chamber and in the chair of the senate as its presiding officer. It looks odd to see the presiding officer of the senate sit in his official seat with his head covered, while all others of the body uncover their heads in his presence. And there are some other heads in the chamber quite as bald as his. The nearest approach to the system which Senator Edmunds has inaugurated is the course of Senator Williams, the hero of Cerro Gordo. He wears a wig. It is very neat and very well fitting, but he has a way when he has occasion to stroke one side of it of taking hold of the opposite side to keep it in place, thus giving the illusion away at once. Senator Coke, of Texas is one of the baldest men in the senate. There is a vast expanse of "forehead" extending away over the top of his head and down in the rear so far that there is only a fringe of gray hair running round from one ear to the other. Indeed, the fringe may be said to run clear round, for it is heavier in front, where there is a bunch of white beard. Cameron of Wisconsin is quite as destitute of capillary covering as those mentioned. His rather small head and retreating forehead fairly glisten in their polished baldness, while on his face, in marked contrast, is a full growth of snowy white beard. Senator Harris of Tennessee is another bald one. He has a peculiarly shaped head, very wide at the back and narrow in front. The fringe of hair running around the vast expanse of baldness is white as the driven snow. Lapham and Sawyer are also baldheads, but the other senators are fairly well supplied with head covering.

Dr. Mary Putnam Jacobi writes to the *Woman's Journal* and asks to be counted henceforth among those who believe in woman suffrage.

THE GENTLER SEX.

Matters of Interest to the Wives, Mothers and Sisters of the Land.

The Beauty of Montreal Women—Some Fancies of Early Spring—The Love of the Beautiful—Personal Notes.

The men look like others of their sex with a little more robustness and depth of voice, but the women and girls of Montreal are totally different from those seen in the average American city. Their beauty is healthful, vivacious and vigorous. No Troy woman would dare go on the street with such a pronounced red as superabundant health and pie have dyed every bar of girlish cheeks. No drug could produce the flash and sparkle one sees in every pair of girlish eyes, for the young women here get the charms they boast of by skating side by side with their brothers, racing on snowshoes with the men, tobogganing wherever tobogganing can be practised, walking like Indians and running like deer. One's first impression is that they dress loudly, but this comes from the habit of tying a bright-colored worsted comforter over their heads and around their necks when they go outdoors. Most of these girls during carnival week wore the costume of the different skating or curling clubs to which their brothers, lovers or themselves belonged. These costumes are made of thick white flannel, trimmed with blue or red, or both, as the wearer's taste or the club's choice decrees. They are made loose to give plenty of room for underclothing, with sashes to match the trimmings and skirts reaching half way between the knee and ankle. Then such a dress is warm and convenient for outdoor exercise goes without saying. A Montreal girl will watch a curling or lacrosse game all the afternoon, standing in the snow to her ankles, perfectly comfortable the while, and a young lady from the states, in her sealskin sacque, wrapped in thick robes, shivers from head to foot and wonders if it was ever so cold before.—*Kent's Letter.*

EARLY SPRING FANCIES.

In sateens, and the percales which copy them, says a writer in the Philadelphia *Press*, small designs take precedence, and but few of last year's large figures, fancies appear among new goods. The preference is for tiny sprigs and sprays, leaf, or flower, and for the polka dots, the small stars, interlaced rings, cubes, etc., which are always brought out, no matter what else may be dropped or invented. The red and blue colorings of last season reappear, dark blue with poppy red being still, a favorite contrast, and there are innumerable browns and beige tints. A leading fashion journal enumerates fifteen distinct shades of blue in navy—electric, ciel blue, grape blue, slate blue, etc., and cream and ecru grounds are numerous. The imported sateens all come in solid colors to match the background of the figured fabric, and combination suits are likely to continue popular for these as for other materials. Velvet has lost none of its popularity, and bids fair to be worn all summer in conjunction with the more airy fabrics, as well as with silks and woolens. Velveteens are much improved both in quality and in finish, and many sateens will be made over velveteen skirts, with collar and cuffs to match.

A charming design for a French sateen has a fan pleating of plain goods down the center of the skirt, forming a moderately narrow plastron. On either side of this are broad panels of figured sateen—dark blue, with tiny red clover blossoms scattered over it. On the edge of these panels nearest the fan front are revers of velvet in the dark blue tint of the ground, and of the plain sateen. The pointed basque is also of the figured fabric, as well as the narrow, puffed back drapery. Cuffs and collars of velvet and velvet buttons form the only trimmings to the bodice. Tiny checks, narrow stripes and small blocks, in the designs so much used for the summer silks and other favorite fancies for these pretty cottons, and are made up in the same style as the silks. Of course, such dresses can not be laundried, but neither can a silk, and the one retains its freshness fully as long as the other.

A mere enumeration of the new ginghams would fill a column. There are plaids of all sorts, grave and gay, bright and subdued, in the same artistic color blendings which have found such great favor in woolens this winter. Tiny checks also appear in quantities, and these, with plain ginghams as heretofore, will be the first choice with ladies of quiet taste. The methods of making are to be much the same as last year. The Russian blouse described in last Sunday's *Press* will doubtless be a favorite model, but, as already said, is becoming only to slender figures. Tucked skirts will hold their own, and the pretty grandmother dress is to continue popular for misses and young ladies. Calicoes and percales copy the designs shown for foulards and sateens. The variety is immense, and ladies fond of wash dress may luxuriate in them at a small expense.

THE LOVE OF THE BEAUTIFUL.

Place a young girl under the care of a kind-hearted, graceful woman, and she, unconsciously to herself, grows to a graceful lady. Place a boy in the establishment of a thorough-going, straightforward business man and the boy becomes a self reliant, practical business man. Children are susceptible creatures, and circumstances, scenes and actions always impress them. As you influence them—not by arbitrary rules, not by stern example alone, but in the thousand other ways which speak through bright scenes, soft utterance and pretty pictures, so will they grow.

Teach your children, then, to love the beautiful. Give them a corner in the garden for flowers, encourage them to put in shape the hanging baskets, allow them to have their favorite trees, lead them to wander in the prettiest wood lots, show them where they can best view the sunset, rouse them in the morning, not with the enthusiastic "See the beautiful sunrise," buy for them pretty pictures, and encourage them to decorate their rooms, each in his or her childish way. The instinct is in them. Give them an inch and they will go a mile. Allow them the privilege and they will make your homes beautiful.—Household.

ABOUT WOMEN.

Miss Nellie Arthur's chief winter dress is of grey diagonal and deep crimson velvet, a little muff of the velvet and a hat with grey and crimson feathers.

Mrs. Martha Hale of Boston has been awarded the prize for the best pedestal design for a statue of Leif, the Norseman, that is to be placed in the Back Bay park in that city.

At the Missouri state press association meeting recently held, Mrs. George E. Dugan ("May Myrtle") of the Sedalia *Democrat*, read a pretty, pathetic poem, entitled "Paper Suspended."

A Washington correspondent says: "Lieutenant and Mrs. Greely appear to be the happiest people in Washington, and every one likes to see them out in the gay world and enjoying it all together again."

The queen is in great spirits, as she is immersed in preparing the programme for her youngest daughter's wedding, and she enjoys a wedding more than anything else in the world, except a funeral.—*London Item.*

The woman's auxiliary board at New Orleans have given three entertainments for the benefit of the woman's department at the exposition—Mrs. Howe's lecture, "Is Polite Society Polite?" a "Creole concert," a matinee musicale by the Mapleson opera troupe and the Mexican band. The next will be a grand kermesse.

Miss Susan B. Anthony is looking well. She seems to grow younger as her years pile up. She is now 64 years old, and her face is no more wrinkled than when she was 50. Her hair has a few gray strands mixed with its black, and she combs it down over her ears in an artistic curve and winds it up into a good sized waterfall at the back.

The Boston *Traveller*, referring to the falling off in the number of students at Vassar, and the reasons assigned for it at the recent alumnæ meeting in New York says: "The great underlying reason is one that the alumnæ do not seem to have considered. This is the fact that we are fast outgrowing the monastic form of education, and that colleges for co-education are justly taking pre-eminence, and are attracting a largely increasing proportion of the intelligent young women of the day."

Mr. John Morley thinks that "as a mere letter-writer, George Eliot will not rank among the famous masters of what is usually considered especially a woman's art. She was too much in serious work to have leisure for that most delightful way of wasting time. Besides that, she had by nature none of that fluency, rapidity, abandonment, pleasant volubility, which make letters amusing, captivating, or piquant. What Mr. Cross says of her as the mistress of a salon is true of her for the most part as a correspondent: Placing around many disconnected subjects, in talk, neither interested nor amused her much. She took things too seriously, and seldom found the effort of entertaining compensated by the gain."

Senator and Mrs. Miller of California, for three winters now have given, at their residence in Washington, one handsome fancy dress ball for their daughter, Miss Dora, and the fete Tuesday evening surpassed the others, both in numbers and the beauty and richness of the costumes worn. Only the ladies wore masks with dominoes, in many cases, over their fancy costumes, and about 300 guests in all were present. When the president arrived he stood beside Mrs. Miller and assisted her in receiving the ladies as they re-entered after unmasking. Miss Dora Miller wore the costume of "Tudora," the heroine of Mrs. Hemans' poem, the costume being a Greek dress of white merino, bordered with a key pattern in gold, and her girdle, coronet and heavy bracelets of gold. Senator Bayard's daughter wore the startling costume of the evening in the dress of a "Lady of the First Empire." The scant and clinging garments were of pale pink cashmere, the waist only the merest girdle or zone of pearls, and the skirt open at one side to the knee. Mrs. John Bigelow wore first a black domino and next a dress of black and white satin, the skirt covered with newspaper headings to represent the Associated Press. Miss Blaine was Frost, in a dress of silver brocade, trimmed with much silver braid and fringe.

Mrs. Mary Fruyn, who died at Albany on Tuesday, was a descendant of General Israel Putnam. When only 28 years of age she founded the industrial school at Albany, where destitute children are educated by voluntary contributions. A fine building was recently erected for the school. She was also the founder of a home for unfortunate women, the Mothers' Mission and the Fruit and Flower Mission. In 1871, under the auspices of the Woman's Union Missionary Society of New York, she established the American Mission Home for Girls at Yokohama, Japan, and during her residence there of nearly five years this mission resulted in Christianizing hundreds of Japanese young women. She returned home in 1877, and for the ensuing six years of her life was devoted to home missionary work, and the establishment of branches of the Woman's Union Missionary Society in the churches. In December, 1882, at the earnest solicitation of that society, she went to China, and reorganized at Shanghai the "Bridgman Home," a school similar to that at Yokohama, and established a hospital for women. She reached her home in September last in failing health.

WANTS.

WANTED—FURNISHED ROOM AND BOARD for man and wife and year old child. Address F C, A., care Oregonian. 21f

YOUNG MAN AND WIFE OF MANY YEARS experience desire to take charge of dining room at hotel; city or country. Address H. B. W., care Oregonian. 2113

WANTED TO RENT—A NEATLY FURNISHED house in good location; to take possession March 1, 1885. Address P. O. box 675. f21f

WANTED—ONE ROOM FOR SINGLE GENTLEMAN; south of Hall and west of Fourth street. Address, stating terms, F. E., care Oregonian. 1f 3

WANTED TO RENT—A NEAT COTTAGE OF 4 to 5 rooms, with modern conveniences. In S.W. part of city. Address P. G. E., P. O. drawer 60, Portland

WANTED—ONE SECOND HAND UPRIGHT engine and boiler, from eight to ten-horse power. Apply by letter to P. O. box 682. 1518

AGENTS WANTED.

WANTED—TWO LADIES OF GOOD ADDRESS; must be well versed in the English language. Address MANAGER, P. O. box 878. Applications received until March 1, 1885. 2113

WANTED—A FIRST-CLASS AGENT TO SELL a fast selling article. Apply at 184 First street, between B and E A. M. 2013

TEN EXPERIENCED SOLICITORS TO ACT AS general agents in Oregon and Washington Ter. A. L. BANCROFT & CO., 721 Market, San Francisco.

SURE SALES, BIG PROFITS ON OUR SPLENDID new subscription books. Active men, and women wanted. Send for circulars and secure choice of territory. OCCIDENTAL PUBLISHING CO., 120 Sutter st., San Francisco.

AN ACTIVE MAN WANTED TO HANDLE A good, clean, quick selling article: must mean business. Address H. H., care P. O. Box 571, Portland

PERMANENT EMPLOYMENT—BEST BOOKS for agents published. Address J. K. GILL & Co., Portland, Or. 6f1m

EMPLOYMENT WANTED.

MAN: ACTIVE, INTELLIGENT; WANTS work. PLATO'S AGENCY. 2

SITUATION WANTED—A YOUNG MARRIED man, who speaks English and German, with good education, wishes a situation of any kind, salary no object, either hard work. Address No. 91 North Ninth between Stark and B streets. 18f8

HELP WANTED.

WANTED—A TRUSTWORTHY YOUNG MAN. Apply at room 18, Strowbridge Block, between 9 and 10 A. M. 2f5 su

HELP GOOD PLACES; GIRLS CAN WAIT in women's room. Mrs. Plato. De Lum 32

SPECIAL NOTICES.

NOTICE OF DISSOLUTION.—THE COPARTNERSHIP heretofore existing between C. M. Wiberg, A. M. Hollabaugh and C. F. Yeaton under the firm name of Wiberg, Hollabaugh & Co., has been dissolved, C. F. Yeaton retiring therefrom. The business will be continued at the old stand by the remaining members, under the style of Wiberg & Hollabaugh.

C. M. WIBERG,
A. M. HOLLABAUGH,
C. F. YEATON.

Portland, Feb. 19, 1885. 20f3

ANNUAL SCHOOL MEETING.—NOTICE IS hereby given that the annual meeting of taxpayers of School District No. 1 Multnomah county, will be held at the court house in said county on Monday evening, March 2, A. D. 1885, at 7:30 o'clock. The object of said meeting is for the purpose of levying a tax for the maintenance of the public schools for the ensuing year to hear the annual reports of the Board of School Directors and Clerk, and for the transaction of such other business as may legally come before said meeting. By order of the Board.

WM. CHURCH, JR., School Clerk.

Portland, Feb. 19, 1885. f19f

NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS.—NOTICE IS hereby given that the undersigned will let at public outcry to the lowest responsible bidder, the building of a wagon bridge across the Chehalis river, near the mouth of the Newaukum river, where the county road crosses said Chehalis river, at 1 o'clock P. M. of the 28th day of February A. D. 1885, at the east door of the court house, in the city of Chehalis, Lewis county, Washington Territory. Said bridge to be one span of Pratt truss combination, 185 feet in length from center to center of end pins, and to carry a load of 80 lbs per lineal foot, exclusive of bridge weight, without straining material to more than one-fourth of their ultimate capacity. Each contractor may furnish his own detail plans, specifications and straining diagrams. Said bids, detail plans, specifications and straining diagrams to be subject to the approval of the undersigned, who reserves the right to reject any or all of the said bids, detail plans, specifications and strain diagrams.

J. H. LONG,
Bridge Commissioner.

THE PARTNERSHIP HERETOFORE EXISTING between the undersigned, in the city of Portland, Oregon, under the firm name of Bayer & Stauch, is this day dissolved by mutual consent, Chas. Stauch retiring therefrom. The business hereafter will be conducted by J. C. Bayer, who will collect all sums due and to become due, and pay all accounts of the late firm. The above business will be continued under the name of Bayer & Stauch. J. C. BAYER.

Jan. 28, 1885. 29f1m CHARLES STAUCH.

FINANCIAL.

$3,000—PARTNER WANTED IN ESTABLISHED easy and gentlemanly business, paying from $400 to $500 per month; man sober, steady. Apply to A. J. WELCH, 133½ First st. f17f

MONEY TO LOAN IN SUMS TO SUIT ON COLLATERAL of any kind. Notes discounted. A. J. WELCH, 133½ First st. d16dtf

THE LARGEST INTEREST FOR MONEY CAN be obtained through my office with perfect security. Persons having money in bank producing little or no interest would do well to call on me. A. J. WELCH, attorney-at-law, 133½ First st. 8d1f

LOST.

LOST—A BLACK WATER SPANIEL, WITH license No. 209 on collar. The finder will be suitably rewarded by returning same to M. Heller & Co.

LOST—ON THURSDAY, 12TH INST., BAY horse gelding, 8 or 9 years old, and about 15 hands high; black mane and tail; thin in flesh; long body, neck and head; unshod; brand on right shoulder, a cross. A reasonable reward will be paid for his return to No. 11 Twelfth street. 15f7wf

PERSONAL.

A MIDDLE-AGED AMERICAN LADY DESIRES to correspond with a limited number of gentlemen, with a view to matrimony; none but respectable persons need answer. Address A. L., care Oregonian.

ARCHITECTS AND ENGINEERS.

H. HAWGOOD,
CIVIL ENGINEER,
Assoc. M. Inst., C. E.
Labbe Building, 29 Washington St.,
Portland, Oregon.

MACHINISTS.

TENKMAN & WOLFE, MACHINISTS, CORNER F and Third sts.—Housework, doors, railings, iron shutters, and machinery of all descriptions; planing and moulding tools to order.

CHISEL-TOOTH SAW.

TATUM & BOWEN, SAN FRANCISCO, AND 31, 33 Front st., Portland, Or., sole agents for the original Chisel-Tooth Saw, now made with our patent protecting segment, which places it far in the lead of world's imitations. 14c

PORTLAND SODA WORKS.

NORTHROP & STURGIS.—SODA AND MINERAL waters; 93 and 95 Oak st., cor. Fifth; telephone 26. Portland, Or. 27f1m

MINING MACHINERY.

LARKE & LACY, MILL, RAILWAY & MACHINISTS supplies a specialty. 66 North Front st.

SAWMILL MACHINERY & ENGINES, BOILERS, ETC.

TATUM & BOWEN, SAN FRANCISCO, AND 31, 33 Front st., Portland, Or. We have manufactured the greater part of this class of machinery in use on the coast, and our long experience and valuable patterns enable us to fully supply the wants of mill men.

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L. SILBERSTEIN & CO., WHOLESALE DEALERS, 143 Front street.

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SHERLOCK SADDLERY, HARNESS, HARDWARE, 74 Front st., Portland, O.

WHOLESALE DRUGGISTS.

SNELL, HEITSHU & WOODARD, ESTABLISHED 1859. Portland, Or. 7f8

CROCKERY, GLASSWARE, LAMPS.

BEGLE, CROWELL & CO., IMPORTERS; 3 and 14 Front st., Portland, Or.

TO LET—ROOMS.

FOR RENT — COMFORTABLY FURNISHED and unfurnished rooms at 225½ First street, near Salmon. 21f2 sul

NICELY FURNISHED ROOMS IN PRIVATE family. Apply at 181 Yamhill street. 20f2

TO RENT—FOR HOUSEKEEPING—A SUIT OF rooms and dining room and kitchen; everything complete; references. Address H. K., Oregonian office.

HANDSOMELY FURNISHED FRONT AND back room, with privilege of breakfast; in modern house; beautiful location; references exchanged. Inquire at N. E. corner Eighth and Alder streets. 20f

ROOMS FOR RENT. — PEOPLE WILL FIND very pleasant rooms by the day, week or month at No. 73 Yamhill street, formerly kept as a lodging house by Mrs. E. M. Stotte. Mrs. Minnie De Witt. 20f

NICELY FURNISHED FRONT ROOMS (BAY window) fire and bath; gentlemen preferred. 211 Taylor street. f18tf

NICELY FURNISHED PLEASANT ROOMS, with fire, bath and other conveniences. 170 Yamhill street. 10ftf

FOR RENT TO FIRST-CLASS ROOMERS, NEWLY furnished room; gentlemen preferred. McGinn's block, 12 Washington, cor. 7th. MRS. HOUGHUZ

A LARGE ROOM OR HALL, FRONT AND Washington streets. B. KILLIN, room 5, Dekum's block. 5f-tf

NICELY FURNISHED ROOMS; EN SUITE OR single, in private family; 229 Ninth st., between Main and Salmon. 21j tf

FOR RENT—NICELY FURNISHED ROOMS with privilege of bath. Northwest corner of Third and C streets. 29j1m

TO LET—ONE FURNISHED ROOM IN DESIRABLE residence location; price moderate. 161 Taylor street, corner East Park. 27jtf

SOUTH AND EAST FRONT ROOMS FURNISHED en suite $12; single $8; unfurnished suite $7 per month; also rooms furnished complete for housekeeping in the fire-proof building, 203 First, cor. Columbia.

THE RAYMOND HOUSE, 308½ FIRST STREET, nearly opposite the St. George Hotel; fire-proof brick; the most elegantly furnished lodging house in Portland; rooms en suite or single. 27 j1m

PLEASANT FURNISHED ROOMS FOR RENT—Gas, bath, etc.; convenient to street cars. Inquire at 334 Morrison st., corner Pacific. 15e

TO LET—HOUSES AND STORES.

FOR RENT—STORE, 20x25; BASEMENT UNDER hall, on First street, between Morrison and Yamhill. Address P. C. A., care Oregonian. 21f

FURNISHED HOUSE TO RENT—APPLY AT 35 West Park for particulars. 17f

FOR RENT—OFFICE ON FIRST FLOOR, No. 21 N. Front st. JOS. WAGNER & CO. 18f1f

THE NEWLY-BUILT 3-STORY BRICK HOTEL at Eugene, unfurnished, offered reasonable for rent. For terms address CHAS. BAKER, proprietor, Eugene, Or. 30j1m

FOR RENT—NEW HOUSE WITH MODERN IMPROVEMENTS; $25 per month. F. W. GILLETTE, 27 Stark street. 9jtf

BOARD AND ROOMS.

BOARD—SINGLE MEALS, OR BY THE DAY or week; German cook. 81 Fourth cor Oak. f1tf

FURNISHED ROOM, WITH OR WITHOUT board, at 76 E. Park st. References. 3d

TO RENT.

LAND TO RENT—TWENTY ACRES, NEAR the car shops, East Portland. Apply to F. W. GILLETTE, 27 Stark street. 12f1m&w

FOR SALE.

FOR SALE—SINGLE UPRIGHT MARINE ENGINE and boilers, built by Delamater & Co., New York, 240 horsepower; steam donkey pumps; surface condenser; independent air circulating and feed pumps; tools and connections complete. For price and particulars apply to FRANK WOOLSEY, cor. First and A sts., Portland. 7f:d1:w1su1

BARBER SHOP; BEST PAYING IN city; $1000. PLATO'S Agency.

SPECIAL—HAVING REMOVED OUR OFFICE to 109 Morrison st., and having on hand the largest stock in Portland, we make the following liberal offer: To parties contemplating the purchase of an instrument we will furnish a Piano or an Organ for next two months at wholesale rate, for cash, or on installment. Call on us and save money. GARDNER BROS., 109 Morrison, bet. Fifth and Sixth sts. 161

RESTAURANT ON EASY TERMS FOR SALE. Address RESTAURANT, care Oregonian. f116

FOR SALE FOR CASH—15 YOKE OF OXEN, belonging to the Columbia River Lumber Company; they are first-class logging oxen, in excellent condition, will be kept for purchaser free of charge until March 15, if so desired. For terms or other particulars, apply to A. P. ANKENY, Manager of Columbia River Lumber Co., New Market Block, Ash street entrance, Portland, Or. 11ftf

FOR SALE—A RARE CHANCE FOR A MAN TO buy an established business in the thriving town of Walla Walla, W. T.; a well stocked grocery and provision store, with fixtures, horse and wagon, at cost; anyone wishing to engage in the grocery business a bargain is offered; reasons for selling, ill health; a full investigation desired. Address H. L. G., P. O. box 84, Walla Walla, W. T. 3f1m

PARTIES DESIRING TO PURCHASE AT A sacrifice one of the most desirable corner lots in this city address this week to D. E., care Oregonian. 6f

FOR SALE—HOUSE OF 6 LARGE ROOMS AND 1 lot, with well of good water; situated on cor. 12th and E, East Portland. For information address W. A. R., care of this office. 3f1m

NOTICE.—HARDWARE BUSINESS FOR SALE. A well-established hardware store and tinware store in Southern Oregon, doing an excellent business, will be disposed of on favorable terms. For particulars inquire of A. H. TANNER, attorney-at-law, No. 39 First street, in this city. 29j1m

FOR SALE—REAL ESTATE.

CHANCE FOR SMALL COLONY.—600 ACRES near Dundee, in Yamhill county; suitable for subdivision into farms for 6 or 8 families; price low. CREIGHTON & CO., 12 Stark street. 17f0 :f

FOR SALE—ON CARTER'S HILL, A NEAT little cottage and barn on quarter block. Apply on premises. E. S. POLLARD. 17f1w

FOR SALE—160-ACRE IMPROVED FARM; 12 miles east from Portland on the line of the O. R. & N. Co. R. R.; 25 acres in cultivation; 100 fruit trees; new barn, cost $450; good house; 1 mile from railroad depot; beautifully watered; all the land is good, principally ash swale; this is one of the best farms for vegetables, grass or fruit in the state. See or address HARRISON B. OATMAN, 7 Stark st., Portland. f10d

ONE, FIVE AND TEN ACRE TRACTS OF LAND for sale on the installment plan; near the city of Portland. For particulars call on or address HARRISON B. OATMAN, No. 7 Stark street.

FOR SALE AT 50 PER CENT. LESS THAN ITS value, 2700 acres of prairie; all improved. Inquire of C. B. MOORES, Salem. 24ntf

FARM FOR SALE—ONE OF THE FINEST farms in Yamhill county. If you mean business, call at our office and we will go with you to see it. CREIGHTON & CO., Real Estate Agts, 12 Stark. 11d

COMMISSION MERCHANTS.

W. S. MASON, LATE OF McCRAKEN & MASON and successor to H. Abraham, wholesale grocer and commission merchant, Nos. 2 and 4 North Front st., Portland, Or. 3d

J. O'CONNOR, WHOLESALE AND RETAIL grocer, dealer in ship stores, garden and grass seeds, foreign and domestic fruits, etc., N. E. cor Front and Alder sts., Portland, Or. 7ulea

MARK LEVY, COMMISSION MERCHANT, importer of and dealer in tropical and domestic green, dried and canned fruits, nuts, figs, dates and raisins, 122 First st. Consignments of Oregon and California produce solicited. 19o

G. COHN & BRO., 160 FRONT STREET, FARM and country produce a specialty.

SUTTON & BEEBE, SHIP CHANDLERY AND naval stores, 11 N. Front st., Portland, Or. 2a

ALLEN & LEWIS, COMMISSION AND PRODUCE Merchants, Front and D Sts., Portland, Or.

H. E. BATTIN, GENERAL COMMISSION MERCHANT and produce dealer, 142 Front street.

TAYLOR, YOUNG & CO., SHIP BROKERS AND Commission Merchants; agents for San Juan Archipelago Lime Co. 34 Front street cor. Ash st.

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GIBSON, CHURCH & CO., SHIPPING AND COMMISSION Merchants, specialties—wheat, flour, salmon, grain bags, etc., N. W. cor. Front and Ash sts., Portland, Or.

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RUSSELL & CO., 188 AND 190 FRONT STREET, manufacturers of Threshers, Horse Powers, Saw mills and Portable Traction and Stationary Engines.

FRANK BROTHERS IMPLEMENT COMPANY, importers and dealers in farm and mill machinery, 68 and 70 Front st., Portland, Or.

CHAS. H. DODD & CO., SOLE AGENTS BUCKEYE Mower and Reaper, Canton Pitt's Thresher, Hatons Header, Schuttler Wagons; Front, First and Vine sts.

KNAPP, BURRELL & CO., WHOLESALE FARM machinery and dealers in agricultural implements, farm and spring wagons, buggies, carriages, etc., portable and stationary engines; saw mills and grist mill machinery a specialty; rubber and leather belting. 3d

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ALLEN & LEWIS, WHOLESALE GROCERS, CORNER N. Front and D sts., Portland, Or.

CORBITT & MACLEAY, WHOLESALE GROCERS and Commission Merchants, 64 and 66, Front st., Portland.

WADHAMS & ELLIOTT, WHOLESALE GROCERS, Forwarding and Commission Merchants, Nos. 6 and 8 Front street, Portland, Or.

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DR. C. E. GEISLER—HOMEOPATHIST AND SURGEON; Cambridge building, Third and Morrison.

WM. McLAIN, VETERINARY SURGEON; graduate of Ontario Veterinary College. Office Goddard & Frazier's stable, cor. Fifth and Taylor.

MERCHANDISE BROKERAGE.

FRANK WOOLSEY, COMMISSION AND MERCHANDISE broker, cor. First and A, Portland.

LEATHER AND FINDINGS.

HERBERT BRADLEY & CO., SUCCESSORS TO Bradley & Dorsey, 109 Front, bet. Washington and Stark sts. Leather and Findings. Shoe Store Supplies.

ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW.

BENJAMIN I. COHEN, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW and Notary Public, Room 4, up-stairs, N. E. cor. Front and Ash streets, Portland, Or.

SUNDAY OREGONIAN.

Enclose 10 cents and the address of an eastern friend to this office for a copy. The best medium to circulate in the east.

The Oregonian.

SUNDAY MORNING, FEBRUARY 22, 1885.

THE CAUSES OF IT.

What has happened at Salem is mainly the result of an antagonism that has long been growing between the opposed interests of Portland and of the Willamette valley. Portland is the center of the large property interests of the state. Here the business of the country is chiefly done. The railroad and other large corporations center here. This county, having a larger population than any other, has the largest representation in the legislature. Its heavy republican vote gives a large number of delegates in state conventions. Politicians naturally interest themselves in the politics of the state, and as the heavy republican majority is here, the dissension that results from Portland's position in politics distracts only the republican party. The country has been taught to believe itself oppressed by the city; it is in debt; prices of produce are extremely low; the controversy over the mortgage tax law has increased the exasperation of the country against the city, and the poor bankrupt railroads are believed to be making great sums of money at the expense of the people. It is this state of facts, primarily, that has brought about what has happened at Salem. It has divided the republican party into two factions, as it would have divided the democratic party at this time had it been in power; and the consequence is that it has been impossible for the republican majority of the legislature to agree upon the election of a senator. The sources of the difficulty are of financial, business and political character, and from first to last it never was possible to secure harmony of action. Any other person in Mr. Hirsch's place, and representing as he was supposed to do the position of Portland "against the country," would have been rejected as he was.

From first to last the republican members of the legislature were divided upon these lines into two factions which would hold no communication with each other. There was little interchange of views, and no kind of confidence between them. Each faction distrusted the other, and neither understood the other. On each side there was unreasonable stubbornness, though each appeared to believe that the other would yield at last. It was not till Saturday, after the utter failure of the preceding night, that the republican members really began to talk with each other, and then it was quickly demonstrated how irreconcilable their differences were. The original differences had been inflamed by a long contest; but from the first it was literally an "irrepressible conflict." It must be said, however, that the members of both factions acted very much as if they had forgotten their representative character and supposed they were merely contending upon personal differences. This went far to prevent all accommodation.

The final effort on Saturday to come to an agreement served the good purpose of showing the nature and extent of the dissension. It was the right thing to do, as it was well to give another chance to reconcile the differences, so as to satisfy all that the disagreement was irremediable.

For the republican party it is a lamentable failure. Yet the most striking thing about it is the revelation it makes of the utter want of confidence and good will between the city and country. A probable result of it will be the defeat of the republican party in future contests, and another probable result the inheritance by the democratic party of the same principle of discontent and ill-will. The end of it, unfortunately, is not yet.

FAITH IN THE PEOPLE.

The fundamental doctrine which underlies American politics is faith in the intelligence and patriotism of all classes. This doctrine is not only right but safe. History teaches that systems of government which restrict political power and limit governing authority to privileged classes are by no means exceptionally safe. They are in fact most insecure and unsettled. Absolute monarchs, irresponsible cabinets, and selfish oligarchies are always open to the pernicious influence of personal ambition and party strife. Wherever they have existed they have been driven to maintain their sovereignty by forcible suppression of popular liberty, or by poisoning the political atmosphere that they might trample upon a corrupted people, and in either case their conduct has provoked anarchy and revolution. This was so with Roman imperialism in classic times, and with the despicable imitation of it, in modern French history. The circumstances in which those countries are placed, when privileged people rule and the industrial classes regardless of color or creed, have no vote, are in my judgment singularly unfavorable to peaceful government, and to public morality. Until the revolution the French people had no influence on the policy or destiny of their country. That was sometimes dependent on the will of a king, sometimes on the intrigues of a court, and not unfrequently on the caprice of a royal mistress. A dispute between Louis XIV and Louvois about a widow led to the devastation of the Palatinate; a visit by Horace Walpole to Fleury rendered France for twenty years the ally of England; and it was the casting vote of Madame de Maintenon that decided whether France should violate or respect the treaty which excluded the Bourbons from the Spanish throne. The claims of industry, commerce and religion, and the happiness of whole nations are often slighted and scattered to the winds when monarchs and irresponsible official cliques have it in their power to pursue a reckless policy of intrigue and ambition.

The destiny of this nation has been committed to its people. The result of this policy is sometimes mocked, but seldom by people who have real sympathy with the masses. We are repeatedly told that when the real government of a country is vested in classes comparatively uneducated, party spirit and misrepresentation will return a legislative assembly unfitted to estimate the merits of domestic legislation and ill-qualified to judge of international questions. These claims were not altogether unfounded when the negro population of the south were suddenly and without previous training admitted to political rights. That was a desperate venture and yet it was the logical issue of emancipation. It was, moreover, the better of two alternatives. The state has much to fear from the ignorance of its citizens; but the indifference of hopelessness and the languor of destitution are also real sources of danger to a commonwealth, and whenever a very considerable section of a nation chafes under the sense of political injustice and frets for rights that are withheld there is danger in the air. Better that the colored people should possess the franchise and educate themselves, however slowly, in the right use of it, than they should remain a dull inert mass with no interest in their own government, and no incentive to the cultivation of patriotism.

The Chinese war is the greatest folly France has been engaged in since Napoleon the Third recklessly started for Berlin and found himself an emperor without an army, a crown or a country at the end of the campaign. There is nothing in Tonquin worth fighting for, and even if France forced its way into Pekin she could only do so at enormous expense; the immense war debt would mean heavy taxes, civil discontent, and commotion, and the French republic would soon be ripe for the usurpation of a military dictator, like Napoleon the Great, or a political charlatan like Napoleon the Little. In confirmation of this view the New York *Herald* publishes an extended interview with "a superior officer of the French army," making some criticism upon the course of France in Tonquin, intimating that the people of the republic are beginning to get restive under the prolonged and heavy burden of an apparently fruitless campaign, and that M. Ferry's power is proportionately waning. The officer declares that the war in Tonquin is one of the greatest mistakes that the government has ever undertaken, worse than the Mexican expedition of Napoleon III, which cost millions of money and great loss of life, but which at least preserved its honor.

FREEDOM BETTER THAN LUXURY.

The town of Pullman, the headquarters of the palace car company, near Chicago, stands alone in history as a town of 8000 inhabitants conceived in its entirety by one man, planned to the minutest detail by a single architect, and owned to the last rood of ground and the ultimate brick by a single corporation. In the February number of *Harper's Magazine* Prof. R. T. Ely of the Johns Hopkins university, has made an interesting and valuable study of Pullman as a social experiment. Underneath the beautiful exterior he discovered some things not so charming. The employes are furnished with pretty cottages or suites of rooms by the company at reasonable rent. They buy dry goods and groceries in the company's store at reasonable prices. Their children are well taught in the company's schoolhouse, they have access to the company's beautiful reading room and public library, and sometimes they go to church in the company's chapel. They enjoy the use of the company's waterworks and various public improvements, and their health is protected by the company's admirable sewerage system. They are paid good wages in the company's shops, and of an evening they can, for a reasonable admission price, occasionally see a good performance in the company's theater. And yet there is a deep and strong undercurrent of dissatisfaction at Pullman.

The American citizen likes to own his home. Hitherto, nothing of that sort has been possible in Pullman, although the company is about to lay out an addition in which, under certain restrictions, employes may become proprietors. Investigation shows that employes do not remain long at Pullman. The average is said to be about two years. Those who have remained that length of time have hardly any of their original neighbors left around them. The women say that it is "like living in a great hotel."

The American citizen does not like to have everything done for him. He prefers to have a hand in making the regulations under which he is to live. He has the instinct of local self-government strong within him. He is a political animal. But in Pullman the company makes all the regulations. In that town of 8000 people there is no such thing as a government in which the people participate. The whole municipal machinery is operated by the company. Things are run well enough, but the people have no share in running them.

Furthermore, the American citizen likes free speech. Yet not an employe in Pullman dares to say aloud what he thinks of the town. The company will permit no criticisms from the workmen. Outspoken disapprobation would mean discharge. Probably Pullman is the only intelligent community of as many as 8000 people in the United States which has no newspaper. An independent organ of opinion would not be tolerated by the company.

The company owns a beautiful church building, which is not used, because no denomination can possibly afford the rent which is demanded. Two or three denominations use upper halls which they rent from the company at high rates. They are not permitted to erect buildings. The American citizen has an ancestral and inextinguishable love of religious freedom; and he cannot cheerfully tolerate any restrictions upon his manner or place of worship by the company for which he works.

The employe at Pullman never for one moment escapes from the all-pervasive presence and control of the company. Under his breath and furtively, he is continually grumbling about the "monopoly." He does not feel a free man; and to the Anglo-Saxon, freedom is more precious than luxury. As a financial experiment, the company has achieved a pronounced success in its great establishment at Pullman; but as a social experiment, the success is far from satisfactory. George M. Pullman has not solved the cardinal problem of how best to give the workingman the largest possible share in the benefits of modern civilization.

COL. COLT'S LEGACY.

The correspondent of a London paper writes that not many weeks since he was breakfasting in the coffee room of a Yorkshire hotel, and that, out of eight or ten persons in the room, every one, except himself, was able to produce a revolver. Upon the correspondent in question, "although accustomed to travel unarmed in Morocco and in the backwoods," the effect was naturally startling. "These homely people," he adds, "took it, however, as a matter of course." The use of the revolver is also rapidly extending in France, where Madame Clovis Hugues recently made dire use of it upon a cowardly foe. This weapon was first displayed in Europe in 1851, when the British government was proclaiming "peace on earth and goodwill among men," by inviting all nations to assemble at the first world's fair in London.

According to the proverbial irony of history, the first important public event following the great exhibition of 1851 was the Crimean war. The attention of mankind was immediately drawn to firearms of all kinds, and in 1853 the revolver was extensively introduced into Europe, and generally adopted for the use of the British army. Every officer who joins the army is now required to provide himself with a revolver, and if the employment of this deadly weapon had been confined to professional combatants such as soldiers and sailors, the mischief would, so to speak, have been circumscribed in its operation. Unfortunately the revolver was seen to be of such universal applicability that thousands of men—and, it must be added, many women—had recourse to it as a weapon of offence and defence. This, the London *Telegraph* says, is one of the worst legacies bequeathed to mankind by the great exhibition of 1851, nor can it be denied that the inauguration of that new era which was to bring universal peace and harmony has been largely instrumental in familiarizing us with a weapon far more formidable than the "foreign knife" against which Chief Justice Best and others protested about fifty years ago.

While the people of England were reading in one London paper the story told by the correspondent that each of eight or ten guests with whom he recently breakfasted in the public room of a Yorkshire hotel was able to produce his revolver, the readers of another London paper were informed by its New York correspondent that the revolver is being discarded in the land of its birth. Within the past few years the use of this weapon has been markedly on the decline in the southern and western states, and the *Telegraph* thinks it will indeed be a surprise to the residents in many American cities to learn that London and Paris are taking to the revolver when New York, Chicago, San Francisco, and even New Orleans are rapidly discarding it.

The experience of this country has shown that the man who does not carry a pistol seldom or never has an occasion for using one, while the individual who is armed finds numerous cases of such necessity. A Texas newspaper proves that even in that comparatively lawless section, one man of every 200 who goes armed is killed, while but one in 22,000 of unarmed men is killed. Of 151 men who were fatally shot, 110 had pistols in their hands when they fell. The fatal shootings are therefore practically duels. The English people will find it safer to let the revolver alone. Nothing but a distinct retrogression towards barbarism and the reign of violence can justify the practice of carrying this weapon, which in nervous and inexperienced hands may at any moment be the cause of a frightful tragedy. The practice tends to make courage degenerate into murderous brutality.

It is announced that in view of the dangerous position of General Wolseley's forces, and the fact that by General Gordon's death and the fall of Khartoum one object of Wolseley's expedition has been rendered unnecessary, orders have been given by the English government abandoning the present movement on Khartoum. The forces under command of Colonels Brackenbury and Buller, formerly those of Generals Earle and Stewart have been ordered to return to Korti, and there a concentration of Wolseley's forces will be made. A further retirement to Debbeh, which place is considered a better strategic point, is probable. At the latter place General Wolseley will await the arrival of reinforcements now on the way from India and England, and at the head of 25,000 or more soldiers he will again assume the offensive with strength to carry out all plans. The moral effect on the Arabs of his retirement will be to increase their numbers and their audacity, but a concentration of the English army will be sufficient to insure their safety, at least, until the reinforcements arrive.

CAN THE GOVERNOR APPOINT?

The constitution of the United States provides that if vacancies in the senate "happen by resignation or otherwise during the recess of the legislature of any state the executive thereof may make temporary appointment until the next meeting of the legislature, which shall then fill such vacancies." It has been a mooted question whether the failure of the legislature to elect leaves a vacancy which the governor is authorized to fill. The duty of the legislature to elect is mandatory and it has been contended that neglect to perform the duty does not constitute a vacancy, and the Lanman case of Connecticut is relied upon to support this view. In that case the legislature failed to elect. The vacancy did not happen until March 4, 1825, yet the governor in anticipation of that vacancy appointed Mr. Lanman February 9, 1825. In a footnote to the United States constitution in the Miscellaneous Laws of Oregon, the point decided by the refusal of the senate to admit Mr. Lanman is stated thus: "It is not competent for the executive of a state, during the recess of the legislature, to appoint a senator to fill a vacancy which shall happen, but has not happened at the time of the appointment."

If this is the correct view of that case, on the expiration of Senator Slater's term Governor Moody has the power to make a temporary appointment until the next meeting of the legislature. This question was exhaustively discussed in the senate in April, 1879, on the motion to admit Charles H. Bell from New Hampshire. That was not a strictly analagous case. Mr. Bell was appointed under these circumstances: Mr. Wadleigh's term as senator was to expire on the 4th of March, 1879. A legislature chosen in 1878 was to have its first session in June, 1879. This legislature, the one chosen next preceding the expiration of Mr. Wadleigh's term, had not failed to elect because it had not been in session and could not meet by reason of a change in the constitution until the June following. Mr. Bell was admitted by a vote of 35 to 28,—not a strict party vote, for Bayard, Gordon, Groome, Jones of Florida, McDonald, Randolph, Voorhees and other democrats voted with the majority while Conkling and Mat Carpenter voted in the negative. The principle affirmed by the admission of Mr. Bell was, however, strictly applicable to this case, that the vacancy need not be one, as by death or resignation, happening during the term once filled by the legislature. Senator Bayard said that in the construction of the frame work of government substance, not technically, should be followed, and that its great objects shall be kept in view. The men who framed the constitution had well-founded apprehensions lest the government of the union should not be supplied by the voluntary elective action of the states. They knew it was in the power of the states to refuse to elect senators, and so the legislative powers of the union would be suspended. They could not, therefore, be supposed to have designedly employed in the constitution language that was intended to prevent vacancies from being filled. When the legislature has the chance to elect and fails, there is no difference in principle from the Bell case. We have no doubt that after the expiration of Senator Slater's term, the 4th of March, Governor Moody will be authorized to make a temporary appointment until the next meeting of the legislature, and as little doubt that the senator appointed will be admitted. This is the most reasonable view of the question. It is consistent with the decided cases and with the spirit of the constitution.

The Springfield *Republican* says that the business of insurance is not conducted by the insured, but by the insurer. If the insurer is reckless in the risks he takes, who is at fault but himself? The state has enough to do to prevent absolute crime and injury, without interfering between man and man in business transactions and on behalf of the party who is really conducting the business and fixes the terms of the contract to suit himself. The insurance companies need no law to forbid such insurance.

The *Pall Mall Gazette* doubtless speaks the mind of the English nation when it says: "England dare not fly before the eastern foe; it would mean war and mutiny from one end of Asia to the other. She must reinforce her garrisons everywhere, including India, even if it shall be necessary to call for volunteers to do the work. Every nerve must be strained to prove that the Khartoum disaster has stiffened the resolution to hold England's flag aloft in the face of every foe.

If all the democrats had quit the legislature a week ago still the republicans would not have elected a senator. Agreement was impossible. Yet the source of the difficulty was not political; and the political feature is only an incident of a deeper antagonism.

Perhaps the democrats may elect a senator two years hence, but if they do he will be a granger who wears neither socks nor necktie.

Knights of Pythias.

The twenty-first anniversary of the institution of this order was celebrated in this city on Thursday evening last by Mystic lodge No. 2, assisted by other lodges of the city, East Portland and Albina. Sojourning brothers from Astoria, Vancouver and other cities were present. A full account of the proceedings appeared in the DAILY OREGONIAN of Friday morning. A thoroughly good time was enjoyed, and may those present live to see many similar reunions.

Knight J. C. S. Richardson, in response to the address of welcome by the chancellor commander of Mystic at the reunion, spoke for Castle lodge. His remarks were full of instruction, carefully given and his address was conceded to be the best of the evening.

Grand K. of R. and S. Stevens is on the sick list.

Central No. 18 of Salem gave a successful ball on the evening of the 19th inst.

There is now in this city a Knight of twenty years standing, having affiliated with Liberty, No. 6, in 1865.

Calanthe lodge, of Albina, came over in a body after adjournment Thursday evening to accept of Mystic's hospitality.

I. O. O. F.

Mattie A. Bridge was tendered a perfect ovation by the I. O. O. F. of Brownsville, Calapooia lodge No. 43 giving her a banquet in their lodge room after her lecture. During the feasting and merriment she happened to speak of a sick and needy widow from Kansas now in Salem, for whom she is to give a lecture under the auspices of Salem I. O. O. F., on March 5, and the brothers of Brownsville suggested that they be permitted to help in the good work, and in less than ten minutes $11 were raised to be sent to Chemeketa lodge, Salem, to be passed over to the lady. Mrs. Bridge desires us to state that her future address will be Eugene City, where she has placed her son at school. She is now working below Eugene, and will later go into Yamhill county.

NOTES FROM WASHINGTON.

T. P. Crandall, an old Oregonian, sends the following news of interest from Washington in a private letter to a friend: There are ten Grand Army posts in the District of Columbia and a membership of about 2000. Burnside post No. 8, to which he belongs, has 108 members. The Odd Fellows have fifteen subordinate lodges and one Rebekah degree lodge. Nebo encampment, of which Mr. Crandall is chief patriarch, contains 150 members. Many of the lodges are supplied with costly paraphernalia of the latest and most gorgeous styles, in some cases valued at hundreds of dollars.

OREGON BUTTER.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE OREGONIAN:

The following paragraph is clipped from the "Prices Current" of one of our largest wholesale houses, which is sent weekly to interior merchants throughout the northwest: "What to do with Oregon butter troubles us. Don't forget that any merchant who exchanges tea, coffee and sugar for Oregon butter makes a bad trade. There is no demand whatever here for it. Bakers are over-stocked with it." Is it possible that the quality is not satisfactory? Is there something in the climate or grasses which prevents the making of good butter, or is the fault with the dairyman or merchant?

My niece, states Mr. Charles T. Krebs, 717 Madison avenue, Baltimore, Maryland, "was speedily cured of severe hoarseness and sore throat by a few doses of Red Star Cough Cure. It is pleasant to take and free from the bad effects of other cough preparations.

BUMPASS' HELL.

WRITTEN FOR THE OREGONIAN.

More than twenty-five years ago, when I was sprouting the first and only pair of side-wheel whiskers that I ever wore in my life, I was watchman on a light-draft steamboat running from Sacramento to Red Bluff, a distance of 297 miles by the bends of the river. The captain's name was Thomas Stimson, and he was one of the finest looking men I ever saw. It was generally dark when we got to Red Bluff in the winter days, and I had to stay aboard all night and not only show passengers to their berths, but keep a sharp lookout for fire also. There was a hot lunch all night in the pantry, and I called the cook up at 4. At half-past 4 coffee was served in the "Texas," and at daylight I toddled off to bed. The mate was called out as my last duty, and he took charge of the boat's work at 6. At 7 the whistle blew for the third time and then we started out for our long voyage.

But in summer time we had so many more hours of daylight along the river that we would make the head of navigation along about 3 or 4 in the afternoon, and I therefore got a great many opportunities to go up into the busy little town and get acquainted with the merchants. But one wagon road at that time led out of the place—to Shasta—a distance of forty-four miles, for Reading and Delta were not thought of in those days. Above Shasta there was no place for wagons, for there was a narrow trail into the heart of the Trinity mountains, whence branched off another trail to Yreka and southern Oregon. In the center of the principal block of Main street stood a wooden tavern called the Luna house, kept by the late Hill Beachey, well known all over Idaho and northern California by his nickname of "Tucker." The hotel was the headquarters of the steamboat men, all the time that the two boats lay in port, and those were the days of the Gem, Belle, and Swan, long before the Lark and Hover were thought of, or even the Victor, whose voyage of twenty-seven hours and fifteen minutes up stream (with five landings) has never yet been equaled by all the newer boats of greater power that have since plied on that route. Of a summer night the porch of the Luna house would be crowded with husky miners, teamsters, merchants and adventurers of every sort, just such as could be seen in any busy frontier town. In these days there was one universal rush for gold and it was a rare thing to see a hunter or "mountain man," except such as were occasionally employed as scouts in the military expeditions that were from time to time sent out from Fort Reading against the Pitt River Indians.

One night, while sitting on the porch, I overheard a conversation between a gentleman who ran a sort of "retail bank" in the place and a tall man with hair and beard fast turning gray. The gentleman said: "Well, really, this is something of a revelation, and I should like to see the place for myself." "Yes-s" drawled the mountaineer, "it would pay any man who kin spare the time, to come up to my regions and take a look at 'em for hisself. Folks has give 'em the name of Bumpass' Hell, for which I don't feel very thankful. The name sounds profane like, and I think it a heap more polite to say 'regions.' The sulphur smells powerful strong, and there's green stuff up thar in a bank that looks just like vitriol. And as for hot springs, there is no end of 'em. One of 'em is right on a little rocky island in the middle of the creek, and fumes and steams away like all possessed, while the creek water within two feet of it is cold enough to give you the toothache. Oh, I tell you it's a natural-born circus, and if a man was disposed to be superstitious, he would see enough to skeer him out of a year's growth. Do come up, Mr. Doll, for I tell you the kintry is full of deer and bear, and the finest climate out of doors."

This man's name was Kendall Vanhook Bumpass, and he was born in 1807 in one of the mountain counties of Tennessee, as close to the boundary line of Virginia as to the border of Kentucky. His tall and wiry figure bespoke the survivor of a fast waning race, the men who had followed Boone into "the dark and bloody ground." He had learned none of the mechanical avocations which build up a country's riper civilization, yet he was the very personification of ingenuity, as the stock of his long-barreled rifle, carved out by his own hands, abundantly attested. Almost wholly illiterate, he was full of mother wit, and a more careful man in the use of language, so far as the feelings of others were concerned, was never gifted with the power of speech. Cleanly to a virtue in his personal habits, he had never drank a drop of liquor nor chewed tobacco. Occasionally he lit a pipe, generally in the evening after supper, and let the smoke curl gracefully through his long and bushy beard as he listened to some friend's recital of what had been going on in the great, workday world during his absence of two or three weeks in the solitude of his "regions," as he called them, on the eastern slope of Lassen's buttes, two enormous domes that tower out of the dark and velvety woods on the Sierras, just across the valley from Red Bluff. In the years of companionship that followed my first meeting with him, I never heard a profane utterance escape his lips. He owned a little farm near Tehama, which he rented out to some Italian market gardeners, and never had slept ten nights upon it in as many years.

In the Mexican war he had crossed the continent by the way of Chihuahua, in the great Anabasis of the grim and gallant old Doniphan. On the conclusion of peace he had made the best of his way out to what is now New Mexico, and thence by a westerly trail into the city of the angels. As gold was discovered, the old mountaineer had wended his way to the placers along the American river, but scarcely any of the glittering dross had adhered to his long and bony fingers. The man's soul longed for the haunts of deer and antelope, and his frugal tastes never led him into the fierce race for wealth or the love of ostentatious display. A dinner of *pate de foie gras* he would have rejected as unfit for the palate of a Christian; and he would not have disfigured himself with a swallow-tailed coat for all the treasures wrecked in the sea. His quaint ideas of religion were just as eccentric as were his notions about dress. We were speaking, one day in camp, about the companionship of religion and civilization, and old Bumpass drew himself up and spoke like a chancellor: "Ya-a-s, the Catholics and the Methodists hev done more to civilizin' the kentry than all the other denominations put together. Ef I wasn't a Methodist, I should be proud to be a Catholic. The Unitarians all come from Boston, an' eat biled mackerel an' pork an' beans. The 'Piscopalians is good people, tew, I reckon; but you never see one of their churches built till the country gits settled up, and the wimmen gits on their silk gowns and the men wear plug hats and kertridge-leather boots."

Six years rolled by and there was always something to prevent my going up into the mountains in July to share the old man's quiet tent in the little alder thicket on the bank of Rice's fork of Feather river. The same river flowed through Oroville and past Marysville, a turgid and muddy stream, but here it was clear as crystal and cold as ice. But in July, 186-, I found myself going out over the old Lassen trail toward Honey Lake, riding a big brown mule, while Bumpass rode a roan pony and led a gray mare laden with the camp equipage. Never shall I forget how the old man laughed at me when I arose on the following morning to find a rattlesnake coiled up on the edge of our blankets. I was scared out of a year's growth and showed considerable nervousness, but Bumpass laughed heartily at my trepidation. The second night's camp was at Morgan's crossing just between the eastern and western summits of the Sierra. We reached there at 4 P. M., and the sun was already out of sight, while the sky blazed with purple and gold for nearly five hours afterward. Bumpass took his rifle and was gone nearly two hours when he returned with a saddle of venison over his shoulders and said he would take the animals down there next day to get the rest of that deer. Then he sat down to the camp-fire and fried some venison and made a big panful of corn bread, which was washed down with some fragrant coffee, and then we lay down to sleep alongside the fence in front of Morgan's house. Morgan came out and kindly invited us to come in, but we politely declined.

I am really afraid that honest old mountaineer is greatly to blame for my want of success as a money-getter. Up to that time I thought money was everything, while now I value it only for what little good it will do in this fretful world of ours. For three years previous to this trip of ours, I had earned $150 a month and found, and yet I had scarcely a single day of good health. The malarial fevers of the Sacramento valley had racked me till my bones were sore, my eyes throbbed with a chronic neuralgia and my memory was strained by the constant use of quinine. Pains in the loins were of hourly occurrence, and fatigue seemed to be a second nature to me. All these evils departed as though under the touch of an enchanter's wand, when we reached the camp at the eastern base of Lassen's Butte. The July sun was warm from noon till it sank behind the tapering minarets of tamarack and sequoia, and then came a delicious coolness in the atmosphere that gave you new blood in the veins and kindled a new light in the eyes. There was no getting up in the morning with throbbing head and parched tongue, as in days gone by. We were up at the earliest flush of the rosy day and asleep before the gloaming had given way to a dome bespangled with stars. One day some friends came over from a trouting camp on the east fork and told us about McClellan's battle on the Chickahominy. Bumpass sat silently a few moments and then said: "It's a judgment on the people, boys, for what they've been doin' for the last sixty years—forgittin' all that Gin'ral Wash'n'ton and Uncle Franklin told 'em. They've aped all the foolish French and British folderol they could find and left behind all that was worth recollectin'. The men hev gone to be dandies and the women wax dolls. But thank God, I'm out of it. I fit under the old flag in Mexico an' I'll never fight agin it, ever, to save my own people in the south. I can shoot, but never at my own people."

"Nearly two weeks had rolled by, in which we had feasted on mountain sheep, deer and trout; and one day the old trapper roasted a cabbage in a hole in the ground, which was a luxury never to be forgotten. We finished it for breakfast on the second day and Bumpass said slowly:

"Well, mistuhher, what do you say if we go up to my regions to-day? I reckon things is a bilin' and sizzlin' right smart in that locality about now."

"Will we take the horses, Kendall?" I asked.

"Ye-e-s, part of the way anyhow. We'll take along all the blankets, for it will be dark agin we git down off the old butte."

In half an hour we were cantering along the hillside and at noon halted for lunch at the base of an enormous sandhill covered with fields of snow and ice. The air was thin and cold, and I shivered continually. Rising from our meal, Bumpass hid our guns in a pile of brush and put hobbles on the animals. This done, we commenced the ascent of the rugged butte, slipping at every other step we took in the treacherous sand or tearing our shoes to pieces on the lava rock. After three hours of tedious tramp we suddenly came upon a deep hole from which a cloud of steam escaped. Bumpass said:

"This is what I call the Den of the Fiends. It's past my comprehension how such things originate, but when I've crossed the great divide I suppose it will all be revealed to me, and I am afraid the angels will find me the least bit inquisitive."

A rill of scalding water was pouring down through the lava rocks at my feet, and Bumpass exclaimed, "Hear 'em groan."

The butte was merely one of the many extinct volcanoes which are to be found all over the Pacific mountain ranges, and now, swathed in a mantle of eternal snow, it lifted its smokeless nostrils into the clouds in silent scorn of the two pigmies that had crawled around its western slope to gaze through the smoky light at its glow into the valley below. Miles below us stretched millions of acres of forest land, and beyond it hundreds of threshers were pouring out their treasures of golden grain.

We trudged back to the trail we had ascended and at times had all we could do to keep from falling down the steep mountain side. When we got back to where our animals were tied, we were so fatigued that we lay down to rest for an hour, after which we mounted our horses and crossed a low divide. My companion said, "This is the head of Mill creek, and about two miles below here we'll camp for the night."

The shadows had begun to elongate as we reached our proposed camping-ground and the air was growing chilly. As I led my horse I noticed several hundred little jets of steam rising into the air. Bumpass said: "Down here is the Roarin' Bull. It don't make quite as much noise as the Den of the Fiends, but carries a good deal more hot water."

We walked over to the hole in the ground which was about twenty inches in diameter, just in time to see a splendid geyser burst into the air at a height of nearly four feet. This volume spurted out only two minutes and then began to subside below the level of the ground. Then began the most fearful sounds as the waters receded, resembling the groans of an agonized giant dying of his wounds, for nearly four minutes, when the sounds grew fainter as the jet ascended once more with a "gig-glitty-glug" sound and poured forth another volume of scalding water. Fifty yards away was a spring of sulphur water cold as ice and clear, white with its limy deposit. In another corner were four tall columns of dry steam.

"This is what I call the Talleyrand," said the old man, walking over to the four jets of steam. "I named it after a big boat that I ran on the Ohio river when I was a boy, which had four smokestacks and went along puffin' away just like them four hot springs. Now, if a fellow had these regions of mine anywhere within fifty miles of 'Frisco they'd make him a pile for him."

The shadows grew longer, and the night birds began flitting through the twilight air on booming wings, as we spread down our blankets for the night and looked up into the canopy of twinkling jewels. Somnus came down to woo our drowsy lids, and within close hearing of the steaming Phlegethon of the Sierras, we fell asleep. In the morning we improvised a temporary sweat bath over one of the Talleyrand's steam jets, and ran into the swift, cold creek. Putting on our clothes, we sat down to our cold breakfast. By noon we were back at our old camp, and lay down to rest before going out to our afternoon's fishing. But the geysers of the Sierras were my first health-fountains, and every summer after that, until I came to Oregon in 1869, saw me camped on Rice's fork with old Bumpass for a near neighbor. His trusty old "Hawkins" rifle has sent many a deer to his eternal rest, and provided me with many a good dish of venison. Since coming to Oregon I have heard no tidings of my venerable guide, my honored high priest in the worship of nature. He may have crossed the dark river for all I know, although no word to that effect has reached me. He was so reticent by nature that no newspaper notoriety could keep him before the public eye; and yet it is quite probable that he is alive, for he was not only a man of abstemious habits, but he also is a native of a section noted for the longevity of its inhabitants. If he be dead, an honest man has found his well-earned rest; if he be living, my blessing go forward to the brave old mountaineer whose teachings have given me a new lease of life.

The geysers of Tehama county, which bear the sturdy old trapper's name, are so far off the traveled route into Oregon that they will never be much of a summer resort in the present century, but when there are a dozen cities like San Francisco, with swarming population seeking every available home of peace and haven of health, then some genius may build a narrow-gauge railroad up into those dark pineries and the wealthy denizens of San Francisco will pay their three or four dollars per day to enjoy what I enjoyed for nothing. But I shall not be there to see Morgan's crossing become a resort of fashion, nor will the scene be enlivened by the presence of the towering old trapper whose wary eye and faithful memory first guided me to the sylvan fountains where my body was born anew. As I recall his tall figure and honest face, it seems to me that I have marched beside Boone and Kenton through a silent wilderness. Of what use was wealth to that frugal old trapper? None whatever. It would only have made him sordid and penurious, whereas he was as generous as he was brave and truthful. For thirty years he was a man of note in the upper Sacramento valley, and if he be dead, the men whom he has guided to the verge of the glacier will recall his memory with the purest of filial affection.

M.

MATE IN FOUR.

A gentle youth and lovely maid
Once o'er a chess-board sat and played.
Upon the game her looks were bent,
He on her face was more intent;
And so, ere long, it seems that he
Lost all his patience hopelessly.
"How sweet," he thought, "the game of life
If she will be my wedded wife."
At last she cried: "You must resign
Bishop and rook and knight are mine,
While everything of yours is gone;
Saving three wretched pawns alone."
To this he, laughing, answered: "No;
Until you mate me on we go."
Her lips she parted, but she gazed
Upon the board, then swiftly raised
Her eyes towards her lover's face
And said: "I need not ask your grace
For now I see your game is o'er
And, Arthur, I will *mate in four*."
He could not see it, all the same;
She proved her threat and won the game.
And now the board was thrown aside
He clasped her hand and claimed his bride.
"Dearest," you know I love you well.
That truth I hardly need to tell.
And you?" She made the answer best,
By hiding face upon his breast.
Nor think I there was aught amiss
Sealing love's compact with a kiss.
"My darling, name the wedding-day,
There is no reason for delay."
"Pray ask me but few weeks to wait
Until the hour that crowns our fate."
Then at the board a glance she cast,
A gay smile o'er her features passed,
She slightly raised her nestling head,
Half slily and half shyly said
"Still, Arthur, I will *mate in four*."

Put a Comma after the "Six."

Philadelphia Call.

Swift wrote, "There never appear more than five or six men of genius in an age." The age has given us Talmage, Rossa, John L. Sullivan and Ben Butler, but where is the other one?

DIED.

In this city, Feb. [illegible], [illegible] wife of [illegible] Gorman, [illegible] children. Funeral to-morrow (Monday) from [illegible] North, Fifteenth and N streets, at 2 o'clock. Friends [illegible] invited.

NEW TO-DAY.

SUITE OF ROOMS [illegible] between Tenth and [illegible]

FINE DRESS-MAKING. [illegible]

THE LEADER. [illegible] DRESSMAKER [illegible]

MADAME RICHTER [illegible] removed to [illegible]

WANTED—A GIRL TO DO HOUSEWORK [illegible] Apply at 124 Fifth [illegible]

WANTED—CHILDREN [illegible] and machine operators [illegible] SHIRT MAKERS [illegible] ready work. Apply [illegible] MRS. C. E. [illegible]

FOR RENT—A [illegible] suitable for one or two gentlemen, all modern conveniences [illegible] 105 Seventh [illegible] FURNISHED ROOMS [illegible] corner of Taylor. 71 [illegible]

THE CRITERION—BEST AUTHORITY [illegible] of New York for [illegible] Write for samples. [illegible]

FOR SALE—FURNISHED [illegible]

DOUBLE SILK [illegible] dress [illegible]

WANTED—BOYS [illegible] Address [illegible]

HAND PRESSING [illegible] View, [illegible]

WANTED—A POSITION BY A SCANDINAVIAN [illegible] to do general housework [illegible]

WANTED—$500 FOR THREE YEARS ON [illegible] property [illegible] apply [illegible] Address A. B., care O. [illegible]

WANTED—A NEAT GIRL [illegible] dressmaking [illegible] small wages for [illegible] the first month. [illegible]

FOR RENT—NICELY FURNISHED ROOMS [illegible] fronting [illegible] with [illegible] 88 N. West Park st [illegible]

A SCOTCH WIDOW LADY DESIRES TO BOARD [illegible] a situation [illegible]

FOR RENT—NEW HOUSE; 7 ROOMS; [illegible] improvements [illegible] Apply to DOLPH, HARVEY & CO. [illegible] First National Bank building [illegible] Washington [illegible]

IMPORTED SWISS CHEESE, CREAM, LIMBURGER, etc.; Eidgemachte Herrings, German Pickles, Sauer Kraut, Pickled Pigs' feet, German Smoked Beef Tongues, etc. [illegible] of family groceries [illegible] Mrs. H. Baum, [illegible] Morrison, bet. 4th & 5th.

WANTED—100,000 TO READ THE [illegible] Most Wonderful Book of the Age, giving the nature, property and laws of [illegible] the solar system; the cause of the [illegible] the origin of [illegible] Gods, Devils and [illegible] character of the Jewish [illegible] of the nations of the [illegible] large type, in cloth [illegible] 295 pages, postpaid, $1 00. Address G. W. COKER, Medford, Oregon.

WANTED—$1,500 for six months on the very best security. See [illegible] & Young, 10 Stark street.

$200.00 RAFFLE.

FINE FRENCH DINNER SET—122 PIECES AT one dollar a ticket, McBride's Crockery Store, 27 Washington st.

MAKE KNOWN YOUR WANTS!

If you want anything in the line of popular reading matter;
If you want to subscribe for any of the leading magazines or periodicals;
If you want to buy stationery at something like reasonable prices;—
Make known your wants to
GEO. H. HILL,
City Book Store, 171 First St.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILROAD.

Telegram.
YALE, B. C., Feb. 9th, 1885,
To R. D. PITT, Portland:—Plenty of work for men who want work;
M. J. HANEY,
Gen. Sup't Canadian Pacific Railroad.

Axemen, Rockmen and Laborers for the Canadian Pacific Railroad will register on or before Friday or Tuesday, to leave on Saturday or Wednesday, at No. 9 Washington st. R. D. PITT, Commissioner of Deeds for all States and Territories.

WOOD! WOOD!
FIR $5 50, ASH $4 50, OAK $5 25.
FOOT MORRISON ST.

TO THE LADIES OF PORTLAND.

Mrs. L. Pilger takes pleasure in announcing to the ladies of Portland that she has returned from San Francisco with the latest styles, and is now ready to accommodate her many friends and furnish them dress and cloak making at the very lowest rates.

NOTICE.

JUST RECEIVED Fresh lot
Fancy and Plain Imported and Domestic
SPRING SUITINGS and TROUSERINGS;
Ladies' fine tailor-made jackets a specialty.
J. POLIVKA & CO., 28 Washington street.

NOTICE.

FOR YAQUINA AND COOS BAY.

The New and Fast-Sailing Steamer
"COOS BAY,"
[illegible] LAWLESS.... Commander
Will sail from Flanders' wharf on or about
MONDAY, FEB. [illegible], AT 8 P. M.
For freight or passage apply to the agents,
[illegible] WATSON WRIGHT & CO., 10 North Front st.

[illegible]
For Domestic and Imported
COAL!
The Oregon Improvement Co.
Having completed its Coal Bunker at the foot of [illegible] street, [illegible] will deliver to purchasers
SCREENED Scotch SPLINT COAL at $9.50 PER TON
SCREENED SEATTLE COAL at $7.25 PER TON.
Full Weight Guaranteed.
CUMBERLAND COAL for Blacksmithing,
(Sacked), or in Bulk, for Sale at the Lowest Market Rates.
ORDERS BY TELEPHONE
or, if left at the office of the
E. G. PIERCE TRANSFER & FORWARDING COMPANY,
No. 30 Ash Street WILL Receive PROMPT ATTENTION.
TELEPHONE 81.
J. M. FOX, Agent.

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Over 12,000 Volumes and 125 Papers and Periodicals.
CORNER OF STARK AND FIRST STREETS, Over Ladd & Tilton's BANK.
MEMBERSHIP OPEN TO ALL.
Monthly Dues, $1; Quarterly, $3, and Half Yearly, $4 50.
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LOUISVILLE RESTAURANT.
JOHN SLAVICH,
THE POPULAR RESTAURATEUR,
Has just refitted his large, elegant and well-appointed Restaurant, First st., bet. Morrison and Yamhill.
Meals can be obtained at all hours, day or night.
A number of fine rooms have been fitted up for ladies.

Sick headache, habitual costiveness, pains in back and limbs, loss of appetite, bad breath and taste in the mouth, etc., entirely cured by the use of
[illegible] OREGON BLOOD PURIFIER
SANDERS' KIDNEY & LIVER REGULATOR

NEW [illegible]
J. P. HOWE, Manager.
One Week Only, commencing [illegible] 23, and every evening and Saturday [illegible]
Re-engagement of the [illegible]
JOS. R. GRISMER & PHOEBE [illegible]
Supported by an Excellent [illegible]
First time on the Pacific coast [illegible] of the dramatization of Hugh Conway's wonderful romance [illegible]
CALLED BACK.
Powerful Cast! New Scenery! Magnificent [illegible]
Popular Prices! Admission [illegible] Reserved Seats 75c, at Prentiss' music [illegible]

CASINO OPERA HO[illegible]
Corner East Park and Washington [illegible]
A. S. GROSS [illegible] Lessee
To-Night, by special request, the [illegible] ever produced [illegible]
PRINCE METHUSALEM
[illegible] Monday Evening, [illegible]
Popular Prices, 25c and 50c. [illegible] without extra charge at Mozart's [illegible]
Doors open at 7:15 P. M. Performance [illegible]

NEW TIVOLI THEA[illegible]
RICHARD CLINTON, Manager.
Entirely Remodeled [illegible]
LEGITIMATE TEMPLE OF THE [illegible]
This Evening, Entire Change of [illegible]
The Famous Comedian,
JOHN S. LANGRISHE
In the Latest three-act comedy,
THAT TERRIBLE TELEG[illegible]
To be followed by the one act [illegible]
ACTUAL FACTS!
Evening prices 15, 25 and 35c. Reserved seats 50c, at Prentiss' [illegible]

NEW TO-DAY.

DOWN COME THE PRICES OF DRESS [illegible] at Mozart's; the latest styles [illegible] Morrison street.

WANTED—FIRST-CLASS DRESSMA[illegible]

PERSONAL—THE LADY WHO [illegible] Mozart's [illegible] Morrison street.

DRESS-MA[illegible]
Prices for Work
Making Street Suits, $5 to $8, [illegible]
Making Handsome Silk Suits [illegible]
Cutting and Fitting [illegible]
Perfect Fit, Best Workmanship and entire Satisfaction guaranteed. Bring your own material or buy linings, dress goods and silks at our counter below First Cost.

MOZART'S CLOAK AND SUIT [illegible] 70 Morrison St.

$1000 WORTH OF CHILDREN'S dresses, closing out [illegible] one-half regular price, at MOZART'S.

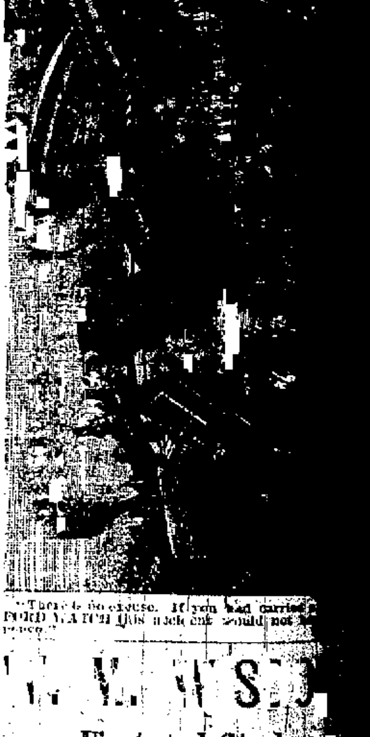
MEN WANTED—TO LEARN THAT [illegible] goods are selling at or below cost. Call [illegible] rison street for particulars.

A CARD.

Any person having accounts against [illegible] present them at once for payment. [illegible] Cloak and Suit House, No. 7 Morrison [illegible]

PUBLIC NOTICE—BIGGEST BARGAINS [illegible] known in dress goods remnants at Mo[illegible] Morrison street.

HENRICHSEN & GREEN[illegible]
Sole Agents, 140 First st.



"There is no excuse. If you had carried a FORD WATCH this accident would not [illegible]

[illegible]
First and Stark,
DRUGGISTS AND [illegible]
Pure Chemicals,
Fresh Drugs,
Choice Toilet articles,
Delicate Perfumes,
Elegant Fancy Go[illegible]
A COMPLETE LI[illegible]
—OF—
Trusses, Supporters, Shoulder Braces, Chest Protectors and Sundries.
Prescriptions will receive Special At[illegible]

My purpose shall be to carry nothing [illegible] and supply my customers [illegible] with the very best of every article [illegible] at all times reasonable and [illegible] in every particular. I ask only a fair [illegible] of Portland's generous people to [illegible] the truth of my assertions.

RUBBER STORE.
Rubber Hunting Boots, Coats, [illegible]
Gossamers, etc.
Rubber, Leather and Co[illegible] Packing, Hose, etc.
PRESTON, NOTT & [illegible]
164 First Street.

[illegible]
Enclose 10 cents and the address of [illegible] by this office for a copy. The best [illegible] in the east.

The Oregonian

SUNDAY MORNING, FEBRUARY 22, 18[illegible]

Entered at the Postoffice at Portland, Or., as second-class matter.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.
BY MAIL—POSTAGE PREPAID—IN ADVANCE.
[illegible] per month....
[illegible] with Sunday, per month....
[illegible] per year....
[illegible] with Sunday, per year....
[illegible] per year....
[illegible] and Weekly, per year....
Weekly, per year....
TO CITY SUBSCRIBERS.
[illegible] per week, delivered, Sunday excepted....
[illegible] per week, delivered, Sunday included....

METEOROLOGICAL REPORT.

PORTLAND, Feb. 21, 7:40 P. M.

Place of Observ'n	Height of Bar.	Change last 24 Hrs.	Ther.	Wind Direction	Rain fall	State of Weather
[illegible]land...	30.14	.01	45	Calm	.00	Cl[illegible]
[illegible]mp[illegible]...	30.18	.01	45	Calm	.00	Lt[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	45	NW	.00	Clo[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	.06	50	S	.00	Cl[illegible]
[illegible] Bluff...	[illegible]	.05	48	SW	.00	Cle[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	.02	47	[illegible]	.00	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	.02	47	W	.00	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	52	NW	.00	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	50	Calm	.00	Cle[illegible]
[illegible] Angels...						

[illegible]imum thermometer 42; maximum, 49.

THE SUNDAY OREGONIAN.

[illegible] sale at the following places:
[illegible], First and Morrison.
[illegible], Third bet. Morrison and Alder.
[illegible], near cor. First and Jefferson.
[illegible], 128 First.
[illegible], First and B.
[illegible], First bet. Salmon and Taylor.
[illegible] hotel, Third and D.
[illegible] candy store, Fifth and Morrison.
[illegible], Fourth and Morrison.
[illegible], 52 Morrison.
[illegible], First and Washington.
[illegible], First and Ash.
[illegible] Korell's, First and C.
[illegible], northwest corner First and Salmon.
[illegible], First near Clay.
[illegible], Fourth and L streets, East Portland.
[illegible] M. Baum, 86 Morrison.
[illegible], 26 First.
[illegible], southwest corner First and Oak.
[illegible], northwest corner First and Oak.
[illegible] News Co., 130 First.
[illegible] house news stand, Fourth and Alder.
[illegible] house news stand, Fourth, corner C.
[illegible], Fifth and Morrison.
[illegible], First near Salmon.
[illegible] Carroll, First, bet. B and F.
[illegible], 110 First.
[illegible], 41 Washington.
[illegible], 114 First.
[illegible], 13 North First.
[illegible], 31 North First.
[illegible] at the counting-room of THE OREGONI[illegible] [illegible] Front and Stark.

CHURCH NOTICES.

[illegible] Christian church, East Park and Columbi[illegible] [illegible]—Bible readings Sunday morning at [illegible] [illegible]. Sunday school at 12:30 P. M.

[illegible] Presbyterian church, Washington a[illegible] [illegible] streets—A. L. Lindsley, pastor. Servi[illegible] [illegible] and evening. Seats for all and ush[illegible] [illegible] doors.

[illegible] M. E. Zion church, corner of Main and E[illegible] streets—Sunday services at 11 A. M.; Sabb[illegible] [illegible] at 2 P. M.; services at 7:30 P. M. [illegible] A. Mitchell, pastor.

[illegible]vary Presbyterian church, corner Ninth a[illegible] Streets—Pastor, Rev. E. T. Lee. Preach[illegible] A. M. and 7:30 P. M. Sunday school at 12[illegible] [illegible]ck. All are cordially invited.

[illegible] John's Presbyterian church, on the corner [illegible]teenth and M streets; pastor, L. J. Laughl[illegible] [illegible]aching service at 11 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. Su[illegible] school at 2:30 P. M. All are cordially invit[illegible]

[illegible]th Portland M. E. Mission, Baker's hall, c[illegible] [illegible] cade and Hood streets—Sunday school at 2[illegible] [illegible] Preaching at 3:30 P. M. by the preach[illegible] [illegible]arge. Prayer meeting Monday at 7:30 P.[illegible]

[illegible] First Baptist church of the city of Portla[illegible] [illegible] of Fourth and Alder streets—Rev. J. Q. [illegible] [illegible], pastor. Preaching to-morrow at 11 o'clo[illegible] [illegible] and 7:30 P. M. Sabbath school at 12[illegible] [illegible]ck. Seats free. All are invited.

[illegible] Street M. E. church, corner Hall and Six[illegible] [illegible]—Preaching at 11 A. M. by the pasto[illegible] [illegible] school at 12:15 P. M. Praise service [illegible] P. M. Concert by the Sunday school at 7[illegible] [illegible]. Free seats. Everybody welcome.

[illegible]lor-street Methodist Episcopal church[illegible] [illegible] meeting at 10 A. M. and at 12 M. Sund[illegible] [illegible] at 12:15 and young people's praise servi[illegible] [illegible] P. M. Preaching in the morning by Re[illegible] [illegible] Kines. The pastor will preach in the evenin[illegible]

[illegible] German Evangelical church, corner Eight[illegible] Clay streets—Services Sunday, February 22, [illegible] M and 7:30 P. M. Sabbath school at 9:30 [illegible] Preaching by the pastor, Rev. A. Schlenk. [illegible] [illegible]rstanding German are cordially invited to [illegible]

[illegible]st Congregational church, corner Second a[illegible] [illegible]rson streets—Services to-morrow at 11 A. [illegible] 7:30 P. M. Preaching by the pastor. Mor[illegible] subject, "The True Lent and How to Obse[illegible] Evening subject, "George Washington[illegible] [illegible] school and pastor's bible class at 12:30[illegible]

[illegible]arian church, corner of Yamhill and Seven[illegible] [illegible]; T. L. Eliot, minister—Services at 11 [illegible] 7:30 P. M. The evening service is the sev[illegible] [illegible] anniversary of the Sunday school. Repor[illegible] [illegible]ess and exercises by the children. The pub[illegible] [illegible]dially invited.

[illegible]ace Methodist Episcopal Church, corner Ta[illegible] and Eleventh streets—Services morning a[illegible] [illegible]ing. Preaching by the pastor. Subject at [illegible] "The Faith of the Syro-Phœnician Woman[illegible] [illegible]ect at 7:30 P. M., "The Great Lack." Cl[illegible] [illegible]'s class at 4 P. M. Praise service at 7 P.[illegible] [illegible]day school at 12:15 P. M.

[illegible]rman Methodist church, cor. North Eighth a[illegible] [illegible]reets—Parsonage on D street, in rear of t[illegible] [illegible], Rev. F. Bonn, the pastor, will preach [illegible] [illegible]row at 11 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. Sabbath scho[illegible] [illegible]mences at 9:30 A. M. Prayer meeting on W[illegible] [illegible]y night. Bible meeting and exercises in sin[illegible] on Friday night. All are welcome.

[illegible]mouth Congregational church cordially [illegible] the public to its church home, corner Fo[illegible] [illegible] and E streets, and services at 11 A. M. a[illegible] [illegible] M. Also all, whether children or adult[illegible] [illegible] desire to search the scriptures to Sabba[illegible] [illegible] at 12:30 P. M. Pastor-elect, G. H. Lee, [illegible] [illegible]dained next Friday evening, February 27.

[illegible]ited Presbyterian chapel, corner Sixth a[illegible] [illegible]tgomery streets—Dedication services on S[illegible] [illegible] Rev. S. G. Irvine, D. D., of Albany w[illegible] [illegible]ch in the morning, Rev. T. J. Wilson of Hal[illegible] [illegible]e evening. Services at 11 A. M. and 7:30 P. [illegible] [illegible]bath school at 12:30 P. M. A very cordial in[illegible] [illegible] is extended to the public to attend the [illegible]ices.

[illegible]ng Men's Christian Association, corner Fir[illegible] Salmon streets—Sunday services: Gosp[illegible] [illegible]ting 3:15 P. M. in main hall. Bible study 4 [illegible] M. in chapel. Saturday evening meeting [illegible] [illegible]ng men in chapel at 7:30 o'clock. Prayer mee[illegible] daily from 12:15 to 12:45 in chapel. Teache[illegible] [illegible] study every Saturday from 12:15 to 1 P. [illegible] [illegible]ding rooms open daily (Sundays excepte[illegible] [illegible] 8:30 A. M. to 9:30 P. M. Young men an[illegible] [illegible]gers are cordially invited to visit the room[illegible]

EAST PORTLAND PULPITS.

[illegible]eventh Day Advent church, G street, betwe[illegible] [illegible]th and Eleventh—Service by the pastor, Eld[illegible] [illegible] L. Boyd, Saturday at 2 P. M., followed by [illegible] [illegible] meeting. Sabbath school Saturday at 10 [illegible] M. Sunday morning the church, which has [illegible] [illegible]ly been enlarged and otherwise improved, w[illegible] [illegible]ormally dedicated, the pastor being assisted [illegible] services by Elder H. W. Decker of Wisconsi[illegible] [illegible] will preach the dedicatory sermon.

[illegible] church of the Evangelical association, co[illegible] [illegible] of Sixth and V streets—Preaching servic[illegible] [illegible]day at 11 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. Subjec[illegible] [illegible]iritual Manifestations" and "Important Que[illegible] [illegible] Sunday school at 9:45 A. M. Reviv[illegible] [illegible]ces every evening during the week exce[illegible] [illegible]urday. Rev. J. A. Hollenbaugh of Albany w[illegible] present and assist the pastor during the wee[illegible] [illegible] free; services English; all will be made we[illegible] [illegible] C. C. Poling, pastor.

[illegible] David's Episcopal church, corner Fifth an[illegible] [illegible]reets. Regular services for the first Sunda[illegible] Lent. Lenten services at 4 P. M. every day du[illegible] this week except Friday, when the usual servic[illegible] take place at 7:30. John W. Sellwood, recto[illegible]

THE HOTELS.

HOLTON HOUSE.

[illegible] La Rocque, Bu Vista
[illegible] Brockway, Seattle
[illegible] Hutchings, S F
[illegible] Russell, St Paul
[illegible] Byman, S F
[illegible] Macallister, Dalles
[illegible]cBean, "
[illegible] Mays, "
[illegible]rkpatrick, Pt Town
[illegible] Bennett, Waitsburg
[illegible] Pritt, Jacksonville
[illegible] McConnell, N Yamh'll
[illegible] Hutchinson, Oakland
[illegible] Lockett, Baker Co
[illegible] Shinn, "
[illegible] Chandler, "
[illegible]anandas, "
[illegible] Van Erek, Olympia
[illegible] Tichner, S F
[illegible] Rylee, Salem
[illegible] Meyer, S F
[illegible] Saurtleff, Polk Co

E Sikes, S F
C W Browd, Diam'd Sp[illegible]
J N Walker, Albina
F P Mays, Dalles
L S Howlett, Returned
S M Fay, Illinois
M L Olmsted, Salem
A Parker, Oneatta
J B Metcalfe, Seattle
Sol Pfunnski, S F
L B Cox, Pendleton, Or
[illegible] Hurley, Lafayette, [illegible]
C Lehrenwober, Astor[illegible]
J Meryman, Astoria
F C Reed, Salem
C W Fulton, Astoria
H S Devenport, Salem
J F Halloran, Astoria
T J Black, Halsey
A M Werum, S F
O B Stott, Oysterville
A Pringle, Sir Idaho

QUIMBY.

[illegible] W Wallace, Tillamook
[illegible] Tripp, do
[illegible] Wade, Colfax, W T
[illegible] Russell, Lafayette
[illegible] Atkins, St Paul
[illegible] Davidson, N Y
[illegible]ayton, Tacoma
[illegible] Holgate, do
[illegible] Sweet, do
[illegible]eals, do
[illegible] A Wood, do
[illegible] Ily, do
[illegible] Hughes, Eugene
[illegible]axwell, do

J H Richmond, Oregon
T W Yeumans, do
H Trotberger, do
J A Walker, Chicago
W B Perry, do
T Sperry, Oysterville
W C Evans, O R & N C[illegible]
Wm S Jones, Benton [illegible]
R B Hinton, do
Willie Higgins, do
C W Cline, Corvallis
F M Merrill, do
C S Jenkins, Ashland
Wm Johnson, Salem

MERCHANT.

[illegible] Willis, Salem
[illegible] Wright, do
[illegible] Clark, S F
[illegible] Marphs, Seattle
[illegible] McDonald, do
[illegible] Chapman, Dalles
[illegible]llngsh Monin Olshize
[illegible] Bennison, Astoria
[illegible] McLlisen, Alaska
[illegible]nklin, Kalama

M M Martin, Albany
E A Crook, Oregon City
O B Tibbetts, do
A J Davis, Sitka
D S Mumaw, Baker C[illegible]
Capt W Biamsshl Chapman[illegible]
W P Scott, Dalles
M Miller, do
J O Spinner, Kalama

THE GILMAN.

[illegible] Lindsay, S F
[illegible]acaulay, do
[illegible]oldman, do
[illegible] Oppenheimer, S F
[illegible] W McBride, St Helens
[illegible] Augustine, S F

Douglas Pickett, Salem
Jhs H Daley, Pendleton
W M Stackpool, Seattle
F H Downing, str Idaho
M Pomeroy, Rainier

[illegible]k-cases at cost. G. SHINDLER & CO.

e Oregonian.

DAY MORNING, FEBRUARY 22, 1885.

at the Postoffice at Portland, Or., as second class matter.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

MAIL—POSTAGE PREPAID—IN ADVANCE.

per month $1 00
with Sunday, per month 1 20
per year 10 00
with Sunday, per year 12 00
per year 2 50
and Weekly, per year 4 00
Weekly, per year 2 50

TO CITY SUBSCRIBERS.

per week, delivered, Sunday excepted 25c
per week, delivered, Sunday included 30c

METEOROLOGICAL REPORT.

PORTLAND, Feb. 21, 7:40 P. M.

Place of Observation.	Height of Bar.	Change last 8 Hrs.	Ther.	Wind Direction.	Rain fall.	State of Weather.
tland	30.14	01	45	Calm	.49	Cloudy
m..s	30.18	03	42	Calm	.10	Lt. rain
			45	NW	.15	Cloudy
	29.96	—09	56	S	.00	Clear
	29.97	—05	54	SW	.00	Clear
	29.67	—12	47	N	.00	Cloudy
	30.14	—02	45	W	.00	Clear
	30.18	02	43	NW	.00	Cloudy
Angels			56	Calm	.00	Clear

Minimum thermometer, 42; maximum, 49.

THE SUNDAY OREGONIAN.

For sale at the following places:
Cole, First and Morrison.
Moses, Third bet. Morrison and Alder.
Shock, near cor. First and Jefferson.
Lamb, 125 First.
Brown, First and B.
Eastman, First bet. Salmon and Taylor.
Merchant hotel, Third and D.
Post office candy store, Fifth and Morrison.
Rapes', Fourth and Morrison.
Bowling's, 52 Morrison.
Seitz, First and Washington.
E. L. Stone's, First and Ash.
Chas. Korell's, First and C.
Nicholson, northwest corner First and Salmon.
Cole, First near Clay.
Blanchard, Fourth and L streets, East Portland.
Mrs. M. Baum, 86 Morrison.
Tuttle, 267 First.
Wilson, southwest corner First and Oak.
Fisher, northwest corner First and Oak.
Portland News Co., 130 First.
Hotel house news stand, Fourth and Alder.
Quimby house news stand, Fourth, corner C.
Kinney, Fifth and Morrison.
Reed, First near Salmon.
Mrs. Carroll, First, bet. E and F.
Cornell, 110 First.
Newberger, 41 Washington.
Ho..., 166 First.
Shields, 6 North First.
McDaniel, 7 North First.
Also at the counting-room of THE OREGONIAN, corner Front and Stark.

CHURCH NOTICES.

First Christian church, East Park and Columbia streets—Bible readings Sunday morning at 11 o'clock. Sunday school at 12:30 P. M.

First Presbyterian church, Washington and Third streets—A. L. Lindsley, pastor. Services morning and evening. Seats for all and ushers at the doors.

A. M. E. Zion church, corner of Main and Seventh streets—Sunday services at 11 A. M. Sabbath school at 2 P. M.; services at 7:30 P. M. Rev. A. Mitchell, pastor.

Calvary Presbyterian church, corner Ninth and Clay streets—Pastor, Rev. E. T. Lee. Preaching 11 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. Sunday school at 12:30 o'clock. All are cordially invited.

St. John's Presbyterian church on the corner of Seventeenth and M streets; pastor, R. J. Laughlin. Preaching service at 11 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. Sunday school at 2:30 P. M. All are cordially invited.

South Portland M. E. Mission, Baker's hall, corner Meade and Hood streets—Sunday school at 2:30 P. M. Preaching at 3:30 P. M. by the preacher in charge. Prayer meeting Monday at 7:30 P. M.

The First Baptist church of the city of Portland, corner of Fourth and Alder streets—Rev. J. Q. A. Henry, pastor. Preaching to-morrow at 11 o'clock A. M. and 7:30 P. M. Sabbath school at 12:30 o'clock. Seats free. All are invited.

Hall Street M. E. church, corner Hall and Sixth streets—Preaching at 11 A. M. by the pastor. Sunday school at 12:15 P. M. Praise service at 6:30 P. M. Concert by the Sunday school at 7:30 P. M. Free seats. Everybody welcome.

Taylor street Methodist Episcopal church—Class meeting at 10 A. M. and at 12 M. Sunday school at 12:15 and young people's praise service at 6:30 P. M. Preaching in the morning by Rev. [illegible]. The pastor will preach in the evening.

First German Evangelical church, corner Eighth and Clay streets—Services Sunday, February 22, at 11 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. Sabbath school at 9:30 A. M. Preaching by the pastor, Rev. A. Schlenk. All understanding German are cordially invited to attend.

First Congregational church, corner Second and Jefferson streets—Services to-morrow at 11 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. Preaching by the pastor. Morning subject, "The True Lent and How to Observe It." Evening subject, "George Washington." Sunday school and pastor's bible class at 12:30 P. M.

Unitarian church, corner of Yamhill and Seventh streets, T. L. Eliot, minister—Services at 11 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. The evening service is the seventeenth anniversary of the Sunday school. Reports, addresses and exercises by the children. The public cordially invited.

Grace Methodist Episcopal church, corner Taylor and Eleventh streets—Services morning and evening. Preaching by the pastor. Subject at 11 A. M., "The Faith of the Syro-Phoenician Woman." Subject at 7:30 P. M., "The Great Lack." Children's class at 1 P. M. Praise service at 7 P. M. Sunday school at 12:15 P. M.

German Methodist church, cor. North Eighth and [illegible] streets—Parsonage on D street, in rear of the chapel. Rev. F. Bonn, the pastor, will preach to-morrow at 11 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. Sabbath school at 9:30 A. M. Prayer meeting on Wednesday night. Bible meeting and exercises in singing on Friday night. All are welcome.

Plymouth Congregational church cordially invites the public to its church home, corner Fourteenth and [illegible] streets, and services at 11 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. Also all, whether children or adults who desire to search the scriptures to Sabbath school at 12:30 P. M. Pastor-elect, G. H. Lee, to be ordained next Friday evening, February 27.

United Presbyterian chapel, corner Sixth and Montgomery streets—Dedication services on Sabbath. Rev. S. G. Irvine, D. D., of Albany will preach in the morning, Rev. T. J. Wilson of Halsey in the evening. Services at 11 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. Sabbath school at 12:30 P. M. A very cordial invitation is extended to the public to attend these services.

Young Men's Christian Association, corner First and Salmon streets—Sunday services: Gospel meeting at 3:15 P. M. in main hall. Bible study 4:30 P. M. in chapel. Saturday evening meeting for young men in chapel at 7:30 o'clock. Prayer meeting daily from 12:15 to 12:45 in chapel. Teachers' bible study every Saturday from 12:15 to 1 P. M. Reading rooms open daily (Sundays excepted) from 9:30 A. M. to 9:30 P. M. Young men and strangers are cordially invited to visit the rooms.

EAST PORTLAND PULPITS.

Seventh Day Adventist church, G street, between Tenth and Eleventh—Service by the pastor, Elder Chas. L. Boyd, Saturday at 2 P. M., followed by a social meeting. Sabbath school Saturday at 0:30 A. M. Sunday morning the church, which has recently been enlarged and otherwise improved, will be formally dedicated, the pastor being assisted in the services by Elder H. W. Decker of Wisconsin, who will preach the dedicatory sermon.

Emanuel church of the Evangelical association, corner of Sixth and V streets—Preaching services Sunday at 11 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. Subjects, "Spiritual Manifestations" and "Important Questions." Sunday school at 9:45 A. M. Revival services every evening during the week except Saturday. Rev. J. A. Hollenbaugh of Albany will be present and assist the pastor during the week. Seats free; services English; all will be made welcome. O. C. Poling, pastor.

St. David's Episcopal church, corner Fifth and [illegible] streets. Regular services for the first Sunday in Lent. Lenten services at 4 P. M. every day in the week except Friday, when the usual service will take place at 7:30. John W. Sellwood, rector.

THE HOTELS.

HOLTON HOUSE.

Roque, Bu Vista
Brockway, Seattle
Hutchings, S F
Gray Russell, St Paul
Hyman, S F
Mccalister, Dalles
Mellan, "
Mays, "
Kirkpatrick, Pt Town
Bennett, Waitsburg
Prim, Jacksonville
McConnell, N Yamhill
Hutchinson, Oakland
Lockett, Baker Co
Stion, "
Chandler, "
Mannadas, "
Van Eyck, Olympia
Lichner, S F
Fisher, Salem
Meyer, S F
Churlick, Polk Co

E Sikes, S F
C W Bowd, Dunn'd Sp'g
J N Walker, Albina
F P Mays, Dalles
L S Howlett, Ireland
S M Fry, Illinois
M L Olmsted, Salem
A Parker, Oneatta
J B Metcalfe, Seattle
Sol Poznanski, S F
J B Cox, Pendleton, Or
J Hurley, Lafayette, Or
C Leitenweber, Astoria
J Meryman, Astoria
F C Reed, Salem
C W Fulton, Astoria
H S Devenport, Salem
J F Halloran, Astoria
T J Black, Halsey
A M Werum, S F
O B Stott, Oysterville
A Pringle, Str Ikalia

QUIMBY.

Wallace, Tillamook
Pruitt, do
Wade, Colfax, W T
Russell, Lafayette
Atkins, St Paul
Davidson, N Y
Lawson, Tacoma
Reigate, do
Gleet, do
do
Wood, do
Ely, do
Hughes, Eugene
Burwell, do

J H Richmond, Oregon
T W Yaumans, do
H Trautberger, do
J A Walker, Chicago
W B Perry, do
T Spier, Oysterville
W C E ans, O R & N Co
Wm S Jones, Benton Co
R B Hilton, do
Willie Higgins, do
C W Cline, Corvallis
F M Merrill, do
C S Jenkins, Ashland
Wm Johnson, Salem

MERCHANT.

Willis, Salem
Wright, do
Clark, S F
Vaughn, Seattle
McDonald, do
Chapman, Dalles
Lughhead, Tlsh re
Dennison, Astoria
Wilson, Alaska
Franklin, Kalama

M M Martin, Albany
E A Crook, Oregon City
O B Tibbetts, do
A J Davis, Sitka
D S Meanaw, Baker City
Capt Williams, Str Clipper
W F Scott, Dalles
M Miller, do
J O Spinner, Kalama

THE GILMAN.

Lindsay, S F
Denday, do
Waldman, do
Frankelmer, S F
Price, St Helens
Augustine, S F

Douglass Pickett, Salem
Jas H Haley, Pendleton
W M Stackpool, Seattle
F H Downing, str Idaho
M Pomeroy, Rainier

cases at cost. G. SHINDLER & Co.

IN AND ABOUT PORTLAND.

"Called Back" at the New Market this week. Popular prices.

The High school alumni hold a meeting Tuesday evening at 7:30.

Reserved seats for the Casino to-night can be had at the box office from 2 to 6 P. M.

"Prince Methusalem" at the Casino to-night for the first time. To-morrow evening, revival of "Donna Juanita."

The Washington guard give their twenty-fourth annual ball at the armory, corner of Second and D streets, to-morrow evening.

Century for March starts its first edition with 190 000 copies. It is in many respects superior to any number of the past year. E. DeLand & Co. have just received an installment of this edition.

The two little boys confined in the county jail should be disposed of in some manner. They are not being improved by their stay there. The Humane society might look after these youngsters with as much propriety as they care for lame horses.

The remains of Rev. Father Duffy of Walla Walla, who died at San Francisco last Sunday, arrived here on the Columbia. They were forwarded to Walla Walla for interment yesterday, in charge of William O'Donnell and C. Ennis, who came down here to receive them.

William Yates, the "fly" man who stole a coat and vest from Isaacs second hand store while the boy in charge was gone to buy him a cigar, was arrested by Constable Stevenson and brought before Justice Bushwiler yesterday. He was held to answer, and in default of bail sent to jail.

Fred C. Kneip, a prying, inquisitive sort of fellow who was caught peering into the windows of a dwelling house at the north end, a few days since, was yesterday fined $30 or fifteen days in jail by Judge Moreland. When he gets out of jail he will probably attend to his own business for a time.

Hing Hang, who ought to be Hung or Hanged, is in the clutches of the law, charged with having taken $250 from the clothes of one of the patrons of his wash house. He gave bail in the sum of $500. It has not been decided what to do with the person who left the money in his clothing. He will probably be examined by the county court and two doctors.

Last night at half-past 10 the wife of M. S. J. Gorman, merchandise broker, died at her residence, corner Fifteenth and N streets. Mr. and Mrs. Gorman moved here recently from Salt Lake City, and each had many friends who sympathize deeply with the husband. The funeral will take place from the cathedral, corner Third and Stark to-morrow at 9 A. M.

Eugene Perlot, administrator of the estate of N. J. Perlot, deceased, commenced suit in the State circuit court yesterday, against Francis M. Worran and others, to foreclose a mortgage on the west half of Park block, bounded by Salmon and Taylor and East and West Park streets, given to secure the payment of a note for $700 and interest. The note was made on the 24th of December, 1874.

The announcement that Miss Winston would sing "The Star Spangled Banner" crowded the Casino to its utmost capacity last evening. Lovers of music enjoyed a treat, as, in addition to her regular songs, "When the Leaves begin to Fall" and "Comin' thro' the Rye," she sang in the last act, "The Star Spangled Banner" in her best style, which was received with tremendous applause. During the evening, Miss Winston was presented with a magnificent floral piece and a large portrait of herself. Miss King sang, during the evening, "Swanee River," and was loudly encored.

SOCIAL SCIENCE LECTURES.

This well known course is to begin this week, on Wednesday evening, at the chapel of the Church of Our Father, with a lecture by Rabbi Bloch, entitled "Poverty as a Social Evil."

PUBLIC SCHOOL ATTENDANCE.

The second or spring term opened last Monday, and at the close of the first week the following numbers were in attendance: High, 205; Central, 701; Harrison street, 614; North, 548; Park, 315; Couch, 462; Failing, 396. Total, 3229. One year ago the attendance was 2028.

BEAUTIFUL SIGHT.

Many persons have expressed a desire to see the beautiful birds brought over from China by Judge Denny, but have not been allowed to, as they are shy, and are scared at the sight of strangers. A specimen of the most beautiful of them, beautifully mounted, can be seen in the window of Hudson's gun store. Its plumage baffles description, bright crimson, golden yellow, and all shades between being combined to adorn it.

SUNDAY SCHOOL CONCERT.

The regular monthly concert of the Taylor street Methodist Sunday school will be given to-day immediately after preaching services in the morning. An excellent programme consisting of vocal and instrumental music, recitations, dialogues and brief addresses has been prepared. It is expected that the occasion will be one of great interest. Strangers and all persons interested are cordially invited.

SHIPPING NEWS.

ASTORIA, Feb. 21, 8 A. M.—Clear, calm; Br bark Banca, from Greenock via Honolulu, arrived in 7 P. M. yesterday; bkt. Tam O'Shanter crossed out yesterday; E. N. Cooke left up with the Banca 11 A. M.; Br bk Kenton, from Pisagua, arrived in 1:30 P. M.

CAPE HANCOCK, Feb. 21.—Passed in—12:15 A. M., Br bk Kenton; 3:55 P. M., Ger bk Josefa. 4 P. M., light swell on the bar; clear, wind west, 6 miles.

RAILWAY COMPANY ORGANIZED AT VANCOUVER.

The Vancouver and Yakima Railway Company was incorporated at Vancouver February 20 by O. A. Palmer, L. M. Hidden, G. W. Durgin, Eugene Semple, S. W. Brown, J. T. Gray, G. C. Hitchcock, C. H. Whitney, L. C. Palmer and Wm. D. Spaulding. The object of the incorporation is to build a railway from Vancouver to some point in the Yakima valley, through a very favorable pass recently discovered south of Mount St. Helens.

WANTS HIS PROFITS.

The case of Ah Wong vs Tong Yuen was on trial in the state circuit court yesterday, and attracted a large audience of Mongolians. Wong alleged that he sold out his business of clothing manufacturer to Yuen, agreeing to take one-third of the profits for a certain time in payment. He further alleges that he had an accounting with Yuen, and that his share of the profits were $2000. This not being paid the suit was brought to recover it. There was the usual amount of hard swearing, and the jury must have had a hard time to form any idea of the facts in the case.

LATEST DODGE OF THE CHINESE.

Port Collector Sears states that the latest method of Chinese to evade the restriction act is to take advantage of the recent ruling of Secretary McCulloch that Chinese in transit to Victoria, British Columbia, may be landed at this port when bond is given by Chinese to the Chinese consul general for their subsequent departure. It has been discovered that after being granted permission to land by this means they apply at the custom house for certificates to go to Victoria and return, representing themselves to be residents of this city.

LECTURE TO-MORROW EVENING.

The St. Vincent De Paul Society, whose object is the care of the poor, propose to celebrate Washington's birthday by a lecture and entertainment to be given to-morrow evening at Turn halle, the proceeds to apply to replenishing its treasury. Rev. B. Orth, the zealous rector of St. Lawrence Catholic chapel, South Portland, has, at the earnest solicitation of many, who were much pleased at the success of his former lecture, consented to deliver one on the subject of "America and Catholicity." Before and after the lecture, instrumental and vocal music will be dispensed by some of the best local talent. The Benedictine fathers, of Mount Angel, whose fame as musicians has already preceded them, will also furnish some of their favorite selections.

IN BAD TASTE.

The barefaced, bald-headed descendant of Annanias and Saphira, who is allowed to publish his mendacious statements in the Detroit *Free Press*, says: "Out in Oregon they have found a place where the snow is only nine feet deep, and the residents proudly point to it as evidence of the fact that eternal summer reigns in that region." In view of the fact that all over the east the snow is about nine feet deep, and travel is stopped, while here on this 22d day of February primroses, crocuses, pansies and daffodils are in bloom in our gardens, rose bushes are leaved, and honeysuckles and lilacs are putting forth, and the white petals of the cherry blossoms are showing through the bursting buds, it does seem unjust for a denizen of the blizzard-blasted east to attempt to perpetrate any jokes on our beautiful climate.

TO BE COURTMARTIALED.

Captain Lou Farrar of company G, who has succeeded in drilling and disciplining his company until they reflect great credit upon him, is now about to have a taste of discipline himself. He did not turn his company out as ordered when Murray was hanged, and has in consequence been placed under military (or militia) arrest and will be courtmartialed for disobeying orders and for conduct unbecoming an officer and a gentleman. There will be no foolishness about this business and if he is taken out and shot some fine morning before breakfast it will be rough on him. But it will make a stunning item for the papers and will be a warning to the company. He will probably sing "Let me like a soldier fall," in the first act, and then wrap the American flag around him and die like a brave militiaman. It is not all of life to live nor all of death to die, nor yet is it all of the duty of a soldier to shine in dress parade and to accumulate wealth as a theatrical manager. When duty calls he must obey or be courtmartialed and take his chances.

VERMIN THAT NEED KILLING.

The attention of the Rod and Gun club and all sportsmen, is called to the fact that there are a number of persons in this city who are already at work netting trout. Of course they are disreputable fellows, who have no idea of honor or of honest labor. They belong to the degraded tribe of Muquereaux. One of them was seen going through the woods to a creek yesterday with a net trap and another was seen coming down B street with a string of larks and robins he had shot. The English language fails to furnish words adapted to express the detestation all decent men feel for these miserable scalawags, who are a disgrace to civilization. If tolerated in their vile manner of living off the wages of the vile women who support them, they should be taught to respect the game law at least, and it is to be hoped that some one will keep an eye on them and see that they are punished for violating it.

NEW BOOKS.

The following new books have been received and added to the library during the week:

Women of the Day. A Biographical Dictionary of Notable Contemporaries, by Francis Hays.

The Book-Lover. A Guide to the Best Reading, by James Baldwin.

Oriental Religions and their Relation to Universal Religion, by Samuel Johnson, with an introduction by O. B. Frothingham. Persia.

Memorials of Millbank and Chapters in Prison History, by Arthur Griffiths. Illustrated.

American Statesmen. Edited by John T. Morse, Jr. John Marshall, by Allan B. Magruder.

Annals of the Stage from Thomas Betterton to Edmund Kean, by Dr. Doran, F. S. A., with a Memoir of Dr. Doran and an Introduction and Conclusion, by R. H. Stoddard; 2 vols.

The Destiny of Man, viewed in the light of his origin, by John Fiske.

My Lady Pokahontas, a true relation of Virginia by Anas Todkill, Puritan and Pilgrim, with notes by John Esten Cooke.

Flatland, a Romance of Dimensions by A Square, with illustrations by the author.

Tarantella, a Romance by Mathilde Blind.

Harriet Martineau, by Mrs. F. Fenwick Miller.

American Men of Letters; Ralph Waldo Emerson, by Oliver Wendell Holmes.

Mining Camps. A Study of American Frontier Life, by Charles Howard Shinn.

Montcalm and Wolfe, by Francis Parkman; 2 vols.

WILL CURRY WINS THE CLAY PIGEON MEDAL.

The shoot for the Dramond championship clay pigeon medal for the northwest came off at the City View park yesterday afternoon. About forty sportsmen were present, among them many of the crack shots of this state and some from California and Washington territory. Only fourteen persons entered for the shoot, among them being one Seattle man who has a fictitious name in the score. The badge was won by Wm. Curry, who made 18 points out of a possible 25. The shoot was at fifteen single pigeons and five doubles. Following is the score:

	On 15 singles.	5 doubles.	Total.
W. L. Chapman	7	6	13
W. P. Berger	9	3	12
Will. Curry	13	5	18
H. F. Spencer	10	6	16
G. A. Stewart	7	6	13
Geo. J. Curry	3	2	5
H. G. Hudson	5	6	11
W. M. Clare	6	3	9
F. H. Maynard	7	5	12
E. J. Stewart	7	6	13
D. Monnastes	9	3	12
Dan. Howe	2	4	6

The shooting all round seems to have been hardly up to the average, but most of the shooters are more used to glass balls than clay pigeons. Mr. Curry is now owner of the badge, but any one wishing to put up $100 against it can have the privilege of shooting with him for both coin and badge. Uncle Davy Monnastes after the match was over formally challenged Mr. Curry to shoot a match at glass balls in April for the badge, but it is understood that all such matches must be at clay pigeons, so it is not likely that the shoot will take place.

"THAT TERRIBLE TELEGRAM."

The Langrishe company achieved another success last evening in the production of "That Terrible Telegram." A more laughable comedy has been seldom witnessed, and there is no wonder at its great popularity in all the cities where it has been presented. The confusion caused by the interchange of two dispatches—the confounding of a baby with a dog, and the embarrassing situations in which the characters are placed in consequence thereof has laid the foundation for the skilled playwright to create a comedy overflowing with fun, and one that has not been excelled for many a day. The piece is admirably acted throughout. Langrishe as Nicholas Nervy kept the audience convulsed with laughter. Mrs. Langrishe as the gushing old maid, Arabella Bloomer, was equally effective. Miss Lizzie Lingham looked charming as Fanny Dashwood, and acted to perfection the modern lady of fashion with a craze to be followed by a pug dog. Miss Katie Dalgleish, as the English waiting maid, appeared to great advantage, and C. M. Gray gave a correct portraiture of the cockney butler, picking up everything but his h's, which he dropped as regularly as though he were to the "manor born." J. H. Richmond had an exacting part in Douglas Dashwood and enacted it to the life. Mr. T. D. Howard did a nice piece of eccentric acting as Dr. Galen Green, and created much amusement by the "power of the eye." The officer in plain clothes was a good caricature on the modern policeman, and was nicely played by Herbert O'Neil. Altogether a more amusing comedy is not often seen here, and the final piece of "Actual Facts" sent the very large audience home fairly convulsed with laughter. Every one should see the "Telegram." It is the modern craze east, and will cause equally as much amusement in Portland. Arrangements have been made with the street car company to have cars in readiness to convey passengers at the close of each performance, commencing this Sunday evening.

AGAINST INDIANS.

Citizens of Sitka Object to Location of Aborigines within the Town Limits.

At a meeting of citizens of Sitka, Alaska, held late last month, the following preamble and resolutions were adopted:

Whereas, Information has been made known to the citizens of Sitka, Alaska, that it is the intention of Rev. Dr. Jackson and other persons, unknown, to occupy, build houses and settle within the limits of the town of Sitka, persons, or families who are not of desirable residents and cannot become recognized citizens or tax payers, and are known as Indians, as the laws now stand both under the statutes of the United States and the organic act; therefore, be it

Resolved, That we, the citizens of Sitka, Alaska, in public meeting assembled, do hereby solemnly protest against any such occupancy of our town site or vacant lots of land belonging thereto, or within the original limits thereof.

Resolved, That copies of the action and resolutions of this meeting as passed be forwarded to and placed in the hands of the honorable secretary of the interior, honorable commissioners created by section 12 of the organic act, and the Hon. E. W. Haskett, United States attorney for the district of Alaska.

Resolved, That the honorable attorney of the district be requested to furnish us if possible immediate relief from the pending disaster, as related above, if possible, while we await the action of the authorities at Washington, D. C.

Resolved, That a committee of three citizens be appointed to see that the subject of obstructing the city streets and public highways, and general trespass thereon, be properly presented to the grand jury at the May term of the United States district court for Alaska; and, be it further

Resolved, That whereas the occupancy and claims of the society which holds under the said Rev. Dr. Jackson is not, as is contemplated by the law set forth in section 8, paragraph five 5, of the organic act, which reads as follows, viz.: "And provided, also, that the land not exceeding six hundred and forty acres, at any station now occupied as missionary stations among the tribes in said section, with the improvements thereon erected by or for such societies, shall be continued in the occupancy of the several religious societies to which said missionary stations respectfully belong until action by congress."

We therefore particularly call the attention of the honorable secretary and the other officers to whom these resolutions are to be presented that instead of their "station having been established among the Indians of this section, they have occupied the town site of Sitka." Therefore do we file this and also protest against their bringing the Indians among us and occupying the only remaining desirable portion of our town site.

THEO. HALTERN,
A. SEPEGEN,
W. SHARGEN.

Messrs. Dunbar & Price having made arrangements for introducing Bonfant's Circassian Hair Curling and Oriental Balms. As these articles are pronounced a very superior toilet article by our eastern ladies, our ladies will do well to give it a trial when the agents of the above gentlemen give them a call.

Carriages and Buggies

Repainted, retrimmed and thoroughly overhauled in every respect. Work guaranteed superior to any done on this coast. North Pacific Manufacturing Co., 2d and T. Telephone No. 220.

Boston Baked Beans and Brown Bread, Buckwheat Cakes and Country Sausage at the Quaker Dairy to-day.

Green turtle soup and steak at Fred Erust's, Casino Restaurant, Friday, Saturday and Sunday.

Carpets at cost. G. SHINDLER & Co.

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL.

A Record of Society Events of All Sorts During the Past Week.

The Weddings, Parties, and Personal Movements of City and Suburban People.

PORTLAND.

H. S. Snover of Goldendale, is in the city.

Mrs. Dr. Hunt visited Salem during the week.

Mrs. Wilkinson of Salem, is visiting friends in the city.

Miss R. Chamberlain of Vancouver was in the city yesterday.

Miss Bertha Moore has returned to her home in Oregon City.

Miss Ella Wilson left Thursday for an extended eastern trip.

Mrs. U. B. Scott of Cathlamet was in the city during the week.

Miss Rowena Parker of Oneatta is visiting friends in this city.

A. B. Gleason of Hubbard was in the city on business Thursday.

Miss MacIntosh of Forest Grove is visiting friends in this city.

Miss Lilian Shively is visiting friends at St. Paul, Marion county.

James Laidlaw left on the Columbia for a short visit in 'Frisco.

Harry McCartney of Spokane Falls was in the city during the week.

Mrs. C. Vanline is visiting her sister, Mrs. E. D. Wagner, at Salem.

Judge J. R. Lewis and wife, of Seattle, are visiting the metropolis.

Miss Lade Yeaton returned from her visit to Salem during the week.

John Craig was registered at the Gilsey house, in New York, last week.

Mrs. F. P. Mays of The Dalles visited the city a few days during the week.

H. C. Beckman and wife, of Pendleton, gave the metropolis a visit last week.

Mrs. J. C. Flood and Miss Hermina Chapman are visiting friends in Salem.

F. E. Smith passed a few days in Tacoma during the week visiting friends.

A. M. Peterson and wife of Kalama visited the city the fore part of the week.

T. J. Luper and Elizabeth Hilton of Albany, were married in this city, February 16.

Robert Newcomb and wife are in San Diego, California, spending the winter months.

Mrs. R. T. Lockwood and son of LaCenter were visiting friends in the city Monday.

Miss Eda Durkee of Portland was married to A. D. Cridge of Salem Thursday morning.

Miss Nellie Hawley of Salem, is in the city on her way to San Francisco for a brief visit.

The monthly social of the Caledonian club Friday evening was a very enjoyable affair.

Mrs. F. T. Dix and family of LaGrande are visiting Portland and the Willamette valley.

Misses McNamee, of Scappoose, came up to the city a few days and returned Thursday.

A. McKinnie left Monday last for a three weeks trip to Chicago and Wisconsin cities.

John Hobson and C. J. Trenchard of Astoria, passed through the city Friday from Salem.

Seymour Condon, formerly state librarian, will make Portland his home hereafter, it is said.

A. Koltner and wife leave for Washington to-day to be present at Cleveland's inauguration.

Company G, Oregon state militia, gave another party to their lady friends Friday evening.

Mrs. Tobriner and family and Miss Rosa Harris of San Francisco are visiting relatives in this city.

Mrs. James C. Van Rensellaer returned Friday from an extended visit in New York and the east.

F. Y. Rolston and bride of Walla Walla county, are enjoying their honeymoon in the Willamette valley.

George J. Ainsworth and family arrived from Oakland on the steamer last evening, to remain some time.

J. A. Strobridge and Thomas Guinean returned on Friday's steamer from a brief business trip to San Francisco.

Jerry Luxish of East Portland and Miss Clara Bradshaw were married Thursday evening in the latter city.

E. W. Whipple, of the firm of Whipple Bros., of Cottage Grove, was in the city a few days during the week.

Mr. Will Wright, of Watson, Wright & Co., is at present visiting Puget sound looking after his Tacoma property.

Robert E. Pittock, of this city, who is attending school in Lawrenceville, N. J., will come home about July 1st.

Mr. John W. Watson and brother, T. Jesse Watson, left on Thursday's steamer for a few weeks visit in California.

Miss Emma Naucke will leave Monday for Willapah, on Shoalwater bay, where she has been engaged to teach school.

One of the best arranged programmes ever given at a Taylor-street M. E. social was given in that church last Wednesday evening.

Thomas B. Merry left Tuesday for a trip to the far east and will remain about six weeks visiting his old home and scenes of early days.

A pleasing surprise party was given Miss Lulu Fateman last Wednesday evening, the occasion being that young lady's sixteenth birthday.

Mrs. Kate Sprenger leaves to-day by the Northern Pacific on a visit to relatives in Chicago and Canada, returning in May via New Orleans.

Mrs. Frank Dekum left for San Francisco on the last trip of the Queen, to attend her son, Ivan Hammason, who is lying dangerously ill.

E. M. M. Bogardus, formerly of the OREGONIAN composing room, is now city editor of the new morning paper in San Jose, California, the *Republic*.

The twenty-fourth annual ball of the Washington guard will be given at their armory, corner Second and D streets, on Monday evening, February 23.

Mrs. Alexander, wife of Colonel Alexander of this city, left by the steamer Oregon Thursday night for San Francisco, her former home, to pay a visit to her friends.

The many friends of Ivan Hammason, who recently left the city to attend school in California will be pained to learn that he is dangerously sick with pneumonia; his recovery being doubtful.

The entertainment held at the Unitarian Church, Friday night, passed off in a pleasant manner. The exercises and handsome tableaux were very interesting and novel, being the feature of the evening.

The ladies of the First Congregational church will hold a social at the church parlors Tuesday evening, February 24. In addition to the social features of the entertainment there will be music and other attractions.

The wedding of Mr. C. E. Fields of Mount Tabor, to Miss Allie Rumbaugh of Albany, took place on Wednesday last at the above named city. The couple came in on the afternoon train Thursday, and repaired to their future home at Mount Tabor.

At a meeting of the June graduates of the High school, held during the week, an election of officers for the ensuing term resulted in the following: President, Ed. P. Northrup; vice president, Miss Susie Stephens; secretary, Geo. M. Hoyt; treasurer, Walter Dodd.

Opera parties have become very common among the lovers of music in this city, as may be seen nightly at the Casino, where often the company consists of ten or twelve ladies and gentlemen, and as a majority of the ladies are fascinated with Miss Winston, the gentlemen have no trouble in arranging the party. One of the above was tendered a young lady friend Wednesday evening prior to her departure from the city. Several parties also attended Saturday evening.

The teachers and friends of the Chinese school connected with the United Brethren church were tendered a grand New Year's concert by the scholars at the school on Second, near Jefferson street, last Tuesday evening. A large number of Chinese were on the programme, which consisted of solos, declamations, readings, dialogues, etc. The room was neatly decorated with New Year's cards and evergreens. At the close of the programme ice cream and cake were passed around to the visitors.

The Martha Washington tea party, at the Hall street M. E. church, Friday evening, was attended by over 300 people. The net proceeds were $110. The monthly entertainments by this society are among the very best furnished in our city. One very marked feature of these socials is the old-fashioned heartiness in the line of sociability. Strangers are especially sought out and made to feel at home. Over one hundred young men and women were present at this party. The programme was excellent and well rendered, and the refreshments all that could be desired.

A Sunday school concert was given at the M. E. church at Dayton, Oregon, on Friday evening, which proved a grand success. The following is a synopsis of the programme: A well rendered quartette entitled "Welcome Tonight," by Mrs. Hewitt, Mrs. Humphrey, Messrs. Powell and Hewitt; instrumental duet, Misses Frankie Powell and Dolly Jones; vocal solo, Miss Lucy Armstrong; vocal duet, Mrs. Humphrey and W. S. Powell; instrumental solo, Miss Dolly Jones; song, Mrs. Shipley. Miss Frankie Powell, R. L. Harris and Will Young; reading, Mrs. Mary Fletcher; vocal solo, Mrs. Jasper Hewitt; vocal duet, Mrs. J. B. Riley and Miss Lucy Armstrong; harmonica duet, Willie Riley and Clarence Carey; vocal solo, Mrs. J. J. Shipley, accompanied by the cornet by Charles Powell, which was rendered in good style, as was all the above.

The ladies of the Unitarian church Friday evening gave a very enjoyable paper social. On a throne, surrounded by wreaths of paper flowers, was seated Miss Maggie Burrell, who dispensed paper button hole bouquets while young ladies passed around the hall selling flowers. The following musical programme was well rendered: Instrumental duet, Misses Batts and Hersey; song, Mr. Fred Gifford; piano solo, Miss May Cooke; vocal duet, Misses Mindt and Morgan; duet for oboe and piano, Mr. and Mrs. Miller; piano solo, Miss Hersey; soprano solo, Miss Freeman. After which a lunch was served by tastefully dressed young ladies.

Miss Emma Cohn, daughter of Mr. S. Cohn of San Francisco and Mr. Leon J. Hartman, of the firm of B. Hartman & Co. of Portland, were united in marriage last Thursday evening at the residence of the bride's parents, 1415 Geary street, San Francisco. The ceremony was performed at 8 o'clock by Dr. Cohn, in the presence of about fifty friends and relatives of the contracting parties. The couple stood beneath a beautiful marriage bell, which was suspended in the bow window. After the ceremony, dancing was inaugurated, and a fine supper was served. Mr. and Mrs. Hartman took the next steamer for this city and are now at home.

HIGH SCHOOL ALUMNI.

The regular February reception given by the the high school alumni to the graduates was tendered them Monday night at the Masonic hall. The programme given below was very interesting throughout, commencing at 8 o'clock and lasting one hour. It was as follows: Selection by the orchestra. A brief address of welcome to the class by the president of the association, Curtis R. Holcomb, which was well worded and received. This was followed by a vocal solo by Miss Emma Plummer entitled, "Who will Buy my Flowers?" This young lady has a very sweet soprano voice, and, as on former occasions, its merits was proven, as to its clearness and brilliancy by an encore. Then followed a humorous reading by Miss A. R. Lease, which was loudly applauded by the audience. Miss Blanch Hersey, the accompanist for the evening, next entertained the young people with a well rendered piano solo, which showed skill and precision. Miss May Prentice then delighted the audience with one of her charming songs entitled "Gaily Sings the Summer Birds." Her full, well trained voice gave general satisfaction. The literary entertainment then closed with another production by the orchestra, under the leadership of Prof. Navoni, after which, the floor being cleared, dancing was indulged until a late hour. About 11:30 ice cream and cake were served, after which the "German" was danced, and a neat favor was presented to a present as a remembrance. The committee on music, refreshments and literary programme deserve great credit for their work, the fact being recognized by all present. The graduates of the high school by the devoting energy, time and perseverance to these reunions, have maintained them in a very agreeable manner, and the events are anxiously looked forward to by many of the future graduates and those interested in their behalf. Considerable objection was felt to the plan adopted by the young ladies in issuing their invitation to outsiders, and it is hoped that this will be remedied in the future, and these pleasant gatherings be actually high school reunions.

Among those present were: Mrs. Arthur Anthony, Mrs. J. D. Hart, Ella D. Harkins, Emma Hilderbrand, Mrs. Maxwell, Hester M. Plummer, Annie M. Legg, Bertha Kahn, Gertrude Kahn, Jennie Jepeuring, Lizzie M. Gibbs, Blanch Kahn, Mary Reynolds, Susan F. Vetter, Hannah M. Conell, Blanch Hampton, Ella McBride, Maggie Hall, Elvire Frenier, Tina McMahon, Minnie Dixon, Ella M. Shipley, Nellie F. Walker, Mary E. Jenne, Daisy Holman, Mary Smith, Eda Durkee, Bertha Moore, Annie Knox, Mary Peterson, Leona Guild, Julia Cowpertwait, Annie Pilton, Miss A. R. Lease, Emma Plummer, Blanch Hersey, May Prentice, Bessie Thompson and Miss Burnham; and Messrs. Fred Williams, J. B. Simmons, Paul Van Fridagh, Wm. Lee, Chas. Monell, Dave Dunbar, James Dunbar, Art. Anthony, Geo. Abell, Simon Selling, O. McFall, E. Goodnough, Chas. Gilbert, Wm. Page, Al. Strobridge, Geo. Lawrence, Geo. W. Hoyt, E. O. Northrup, Fred Jacobs, Ben Jones, Chas. Hoyt, Fred Lownsdale, Chas. Lownsdale, J. D. Hart, F. Hart, J. Wallace, Bob Davis, Tom Davis, Boad Shindler, Dade Shindler, O. F. Paxton, Han. Brooke, Geo. F. Holman, Willis S. Duniway, Geo. M. Hoyt, Curtis R. Holcomb, Harry W. Hogue, Fred Watkins, Samuel Connell, Geo Collins, Frank Drake, Herbert Cardwell, Geo Collins, Nathan Simon, Charles Kahn, Grant Marquam, Ralph W. Hoyt, Wm. G. Jenne, Alvan S. Young, F. B. Basourd, W. Hosea Wood, D. D. Williams, C. Edgar Dunn, B. R. Lindsley, Alfred Jacobs, G. H. Strowbridge, Clyde Dunniway, D. Mackey, C. Strauss, H. McGowan, Capt. Farrar, A. L. Warner, G. F. Russell, C. H. Clark, H. T. Willert, J. Dunlap, Chas. Swaggart, and E. K. Warren, T. P. Crawford, Giffin, L. Henderson, R. C. Warner, F. Tate, R. Newton, D. Hutchins, E. Averill, Victor Kahn, Chas. Roe, Mr. White, Mr. Graham, Mr. Tibbetts, Sergen and others.

THE SLATER—FURNISH WEDDING.

Monday evening the Episcopal church was well filled to witness the marriage of Robert J. Slater, oldest son of Senator James H. Slater, and Miss Maggie Furnish. At 7 the bridal party entered the church, marching up the aisle in the following order: Mr. Charles Wilkins and Miss Jessie Starkweather first, then the bride on the arm of her brother, Mr. William Furnish, then the groom and the bride's mother. Then the beautiful and impressive marriage ceremony was read. After the ceremonies at the church all were invited to a reception at the house of the bride's mother, where a bounteous feast was spread. After supper all went directly to Liberty hall and participated in the calico ball in progress there. The bride was the recipient of many handsome and useful presents. The bridal party left on the morning train for a visit to the home of the groom's parents in La Grande. They will return shortly and make Pendleton their home.—Pendleton East Oregonian.

A MARDI-GRAS PARTY.

Mrs. F. W. Kingsbury, Mrs. T. J. Lewis and Miss Whelan entertained friends of the town and garrison, in the hop-room of the post at Fort Walla Walla, Tuesday evening. Participants were in dominoes, appropriate to the evening of mardi-gras. These disguises were of various patterns, contributing, with a display of elaborate dressing, to a novel and brilliant scene. The hall, which is admirably adapted to parties, is handsomely decorated with bunting and arrangements of swords and guns. The full cavalry band was in attendance. Eight dancing events preceded and eight followed the serving of refreshments.

The company consisted of R. R. and Mrs. Rees, Mrs. B. L. Sharpstein, J. L. and Mrs. Sharpstein, H. L. and Mrs. Chapman, H. L. and Mrs. Rees, A. R. and Mrs. Burford, J. F. and Anna Boyer, A. T. and Mrs. Legrow, Dr. and Mrs. J. E. Bingham, L. and Mrs. Goodman, Mrs. S. C. Wingard, Mrs. H. P. Isaacs, F. W. and Mrs. Paine, H. E. and Mrs. Holmes, Misses Bessie, Grace and Hattie Isaacs, Ida Stone, Kittie Caulking, Minnie Miller and Emma Rees. Messrs. Jer. J. Doheny, Jose Jorgenson and C. B. Upton, Colonel John F. Hatch, wife and daughter, Surgeon Edward Everts and wife, Captain and Miss Whelan, Miss Kittridge, Lieutenant T. G. and Mrs. Lewis, Lieutenant C. S. and Mrs. Roe, Lieutenant F. W. and Mrs. Kingsbury, Major D. R. Larned, Captain E. L. Huggins, Lieutenants F. D. Rucker, F. D. Holton and H. B. Bryan.

THE INAUGURATION BALL.

The beautiful engraved tickets and invitations for the inauguration ball, are now ready, and the sale of them will be begun on Monday. The large card of invitation, bearing the portraits of the candidates, is valuable as a souvenir, and as the real ball ticket has to be given up at the door, the invitation is all that remains to one. The price of a ticket is $5, and each individual has to have his or her own ticket in order to enter. Washington ladies, who know the perils of a great crowd and a public ball of this kind, never lay much stress upon the matter of toilet for such an occasion, wearing generally only evening dress, that they care least about ruining. The gorgeous costuming is left, therefore, to the strangers, and we hear wonderful stories here of the gowns that have been ordered in other cities to be ready for the inauguration ball. While every one will be expected to appear in full evening dress, many visitors who come here only for the day wear the plain dark silk dresses that they have worn in the street, and the managers of it urge them to lay aside their hats or bonnets, they accord very well with the others in the general view of the crowd. A floor over which 10,000 people have once walked is not the place that any woman wants to draw a delicate satin train over for the first time, and it will only be the most loyal party followers who will sacrifice a new and costly evening dress at the Mardi hall.

THE MILLER BALL IN WASHINGTON.

The Queen Anne house of Senator J. F. Miller of California, in Washington, D. C., was crowded last Tuesday night with a gay and motley throng. There was a band in the lower corridor, and the staircase was bright with maidens costumed in poetic and grotesque attire. Mrs. Miller received the maskers down stairs in a court dress of white moire and lace, and Senator Miller watched their flight to the top floor, [illegible] Equal [illegible] the [illegible] costume a [illegible] with a [illegible]. Miss Collins was that of ancient Greece, a white cashmere drapery flowing from the shoulders, and trimmed with gold lace. Her hair was braided with gold.

Among the maskers were Miss Sherrill, representing the hornet; Miss Lowe, a gypsy; Mrs. Dolph, a Spanish lady; Miss Bayard, a lady of the Directoire; Miss Van Auken, a German princess; Miss C. Van Auken, Lady Psyche in Tennyson's "Princess;" Mrs. John Bigelow, Associated Press; Miss May McCulloch, the tourist; Daisy Ricketts, queen of trumps; Miss May Sturgis, Turkish dress; Miss Churchill, butterfly; Miss Carter, Dolly Varden; Mrs. Dunbar Price, lady of the court of Louis XIV; Miss Rockwell, rainbow; Miss Waite, apple woman; Mrs. Olmstead, Marguerite; Miss Coffey, fishermaid; Miss Heath, frost; Miss Worden, Dutch bride; Miss Jordan, Dresden china; Miss Bowles, Mascot; Miss Morgan, Japanese; Mrs. Gerard, spring.

Among the guests present were President Arthur, Secretaries Frelinghuysen, Lincoln, Teller and McCulloch; Senators Pendleton, Bayard, Miller, Jones, Dolph, the Misses Pendleton, Blaine, Mr. Walker Blaine, Miss West, Miss McElroy, Mrs. Rachel Sherman, Mrs. Don Cameron, the Misses McKeever, Mrs. John Davis, Miss Curtin, Miss Frelinghuysen, Miss Butler, Miss Parsons, General and Mrs. Sheridan, Mme. De Struve (wife of the Russian minister), Mrs. Dominguez, Miss Coffee, Miss Platt, Miss Royal, Countess d'Arcbolt, Miss Clark (niece of General Sturgis), Mrs. Logan, Mrs. Tucker, General and Mrs. Rockwell, Miss Stoughton, the Japanese minister, Miss Yulee, Miss Emily, Mr. and Mrs. Horace Helyar, the British minister, Miss Parsons, Miss Nordhoff, Miss Howell, Miss Richardson, Miss Wallach, Mrs. Judge Dandy, Miss Wadsworth, Miss Porter, Miss Stack, Miss Berry, Miss Curtis, Mr. William Dorsheimer, Mr. B. Van Auken, Mr. Alan Johnson, Mr. Gregor, Mr. Chew, Mr. Howell, Mr. John Bigelow.

VANCOUVER.

Our correspondent sends the following: Last night our music hall was crowded with the guests of the ladies of the Methodist church, on the occasion of their continental tea party. The programme was varied, there being vocal and instrumental music, tableaux, pantomimes and recitations, followed by refreshments. Everything was after the fashion of the olden time, and the effect was very fine. The pantomime, "Life in a Continental Kitchen," was an interesting feature, and won the approbation of all. Then the "Flag Drill," by ten young ladies in white dresses, with trimmings exhibiting our national colors, was gone through with in such graceful style, and the song "Red, White and Blue" was rendered with such effect that everybody was charmed. After the exercises, tables covered with tempting viands were set out, and the ladies and gentlemen mingled in social conversation while enjoying the refreshments.

The two entertainments under the auspices of the ladies of the Episcopal church came off on the 16th and 17th insts., and were well patronized. On the first evening a series of exceptionally fine tableaux were given, and also the laughable farce, "Turn Him Out," in which Captain Gray of the Earline, Lieut. G. T. T. Patterson, U. S. A., Captain C. A. Woodruff, U. S. A., Miss Crary and Miss West, took parts very creditably. The "Fan Drill," by ten beautiful young ladies in showy costumes appeared to be the feature of the evening, and was really charming. On the second evening a number of new tableaux were introduced, amongst them "Le Sculptor's Dream," in which Mr. Joe Batchelder appeared as a young art student and Miss West as the realization of an artist's dream. The first disclosure shows a block of marble ready for the chisel, and the artist in a reclining position, evidently having fallen asleep while contemplating a design. At the second disclosure, in place of the unformed marble the statue of a fair girl appears tendering a wreath of laurel to the sculptor, who starts forward at what appears to be the realization of his dream. The whole effect was strikingly beautiful. The farce "Betsey Baker" was produced, with Lieutenants Russel and Allison and Mrs. Gray and Miss Stoughton in the cast, and kept the audience in a roar.

The participants in these two entertainments deserve great credit. Everything was in strict good taste and of elegant design, and the array of beauty could hardly be equalled anywhere. I am certain the ladies will need a large hall when they appear again.

LITTLE FOLKS' ENTERTAINMENT.

The entertainment given by the two societies of little folks at the United Presbyterian chapel last Tuesday evening was a fine affair. They surpassed all expectation in clever acting and distinct speaking. The salutatory by Master Gilbert Inglish, spoken in a bright, strong, offhand way, seemed to give the key-note to all the performances. The interrupted recitation by Fred Bishop and May Busing was heartily encored. "The Sad Parting," by Arthur Johnston, and "Old Ironsides," by little Harry Burrows, pleased the audience exceedingly. "Chatter Box," by a little 4-year-old—Ella Wills—was heard all over the house, and was a most comic affair. Esther Hodge's "No!" was emphatic enough for anybody. "The Broadway Belle," by Lulu Bronson, was the most clever piece of acting of the evening and made a sensation. "Old Father Time and his twelve daughters," in costume, by Oscar Busing and twelve little girls, was a very pretty piece and finely rendered. The "Three Little Toadstools," by Grace Streeter, Daisy Lirsett and Mabel Johnson was really beautiful. The "Pantomime of the Sleepy Congregation" was a most laughable affair. The tableaux were, "Bees at Work," "Sixteenth Amendment," "Love, Mercy and Revenge," and "Joan of Arc." While all of these were beautiful, it must be said that the last of these, with Miss Nellie Higgins as Joan of Arc, made a most striking and impressive scene. The last piece was an exhibit of statuary that brought down the house in merry laughter. Notwithstanding the drenching rain a good audience greeted the little performers.

OLYMPIA.

On Monday evening a lecture on "The Sun" was delivered by Prof. Plummer for the benefit of the Agassiz society.

On Thursday evening Capital lodge, K. of P., celebrated the anniversary of the order by holding a reception in Good Templar hall. It was a fine affair.

Great preparations are being made in the way of rehearsals for the rendition of "Trial by Jury," and under the direction of Mrs. S. M. F. Jones it promises to be quite a success.

A valentine sociable took place on Saturday evening under the auspices of the M. E. church, and was very largely attended. Handsome booths were erected in the hall, from which the young ladies dispensed valentines of all descriptions, also candies and refreshments. The candy table was under the supervision of the Misses Estep and McCausland; the dealers in valentines were the Misses Allen, Crawford and Bigelow, while the postoffice was ably superintended by Miss Mina Lonsdale, who succeeded in distributing over two hundred of the tender billet doux. The amount cleared during the evening must have been considerable, and a very pleasant evening was the general result.

On Friday evening (Valentine's eve) the long expected masquerade carnival was held in Columbia hall, and although the weather was very unpleasant, yet a large number of masqueraders and lookers-on were present. The costumes were excellent, and in some cases considerable expense must have been incurred. The character which seemed to be the best sustained during the entire evening, was one in which Mr. Spencer personated a negro on horseback, and both horse and horseman caused fun whenever they appeared. A committee, however, was appointed to decide upon the best sustained characters, and strange to say, the prizes were awarded to Mrs. Butler and her daughter, both of whom had excellent costumes. The prize valentine was awarded to Mrs. D. M. Brown. The masquerade, including the music furnished by a band of often pieces, was quite a success, and the O'S nty club profited thereby.

SALEM.

Mrs. A. Leonard of Seattle is the guest of Mrs. J. Leichtinger.

Conrad Krightium and Miss Annie Patterson were married Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. W. Jarvis of Waldo Hills celebrated their tenth wedding anniversary several days ago.

George E. Jackson, assistant warden of the penitentiary, and Mrs. Abbie L. Foster were married Wednesday.

WALLA WALLA.

Miss May Page is visiting friends in the city once more.

An old-fashioned concert and supper was given at the Baptist church last evening.

There were eighty couples at the merrymakers valentine party Saturday night last. Mrs Hegsbloom and Mr. Fred. Reed carried off the handsome valentines offered for the best lady and gentleman skaters, while a similar prize for the best waltzers was awarded to Mr. Ed. Covalt and Mrs. Frank Wegstien.

THE DOLPH TEA PARTY.

Mrs. J. N. Dolph's tea party at Washington last Friday night was the largest of the season. Over 600 invitations were sent, and the party brought 500 of her friends out through the heavy snow storm to her house, and the parlors and rooms were filled with the crowd of guests from 5 o'clock until 7. Senator Dolph came early from the capitol to be with the company, and Mrs. Dolph was assisted in receiving by her niece, Miss Odeneal, by her guest, Mrs. Deady of Portland, by the wife and daughter of Justice Miller, by the daughter of Justice Woods, Miss Murray and Mrs. Upton. Mrs. Dolph's toilet of white satin and brocade was [illegible] with [illegible] lace, [illegible] ornaments were large diamonds. She carried a hand bouquet of Jacqueminot roses. Miss Odeneal wore white nun's veiling and lace; Mrs. Deady, fawn-colored satin with duchess lace trimmings; Mrs. Miller, bronze satin with gold trimmings; Miss Miller, ecru satin with front of lace and gold brocade; Miss Woods, white cashmere and velvet; Miss Murphy, pale blue silk and ecru embroidery; Mrs. Upton, white silk and lace. Punch and light refreshments were served in the library and an elaborate collation in the dining-room below.

Among those present were: Justice Harlan, Justice and Mrs. Field, Mr. Frank Hatton, Mrs. Teller, Mr. John A. Logan, Jr., and Mrs. Tucker, Senator Fair, Senator and Mrs. Sabin, Governor and Mrs. Squires, Mrs. Warren Miller, Miss Churchill, Miss Root, Mrs. C. P. Farrell, the Misses Ingersoll, Mrs. Benjamin Harrison, Mrs. Kee, Mrs. Blair, Mrs. Bowen, Mrs. Seney, Mrs. Angus Cameron.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Mrs. Nettie Baker of Corvallis is visiting friends in Junction.

W. E. Skiff of Salem and Miss Carrie B. Sperry of Brownsville were married last Sunday evening at the latter place.

T. L. Epper and Miss Lizzie Harmon of Harrisburg were married at Albany on Thursday, and started at once for Pendleton, where they will live.

On Thursday of last week at the residence of Mrs. P. J. Wishard, mother of the bride, Rev. John Naugle performed the ceremony uniting Miss Florence Chatree and Mr. C. A. Shurte as man and wife. This is the first wedding that has taken place in Albina, but now the ice is broken, we hope to be able to chronicle several events of the same kind that seem to be "casting their shadows before."—*Enterprise.*

On Wednesday evening, at Seattle, Miss Abbie A. Collins and Joseph A. Baillargeon were married by the Rev. F. X. Prefontaine, assisted by the Rev. Father Emanuel Demanez and Father J. H. Kusters. Father Kusters and Miss Josie Macklin acted as attendants upon the bride and groom. Mr. and Mrs. Baillargeon left Thursday for Portland, where they will spend their honeymoon. Mr. Baillargeon is one of the most enterprising young merchants of Seattle.

On Monday afternoon, at the residence of Mr. Z. W. Garfield, two miles north of Napa, Miss Nettie B. Garfield was united in marriage to Mr. Henry M. Underwood. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Richard Wylie in the presence of a few of the intimate friends of the high contracting parties. The groom lives at Fort Spokane, Washington territory. The following persons were present at the wedding ceremony: Rev. Richard Wylie, Mr. and Mrs. Z. W. Garfield, Mrs. Lucy A. Garfield, Ramond S. Garfield, the Misses Alice, Bessie and Mary McClure, Miss Stella Gridley, Miss Louisa Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. P. F. Powers.

OUR SCHOOL CHILDREN.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE OREGONIAN:

The inclosed communication, evoked by my article published in THE SUNDAY OREGONIAN, clearly indicates the correctness of my views. There are scores of mothers and fathers, too, who feel as this mother does. Let them speak right out. I am sure THE OREGONIAN will give them an audience.

"PARENS."

"PARENS"—*Dear Sir:* I do not know who you are, but I wish there were many more like you, who would write to the same effect. I have three boys aged 19, 16 and 12, respectively, who have been completely ruined by the present system of public school education. For three years the eldest ones have refused to attend school, and the youngest is following their example. Their reasons are all the same, the difficult and numerous studies they are required to perfect themselves in within a given time. If they are not perfect they must remain after school hours. No mercy is shown to the young over-taxed brain, and no consideration is given in regard to the pupil's capacity. If they can pass an examination that is all they require. For years my children attended school regularly and a large amount was spent in useless books, and now they must face life with scarcely any knowledge of the commonest rules of education. THE OREGONIAN raises the question, "What shall we do with our boys?" and proposes reform stories. I think that question could be settled if a common school was opened where the pupils would not be taxed beyond their capabilities. One of my boys once spoke to me in exactly the same terms which you have used in the columns of the newspaper. Yours respectfully,

A MOTHER.

THE COURTS.

U. S. DISTRICT COURT, DEADY J.

SATURDAY, Feb. 21, 1885.

U. S. vs. Cal. Callahan.—Information filed for disposing of liquor to Indians; arraigned, plea of guilty; fined $10.

STATE CIRCUIT COURT—SHIPP, J.

Wm. Pinto et al vs. P. Bigelow et al.—Demurrer to complaint overruled.

W. J. Quinn vs. William Kane.—Verdict for plaintiff.

Gotlieb Greb vs. Adolph Wolf.—Defendant have judgment for costs and disbursements.

Joseph Gaston vs. E. G. Hughes—Plaintiff allowed until 25th of July to file reply.

Ah Wong vs. Tong Yuen—On trial.

G. R. Kistler vs. Anna Kistler—Decree of divorce.

John Louis—Excused for term as juror.

POLICE COURT—MORELAND, J.

C. A. Mcarvey—Obstructing streets; continued until Feb. 23.

Martin White—Drunk and disorderly; fined $10.

Martin Bruney—Same; same.

Fred C. Kneip—Disorderly conduct; fined $30.

Joe Jones—Vagrancy; dismissed.

Joe Jones—Carrying concealed weapon; fined $10.

James Ware—Roaming about after midnight; fined $10.

WISDOM'S PRESCRIPTION PHARMACY. — First and Stark streets.

Chairs at cost. G. SHINDLER & Co.

Everybody takes coffee at H. Greenes Jim Ton coffee house and oyster restaurant, 8 North First.

Lounges at cost. G. SHINDLER & Co.

Mr. Robert Morrow of Portland has been visiting friends at the garrison this week.

RED STAR
TRADE RED STAR MARK.
C C
Absolutely Free from Opiates, Emetics and Poisons.
A PROMPT, SAFE, SURE CURE
For Coughs, Sore Throat, Hoarseness, Influenza, Colds, Bronchitis, Croup, Whooping Cough, Asthma, Quinsy, Pains in Chest, and other affections of the Throat and Lungs.
Price 50 cents a bottle. Sold by Druggists and Dealers. *Parties unable to induce their dealer to promptly get it for them will receive two bottles, Express charges paid, by sending one dollar to*
THE CHARLES A. VOGELER COMPANY,
Sole Owners and Manufacturers,
Baltimore, Maryland, U. S. A.

Walking Eye.

All patrons of the great retail shops in the large cities have noticed these quiet yet imperative gentlemen who are never seen behind the counters, who sell no goods, who say little, but appear to see and hear everything that is going on. They are the floor-walkers. They are constantly on the watch for negligent clerks, dishonest customers, professional thieves; and they also direct people to the particular departments of which they are in search. The position of floor-walker calls for men who are patient, alert, cool-headed, courteous, and good judges of human nature as expressed in dress and manner.

Mr. F. Edward Cramer, of 559 Wabash Ave., is floor walker in a leading house in the Western Metropolis, and in a recent talk he said to the writer:

"Yes, my position involves no small degree of care and responsibility. To stand it a fellow ought to have good legs and good lungs. Until lately I had trouble with my lungs for nearly three years. Whenever I caught a fresh cold I suffered great pain. I was afraid it would been me all up before long. Several physicians whom I consulted said they could do nothing more than relieve me temporarily."

"That was rather a sad look-out for a man who had his bread and butter to earn. But you seem better now. What under the sun did you do?"

"I took the advice of a lady friend, and some months ago began the use of Benson's Capcine Plasters. I didn't take much stock in them at first, because I had tried other plasters, which didn't amount to anything. But, faith or no faith, Benson's plasters gave me quick relief, and I have no hesitation in saying that I owe to them my present ability to work."

"Still, it said there cannot be any material difference between such simple things as plasters."

"Yes, there is," replied Mr. Cramer, "as much difference as there is between cotton and silk. Benson's act more quickly than others. They soothe irritation, and heal all soreness where they are applied, and seem to penetrate to the hidden seat of the trouble. In short, all that I can say in their praise will not express the real value of Benson's plasters to those who suffer."

AT SEA.

Far on the gray sea glooms and glowers—
Far off the salt winds vaguely stray—
And through the long, monotonous hours
My thoughts go wandering on their way—

Go back to find that earlier time
When lingering by a bluer sea,
A poet wooed me with his rhyme,
And all the world was changed for me.

The winds to music strange were set—
The sunsets glowed with sudden flame,
And all the shining sands were wet
With waves that whispered as they came.

He told a tender, low-breathed tale
Of love that always should be young;
Dear love that should not change or fail—
Such love as love-lorn bards have sung.

The roses bloomed by that far sea,
And shivered at the sea-wind's breath—
A bird flew low, and sang to me—
"The end of love and life is death."

I took the pale rose where it grew—
I would not heed the warning bird—
Of all the world I only knew
How sweet the music I had heard;

So dear the love, how true the truth,
My poet uttered in his rhyme:
And how it gave me back my youth
In that deep-hearted summer time.

Then winter came—the pale rose died,
And to the south the wise bird flew;
And I—ah me, the world is wide—
And poets love while love is new.
—*Louise Chandler Moulton.*

THE LANDLORD-SHOOTERS

Robert Buchanan's Personal Experiences in Ireland

In the autumn of 1880 I rented a small furnished lodge, with a large stretch of somewhat barren "grouse-shooting" at Mulrany, County Mayo, a wild and lonely place flanked by gloomy mountains and looking southward on the island-studded waters of Clew Bay. It was by no means my first visit to Ireland, for I had resided during the greater part of several winters in the still more desolate region of Erris, on those lonely shores which look out on the stags of Broadhaven, but hitherto I had found everything peaceful enough and had learned to love and sympathize with a kindly and much-enduring tenantry. At Mulrany, however, it was different. Though the great outrages which startled the world had not yet begun trouble was in the air; men came and went with a threatening look of pre-occupation, and the very day of our arrival was signalized by one of those wild deeds which had already earned for the district an unenviable name.

For weeks past Mr. Smith, Lord Sligo's agent, had been warned that he would be "shot" whenever he ventured upon the gloomy road which winds between the mountains, from Ballycroy to Mulrany. What his precise offense was I was never able to learn, but for one reason or another he was a marked man. With a characteristic refinement of politeness, his secret enemies had notified him of his doom, had indicated the place, and conditionally the time of his assassination. Nothing, it will be confessed, could have been more considerate. Mr. Smith seems to have understood his danger perfectly, though he frequently made light of it; and for some time he was careful not to venture on the scene fixed for the murder. At last, however, he found it absolutely necessary to travel along that very road.

On the afternoon in question, Mr. Smith dined with the Rev. Mr. Ramsay, minister of Ballycroy. He lingered for some time over his wine, but finally, when the evening shades were falling, ordered his horse and car to be made ready and prepared to go.

"Why hurry away so early?" asked the hospitable minister, who knew nothing of the state of affairs. "It is going to be a fine night."

"Just so," replied the agent, smiling rather nervously; "but the fact is I have an appointment on the highway beyond Ballycroy."

"Indeed!—rather a lonely place for an appointment."

"The lonelier the better, since it is an appointment to be murdered!" returned Mr. Smith, producing from his pocket the last threatening letter, in which the place was so ingeniously specified. "On the whole, you will agree that I had better be going before the night had entirely fallen."

Rejecting all entreaties to remain till morning, and pass through the dangerous neighborhood in the full light of day, the courageous agent mounted his car and drove away. His only companion (with the exception of the driver, a grim, plucky fellow, famous for his narrow escapes when conducting "marked" passengers from place to place) was his own son, a youth between eighteen and nineteen years of age; Mr. Smith carried loaded pistols, young Smith was armed, curiously enough, with a small rifle, such as is used for shooting rooks.

They passed along rapidly in the shadow of the hills, through such a scene of desolation as is to be found only in Ireland, between gloomy reaches of bog and moorland, and often along the very edge of a great estuary of the sea. Here and there was a mud cabin, with troglodytes clustering at the door; but upon the lonely road itself they scarcely met a soul. Nothing happened till they passed Ballyveeny, a desolate and deserted lodge about midway between Ballycroy and Mulrany. Here the road winds right under the mountains. The scene was forbidding in the extreme, and it was already almost dark.

Nevertheless they were congratulating themselves on their safety, and smiling at the danger which they now thought they had exaggerated, when suddenly, as they passed over a small bridge, spanning a tiny rivulet, wild figures rose on the roadside, and the ambuscade was revealed!

Bang! bang! bang! went several guns; slugs and bullets whistled in the air. The horse started off at full gallop, with shots whizzing round its head. Strange to say, no person was a penny the worse! But young Smith, before the car had flown many yards, jumped from his seat, and with rifle in hand, stood ready to face the enemy, in the roadside.

By this time they were in full flight; all save one had disappeared; but that one, running up a small hillock twenty yards away, and gripping a two-barrelled gun, was preparing to turn and fire a parting shot. In a moment the boy covered him, and fired. The ruffian fell forward on his face, stone dead—shot through the heart.

Meantime the driver had reined up his horse, some hundreds of yards away. Young Smith ran on, joined his father, and explained what had occurred. Then they drove on rapidly to Mulrany, gave information to the police, and hastened on to Westport, twenty miles away.

The news soon spread far and wide. Before the police reached the spot some of us galloped over, headed by young Dr. Croly, from the Island of Achill. We found the dead man lying where he had fallen, with his gun under him, and his right forefinger crooked in the act to reach the trigger. One barrel was loaded with heavy slugs.

"Sure he's as dead as a door-nail," said Doctor Tom, turning the ghastly face up to the light. "It was a clean shot anyhow, bad luck to him!"

The dead man was a powerful, thick-set fellow, about forty years old, with a good forehead, long thick-set jaw, and small deep-sunken eyes. His dress was coarse, but not ragged, and on his great feet were heavy laced-up boots.

Presently a party of Irish constabulary arrived with a stretcher, and while they were placing the dead man upon it, we made a cursory examination of the spot where the would-have-been assassins had lain in ambush. It was a heathery nook, or hollow, close to the road, and lying in it, they must have been totally hidden from any passer-by. But from the marks and signs about, it appeared that they had been there for some time, perhaps for several nights. The grass and heather were beaten down where they had lain, fragments of loose paper were scattered here and there, and lying *perdu* among the grass was an empty whisky bottle.

"Sure, now," cried Doctor Tom, "isn't it a miracle how they missed the car? A sober man might have hit it with a stone, for they weren't a dozen yards away. But I'll go bail for it the spalpeens were roaring drunk. Devil a one of them could have hit a barn door!"

And indeed that seemed the only possible explanation of the agent's miraculous escape. The men, tired with waiting for their victim, had taken liberally to the bottle, and had possibly been startled, by the car's approach, from a semi-drunken sleep. They were obviously amateurs, exhibiting in their want of finish and awkwardness of method an inexperience unusual among accomplished landlord shooters.

That night, the first we spent in Mulrany lodge, was memorable to the ladies of our party. All night the population thronged upon the roads, "keening" and uttering threats of vengeance. Our door was barricaded, and our guns stood loaded, ready in case of emergencies. I fear the fair ones got little sleep.

Fortunately the dead man was a stranger in the district, whom no one knew; otherwise, the result might have been serious. After-inquiry revealed that he was a sort of 'ostler, hailing from a distant part of Mayo, and that he had received a good round sum to do the "job" which had ended so unfortunately for himself.

Next day I strolled round to the police barrack. The body was lying in the stone-paved back yard, the face turned up to the open sky and smeared with dark gore. All around, the place was like a slaughter-house. A post-mortem had been made by the local doctor (not our lively friend from Achill), who, for lack of proper instruments, had simply used a chisel. The blood, which, after the mortal wound, had extravased into the internal cavities, had spouted forth in a thick fountain when those cavities were opened. It was a hideous sight. Curious it was to note again the fore-finger of the right hand still crooked in the act to touch the trigger, and now fixed as hard as stone by rigor mortis.

At the inquest, which took place a little later at Ballycroy, a verdict was returned acquitting young Smith of intentional murder. He and his father were brought over under strong escorts of police, amid the execrations of the populace. It rained threatening letters. Besides the two Smiths every one of the jurymen received them. Some endeavor was made to trace the accomplices of the dead man, but without avail. One of the jurymen, a gentleman popular in the district, deposed at the first meeting that he recognized the gun found in the dead man's possession as a gun belonging to an inn-keeper in Ballycroy. Questioned and cross-questioned, he swore that he could not be mistaken. "I know the marks," he said, "and I've often had it in my hand." But at the second meeting, a few days later his memory entirely failed him. When the gun was placed before him he looked at it vacantly, and when asked if he recognized it, sadly shook his head. Taxed with with his former statement, he refused in any way to corroborate it. "Sure I must have been dreaming, or in drink," he said. Of course the explanation of the change was very simple. The gentleman had been informed that short work would certainly be made of him, if he persisted in having so good a memory.

Nothing more was ever known of the planners of this outrage. The excitement of the people gradually died away. Young Smith quietly left the country, for a time at least, and was careful not leave his address; and Mr. Smith, senior, betook himself to Dublin.

Meantime, we had become quite at home in Mulrany, and we soon realized that life and property apart from agrarian outrages, were quite as safe there as in any part of the world. Yet it was a "warm" district. A Scotch farmer had been shot dead there at broad noon one Sunday, when seated on his car, with his wife by his side. His wife remained on the farm, a formidable "wiccy" woman. If trespassers or cattle came upon her land she drove them off savagely, and, when the peasants remonstrated, she cried, "You killed my husband, you cowards! Kill me too, if you have the courage!" Curiously enough, they were very gentle with her, and respected her grief.

In my own fishing and shooting expeditions I became very familiar with the landlord shooters. One of them, whom I frequently employed as gillie, fisherman or boatman, was notorious in the district as the man who had been chosen to polish off Mr. Granite (as I shall call him), a rich Englishman who owned most of the land about Mulrany. O'Connor, my factotum, was a little, pale, pertinacious fellow of about thirty, good tempered, with a deal of native wit and drollery.

"Sure, now, your honor, I put it to yourself. What harm would there be to kill a tyrant?"

But when I went further and questioned him of the reasons which made him hate his own landlord, and mine, so much, he became transformed. With moist eyes and quivering lips, he told me such a tale of his own experience as almost converted me, for the moment, to his own avenging creed.

All this time the said Mr. Granite was going about under police protection. He himself went armed to the teeth, and a cockney servant of his, also primed like a mitrailleuse, generally attended him. O'Connor himself delighted in perceiving the especial terror with which the landlord regarded him whenever they happened to meet. On one occasion, when I was out seal-shooting with O'Connor and a stalwart Connaught man in attendance, we saw, passing along the shore some hundreds of yards away, a strange procession. First crawled a car with several armed policemen. Next came a high dog-cart with Mr. Granite driving, and the cockney servant, a pistol in each hand, seated at his side and craning his neck to search every corner of the road. Last came a couple more policemen with rifles, on foot.

At sight of the procession my two boatmen exploded with laughter.

"It's a mighty fine funeral," said O'Connor, "and Sam the footman looks in mourning for his master already. Sure now, your honor, you'd never like to be drawn about like that!"

"Try a shot at him, sor!" cried the other, grinning savagely and pointing to the rifle at my side.

"Excuse me," I replied, "I am shooting seals, not landlords!"

Here O'Connor, fairly trembling, but forcing a sickly smile, bent toward me eagerly. His face was quite white and bloodless, and his whole manner had undergone a transformation.

"Lend me the gun, your honor!" he exclaimed.

"Certainly not. What on earth do you want to do?"

"Just to fire one shot at him, for fun to myself! I wouldn't harm the omadhaun this turn but whistle a bullet close over his head. *Mona mondhaul*, now that would scare him!"

Seeing that I would be no party to such a joke (if he really meant it as a joke, which I very much doubt), O'Connor, still pale and trembling, with quivering nostrils, watched the procession till it faded out of sight. Then he began rowing wildly and crooning to himself some wild song in the Irish brogue, with a refrain in which his companion joined from time to time.

"What's that you're singing, O'Connor?" I asked, presently.

He leant upon his oar and looked at me with an ominous smile.

"Sure it's a song of old times, your honor, about a battle between an O'Connor and one that he had sworn to kill."

"You rascal," I cried, half laughing, "you're as bloodthirsty as a carrion crow."

"Bad luck to him that made me what I am!" he answered. "It's neither God nor man would save him if I had my fingers at his throat. But the dark nights are coming, thank the Lord!"

I knew both the phrase and the formula, and on the whole I was very thankful, at that moment, not to be wearing Mr. Granite's shoes.—[New York Tribune.

GEORGE ELIOT.

Robert Buchanan Tells of an Afternoon Visit to Her House.

A Discussion of Immortality—George Henry Lewes—A Family Pet's History.

Robert Buchanan thus tells the story of an afternoon's visit to George Eliot and husband, in the New York *Tribune*:

The priory, North bank, Regent's park, London, is a largish now uncommodious house enclosed in its own grounds of about an acre and a half, with trees and shrubs all round, a high front wall facing the street, to which it communicates through a massive doorway. The neighborhood is quiet, abounding in the cots of those soiled doves who haunt what have been christened (for North Bank is a portion of St. John's wood), the shady groves of the evangelist. An actor, Mr. Wilson Barrett, now inhabits the priory; he has enlarged and altered it to suit his needs, and made it æsthetically resplendent with dados, peacock-papers, and stained glass windows. But in the old days when I haunted it, it was the unpretentious abode of the most famous woman and the cleverest man in England. "George Eliot" dwelt there with her husband, George Henry Lewes; she, known far and wide as the bright genius whose fine creations in fiction began with "Adam Bede;" he, distinguished in many ways as a litterateur, a man of science, and a dilettante.

An afternoon at the priory, beginning with a modest lunch in the eastern chamber, half study, half drawing-room, and ending with a long chat and tea in the pretty drawing-room, was surely a thing to be remembered. As I look backward I recall many such afternoons; but one particularly I remember, when the full sunshine of success and happiness dwelt in that little household, and when, to ears eager to listen to me, and hearts full of sympathy, I first told the story of the life and death of David Gray—the young Scottish poet who came with me to seek his fortune in the great world of London, and on the very threshold of his career was smitten down to die a lingering death.

Conceive a little narrow-shouldered man of between forty and fifty, with long, straight hair, a magnificent forehead, dark yet brilliant eyes, and a manner full of alertness and intellectual grace. This was Geo. Lewes, whom Douglas Jerrold had once stigmatized as "the ugliest man in London," averring at the same time that he had caused the chimpanzee in the zoological gardens to die "out of jealousy, because there existed close by a creature more hideous than itself!" But George Lewes, though not an Adonis, was certainly not ugly. The great defects of his face were the coarse, almost sensual mouth, with its protruding teeth partly covered by a bristly moustache, and the small, retreating chin; but when the face lighted up, and the eyes sparkled, and the mouth began its eloquent discourse, every imperfection was forgotten. Conceive, next, the tenth Muse, or Sybil, lounging in an arm-chair and shading her face idly with a hand-screen; a powerful-looking middle-aged woman, with a noticeable nose and chin, a low forehead, a fresh complexion, a full and very mobile mouth. Dress, on this occasion a plainly cut, tight-fitting dress of blue cashmere, fastened at the throat with a cameo brooch. This was "Mawrian Evans," as Carlyle called her, the George Eliot of the novels. She realized in face and form the description I afterward gave of her, in the 'Sermon of the Poets:'

George Eliot gazed on the company boldly
With the limbs of a sylph and the head of John Locke!

I had been particularly struck by her resemblance to Locke's well-known portrait, engraved as a frontispiece to the famous "Essay." At that time her figure was graceful to elegance. When I last saw her, shortly before her husband's death, she stooped painfully as she walked and wore an old-fashioned crinoline.

"Tell that story to the public, too," cried Lewes, when I had finished my tale. "Poor fellow! What a pity he ever came to London."

"Lord Houghton says that your friend was very like the busts of Shelley," said George Eliot, in her deep contralto voice.

"Very like," I answered, "he was curiously feminine in form, and had the most wonderful eyes in the world. Even Tito yonder was not more beautiful," I added, pointing to one of the proof engravings of Du Maurier's illustrations to 'Romola,' which hung framed over the mantelpiece.

"I don't think, by the way," observed Lewes, "that David Gray can be classed among the true victims of the Babylonian monster, London; at any rate, he was not a literary struggler, at the mercy of what Alexander Smith called

The terrible city whose neglect is death
Whose smile is fame!

He was struck down before he began the struggle at all; indeed, I have no doubt whatever, from your description of him, that the strumous taint, or predisposition was in him from birth, and that, under any circumstances, his fate would have been the same."

George Eliot—*Quem Di diligunt*, etc. After all, is not Ganymede to be envied? Better snatched up suddenly into the heaven of heavens, in all the prime of youth and happiness, than to grow old in a world that is full of sorrow, and in which old age is the least beautiful of human phenomena.

Lewes—You are quite right there. It is the exaggeration of sentiment which makes the poets give old age a sort of moral halo. There is nothing so pitiful, so horrible, as the slow and certain decay of the human faculties.

Myself—But is not that decay beautiful, too?

Lewes—Apart from the pathetic fallacy, as Ruskin calls it, not at all. Your favorite Catullus describes it perfectly:

Cana tempus anilitas
Omnia omnes annuit!

In other words and Scotch ones, "a' nodding, nid-nid-nodding;" a condition, in short, of ever-increasing imbecility, or vacuity.

George Eliot (smiling)—We are wandering toward deep waters. But it is quite true, I think, that the gradual obliteration of the human faculties and senses, one by one, is the strongest argument against the popular conception of a personal immortality!

Lewes—Certainly.

George Eliot—Not only do men, under circumstances of physical decay, become feeble and imbecile; when a moral sense remains it frequently becomes perverted. I have seen an old gentleman, hitherto known as an immaculate and honest merchant, gradually acquire habits of kleptomania, and another, well known for his benevolence, become spiteful, almost homicidal. We are absolutely the creatures of our secretions. So true is this that the slightest disturbance of the cerebral circulation, say a temporary congestion, will pervert the entire stream of moral sentiments.

Myself—All that is doubtless very correct. I hold, nevertheless, that the soul, the Ego, is invulnerable, despite all temporary aberrations—clouds obscuring the moon's disc, so to speak.

George Eliot—Say rather disintegrations within the very substance of the moon itself. Where the very substance of the luminary is decaying, what hope is there for the permanence of your—moonlight?

Myself—The analogy is imperfect; but to pursue it, the lunar elements remain indestructible, and after transformations, may cohere again into some splendid identity.

George Eliot—Moonlight is sunlight reflected on a material mirror; thought, consciousness, life itself, are conditions dependent on the physical medium, and in the brightness of the external environment. *Cogito, ergo sum* should be transposed and altered. *Sum materies, ergo cogito.*

Lewes—And yet, after all, there are psychic phenomena which seem to evade the material definition.

George Eliot—Not one. And science has established clearly that, while functional disturbance may be evanescent, structural destruction is absolute and irremediable. An organism, once destroyed is incapable of resurrection.

Myself—Then life is merely mechanism, after all.

George Eliot—Undoubtedly. It is very pitiful, but absolutely true.

Lewes—But what mechanism! How wonderful, how perfect in its adaptation of means to ends! Even if we hold thought to be a secretion, does that lessen the beauty of its manifestations?

Myself—Or the mystery of its origin?

Lewes—Humph!

George Eliot—The mystery, doubtless, consists only in our ignorance. There was a time, not very long ago, when men knew nothing of that marvelous truth, the circulating of the blood. In time, no doubt, we shall discover the precise process by which we think.

So speaking, the Sybil glanced, not without admiration, at her husband, who was engaged at that very period, as I knew, in "experiments concerning the mechanism of thought." He had long before abandoned the metaphysicians as bewildering and misleading guides, and had completed in the last edition of his "History of Philosophy," his survey of the progress of thought from its past stage of credulity to its last stage of verification. Now my sympathies were strongly in the other direction, though I had little or no enthusiasm for what may be termed the "ich and nicht ich schools of metaphysics." So I shook my head and shrugged my shoulders, saying something to this effect; that if thought was simply mechanism, as they suggested, man was no better than the "beasts that perish."

At this moment there appeared upon the scene another individual, entering quietly through the drawing-room door, which was partly open. The new-comer was a dog, a splendid bull-terrier, who belonged to George Eliot, and generally accompanied Lewes in his walks about the neighborhood. He came in with a languid wag of the tail, and a general air of importance, glanced patronizingly at me, yawned lazily, and stretched himself on the hearthrug at the feet of his mistress.

George Eliot—"The beasts that perish." Here is somebody who, if he could speak, would express a strong opinion upon that subject; for he is wise in his generation, and magnanimous almost beyond human conception. Do you know what he did once, before he was given to us? The friend to whom he belonged had a little boy, who inherited in full measure the predilections of the archetypal ape.

Lewes (parenthetically)—The true and only substitute for Pluto's archetypal Man!

George Eliot—One day our friend had some acquaintances to luncheon. As they sat together they were startled by a sharp cry of pain from underneath the table; and lifting the edge of the table-cloth they saw the small human monkey squatted on the carpet, in the act of slitting the dog's ear with a large pair of scissors! Out crept the dog, panting and bleeding, followed by his little tormentor. Papa, of course, was very indignant, and seizing the child, who began to sob with terror, announced his intention of administering condign punishment, which he would have done instantly had not the victim interfered. Wagging his tail (just as he is doing now, for he knows I am telling about him!) the noble fellow rose up, put his paws on the child's shoulders, and affectionately licked his face; then looking at his master, said plainly in the canine deaf and dumb alphabet, "Don't beat him! please don't! He's only an undeveloped human being; he knows no better, and—I love him!" Could human kindness and magnanimity go further? Yet I suppose you will contend that the poor dog's loving instinct was enough to distinguish him from the other "beasts that perish."

Myself—I'm not sure! Why should not even a dog have a soul like any other respectable Christian?

Lewes—Why not, indeed! I have known many so-called Christians who have neither the amiability nor the discrimination of this dog.

George Eliot—Then here we halt on the horns of a dilemma. Every one with a large acquaintance among decent and "gentleman-like" dogs (as Launce would put it) must admit their share in the highest humanities and what is true of them, is true, to a greater or less extent, of animals generally. Yet shall we, because we walk on our hind feet, assume to ourselves only, the privilege of imperishability? Shall we, who are even as they, though we wag our tongues and not our tails, demand a special providence and a selfish salvation?

Lewes (laughing)—Buchanan, like all young men, is an optimist! His spiritual scheme embraces every form of existence, as well as the whole human race.

George Eliot—And why, even, the whole human race? Go into the slums and dens of the city, visit our city prisons and inspect our criminals, not to speak of the inmates of our lunatic asylums, and what do you find? Beasts in human likeness, monsters with appetites and instincts, often even the cleverness of men and women. Are these immortal souls too, independent of physical limitations, and journeying to an eternal home?

Myself—Certainly. There is no form of humanity, however degraded, which is beyond the possibility of moral regeneration.

Lewes—Optimism with a vengeance! Optimism which leaves out of sight all the great physical factors of moral conduct—hereditary disease, cerebral malformations, thought-perverting congestions, all the endless ills that flesh is heir to. I'm afraid, after all that the dream of a personal immortality is a selfish one. It would come, in the long run, merely to the survival of the fittest, who would build their heavenly mansions on a hecatomb of human failure. * * * But there, we've talked enough of things at at present inscrutable. Come out into the garden and soothe your mechanism with a cigar.

We left the Sybil to her meditations, and walked out into the open air. As we strolled smoking along the garden walks, we heard faintly, as from a distance, the murmur of a great city.

"Do you really believe," I said presently, "that the divine thought of Shakespeare was a mere secretion, and that the last word of science will be one of sheer negation and despair?"

He looked at me thoughtfully, then watched the smoke as it curled from his mouth up into the air.

"Man is predoomed to aspiration, as the smoke flies upward. The last word of science will not be spoken for many a century yet. Who can guess what it will be?"

The Air and the Telescope.

The air we breathe is in truth the worst enemy of the astronomer's observations. It is their enemy in two ways. Part of the light which brings its wonderful, evanescent messages across inconceivable depths of space, it stops, and, what it does not stop, it scatters. And this even when it is most transparent and seemingly still; when mist-veils are withdrawn, and no clouds curtain the sky. Moreover, the evil grows with the power of the instrument. Atmospheric troubles are magnified neither more nor less than the objects viewed across them. Thus, Lord Rosse's giant reflector possesses—nominally—a magnifying power of 6000, that is to say, it can reduce the apparent distance of the heavenly bodies to 1-6000 their actual amount. The moon, for example, which is in reality separated from the earth's surface by an interval of about 234,000 miles is shown as if removed only thirty-nine miles. Unfortunately, however, in theory only. Professor Newcomb compares the sight obtained under such circumstances to a glimpse through several yards of running water and doubts whether our satellite has ever been seen to such advantage as it would be if brought—substantially, not merely optically—within 500 miles of the unassisted eye.—Popular Science Monthly.

GENERAL FLEURY.

Sketch of the Chief Actor in the Celebrated Coup d'Etat.

Interesting Reminiscences of the Days of the Empire and Its Leading Men.

A correspondent of the New York *Tribune* writes from Paris as follows: Of all the actors in the *coup d'etat* only one—M. de Maupas—is now living. The soul of that event, General Fleury, has just died of gout in the heart. He was the son of a horse-dealer named Felix and changed his name to Fleury when he enlisted forty-seven years ago in the African Spahis. Much history was bound up in his career, and he was a striking example of the maxim that fortune favors the bold. When he joined the Spahis he was nearly twenty-two and had led such a wild life and got credit from tradesmen in so many ways that France had grown too warm for him. Algeria was then a long way off from Paris and afforded a theater for dash daring and all kinds of adventure. Louis Philippe's sons were sent there on expeditions which were little more than military picnics, and got up to make them pass for heroes in the eyes of the French nation. Fleury in eleven years rose to the grade of major, and by his knowledge of horseflesh obtained lucrative employment in purchasing for the cavalry Tarbes and Irish horses. It was when engaged on duty of this kind that he made the acquaintance of Louis Napoleon. They understood each other. Fleury was too poor and plebeian to be noticed by the Duc d'Aumale, who was named governor-general of Algeria in 1846, and resolved to attach himself to the Napoleonic pretender, who remained his friend to the end, allowed him when he became emperor to cheat him grossly, paid his debts over and over again, and bestowed on him many brilliant and lucrative functions, creating him colonel of the guides and of the cent gardes, general master of the horse, grand officer and later grand cross of the legion of honor, sending him on secret diplomatic missions, and finally giving him the splendid post of ambassador to Russia, where he became almost a boon companion of the late czar. Alexander was of a melancholy and depressed temperament and liked the stimulus of Fleury's high animal spirits and highly spiced conversation.

The deceased general was not a pure Jew, but had many of the peculiarities of the Hebrew race. Combined with French dash and military joviality there were subtle shrewdness, insinuating plausibility, mercantile genius, business activity, fertility of resource, a capacity to make himself at home with foreigners, unscrupulous cynicism, a low view of life and estimate of mankind, an obliging disposition, warm family affection, sensuous tastes, and a determination by hook or crook to get hold of plenty of money. His vocation was revealed to him in the plots which preceded the coup d'etat, and he turned his back on "the old Algerians," who under Changarnier's inspiration were plotting for the D'Orleans, and his face toward the Hotel du Rhin, where Prince Louis Napoleon lodged before he went to Elysee. After the presidential election on the 10th of December money was badly wanted. Mrs. Howard, the Princess Mathilde, Mr. Sheppard (Madame de Bremont's father), and the duke of Brunswick were borrowed of. Indeed, but for the painted and enamelled German prince the Elysian faction must have broken down. He opened his purse because Louis Napoleon pledged himself to restore to him the duchy of Brunswick and other paternal states in Germany. Achille Fould made cent per cent. advances of a few hundred thousand francs, which only whetted the appetite of those around the prince-president. Fleury was the man of action of the band, and undertook to get in two years the army of Paris well in hand and around to the side of the prince-president. He was a cutter of Gordian knots though of a cool head and fertile in expedients. While unflinching resolute he was a "jolly good fellow" whose mental shrewdness approximated to wit.

After the 10th of December he was attached with Edgar Ney, Lepic Menneval and Tilongeon (also a delightful boon companion) to the presidential household. Fleury soon gained an ascendant over the flaccid will and vague intellect of the prince-president. When a coup d'etat war ministry became necessary to the execution of the Elysee plot he was sent to Africa to choose a young general who might be played off against the old Algerians, Changarnier, Bedeau, Lamoriciere and Cavaignac, who were hostile to the prince-president. The conspirators hesitated between Generals Bosquet and St. Arnaud. But the former being intractably gruff and jack-blunt and calling the future emperor a "Cosmo, Punch without a Judy," and "Soulouque II." St. Arnaud was preferred. To give him the necessary relief an expedition was devised against the Kabyles, who are the salt of the native races of North Africa. Henri Martin, the historian, who spent four months with them in 1862, thought them the best "survival" of the old Roman civilization which the Arabs swept away. Well, the Kabyles were accused, as latterly the Kroumirs were accused, of harrying the lands of Algerian colonists. They fled (for they are not warlike) with their wives and children to the caverns in the hillsides, where St. Arnaud smoked them to death. No cry of pity was raised in Europe. But St. Arnaud was by Fleury's advice made war minister.

He summoned to Paris all the officers who, he thought, would enter into the conspiracy, and made it worth their while to do so. They were passed in review by Fleury at soirees at the Elysee and war ministry and he managed their promotion. He knew the strong and weak points of each and to what extent he could be reckoned upon. A new crop of generals and colonels of his creation sprang up rapidly and squeezed the Orleanists out of the army. It was also Fleury who designated the regiments which were to come most fully into action on the second and fourth of December, and in all that related to questions of individual capacities he was the real minister of war, and remained so to 1870. A Parisian, he thoroughly understood Paris. He also understood the French soldier. It was Fleury who devised how to train the military force in the capital for the execution of the coup d'etat and the massacre on the Boulevards, which was to strike terror into the middle class. To this end false alarms were given by disturbances in distant quarters of the city. The troops were called out of their beds and obliged to march long distances in the middle of cold October and November nights. Shots were fired at them from houses by which they passed. Agents of the Elysee pretending hostility insulted them. They were so harrassed and irritated before the time came for them to strike that they were ready to obey without compunction any orders they might receive.

On the morning of the Second of December the president's courage oozed out. Fleury said to him: "We are in for it, and so are you. There is no longer any alternative between your going forward or my blowing out your brains with this pistol and then my own." The desperado was splendidly rewarded for what he did, and his occupations under the emperor were manifold. Politics, money affairs, diplomacy, gallantry, horse-dealing, trips abroad and diplomatic missions gave variety to his career. He governed and aided the emperor, who used to go to the jolly soirees at his house, at which Theresa and Schneider sang. If the imperial stables cost the nation a mint of money, they did credit to the master of the horse and Mr. Garnble, his chief subordinate. The general lived in a house in the Avenue Matignon, for which the emperor paid for him a yearly rent of 50,000 francs. It was close to the imperial stables. When Fleury had to leave it he hired the ground floor in the Avenue Gabriel, in which he died. Up to the death of the Prince Imperial he retained his elasticity and was an active and able conspirator. It was against his advice that M. Rouher engaged with the Orleanists of the Versailles assembly to overthrow Thiers. Fleury was for "getting round "le petit bourgeois" and working him for Bonapartist objects. "Let us," he said, "try and keep him in the presidency and instigate the dukes to attack him. He will, if we make a feint of helping him against them, become our tool."

General Fleury took the revolution of the 4th of September in the spirit of a gambler from whom the tide of luck was beginning to ebb. "I must own," he said, "that the empire has enabled me to pass eighteen years of my life in an awfully pleasant way. What a pity that such a delightful pipe is smoked out. I shall now have to learn how to economize." His general's pay, a small annuity as grand cross of the legion of honor, some rich household furniture, a handsome stud and his wife's dowry (which was not very large) were all that remained to him. General Fleury thought the empress was a silly woman and was charged with the secret missions to Cavour, the object of which was to overthrow the temporal power of the pope. She felt that he held her mind in slight esteem and disliked him. On the emperor's death she bestowed all her confidence on Rouher, who, being a methodical advocate and bourgeois was not in sympathy with the bold, brilliant and spendthrift military adventurer. The prince imperial, however, liked him. He remembered the affection in which the Emperor Napoleon held him, and he corresponded with him from Chiselhurst and Woolwich. The last letter he wrote before starting for South Africa was to General Fleury, who advised him not to go there, and was only prevented by military duty from going to stop him. He thought that the prince wanted to be stirred up, that he was too moping for his age, too much attached to the apron-strings of the empress. She held him with a tight hand and treated him as a schoolboy, refusing to make him a pecuniary allowance. Fleury recommended him to go in debt and offered to raise a loan for him. The general also tried through the Imperial family of Russia to make up a match between him and the youngest sister of the actual Czarina—Princess Thyra of Denmark, now Duchess of Cumberland. The prince went to Copenhagen to see her and did not fall in love with her. He was already attached to the Princess Beatrice of England and she to him. But there were so many obstacles in the way of a union of the lovers. "Que Diable!" said Fleury to the prince. "Get married any way in Scotland and then have a formal wedding when accomplished facts must be looked in the face." The plan of going to Zululand to reap laurels was then hit upon. If he won them, parliament would grant the princess a dowry to set up with him as a householder. Lord Beaconsfield, who liked startling solutions of embarrassing questions, was ready to give the lovers his blessing. He thought (superficial trickster that he was) that the daughter of the queen marrying a Catholic would calm Irish agitation. General Fleury received at the Princess Mathilde's country house the tidings of the Zululand tragedy. It paralyzed forever his energy. There was no further run of luck to be hoped for. Henceforth he was what he gayly termed a consulting Bonapartist. He remained faithful "to the violets," but his sons were free to do as they pleased. His objection to the Plon Plon platform was that Prince Napoleon was Prince Napoleon. Nobody liked him or could like him, and respect for him was impossible. The D'Orleans were too inanimate to succeed. A maxim of his was that "it is better for a pretender or a reigning house to go in debt than to save money."

General Fleury was counted one of the handsomest men in the French army. I never thought him so and I have often met him in society during the last three-and-twenty years. On horseback and in a glittering uniform he was fine-looking. Buttoned up in a black coat and walking in the Champs Elysees he also looked to advantage. The figure was clean-built, the step elastic and the carriage soldierly. When his hat was off it was too patent that his instincts were feline. The head was flat and angular and the jaw square and strong. His face expressed the contrary of moral elevation, and the first impression I recollect was disagreeable to me. But he was such a pleasant fellow that this soon wore off. He believed human nature to be either bad or foolish, that there were too many people in the world for the weak and easy-going not to be pushed to the wall, and that it was one's business to try and get what one could for one's self, and if one netted too much, why, to share it with those who were worse off. His wife was one of the rare women of sense and high-breeding in the circle of the empress. She had no taste for the frivolity of the imperial court and led a rather retired life in her most prosperous days, attending to the education of her three sons. The eldest of them has recently married a young lady of vast wealth, some of which, and especially what consists in diamonds, was inherited from her grandmother, the famous singer Catalani. The young people were at Dresden on their honeymoon trip when General Fleury died. The body has been embalmed, dressed in the uniform and surrounded with pictures of the late emperor, the empress and the prince imperial. He was the incarnation of the empire and its main pivot; he created it, kept it up and fell with it. Perhaps it might not have fallen so soon if he had not been sent to Russia to penetrate into the diplomacy of Prince Gortschakoff.

Velocity of the Moon.

From the article on "The Surroundings of the Sun," by Professor Langley, in the October *Century*, we quote the following: "We can fairly picture, perhaps, how it would seem, from a station near the lunar orbit, to see the moon—a moving world—rush by with a velocity greater than that of the cannon-ball in its swiftest flight; but with equal speed its shadow actually travels along the earth; and now, if we return from our imaginary station to a real one here below, we are better prepared to see why this flying shadow is such a unique spectacle; for, small as it may be when seen in relation to the whole globe, it is immense to the observer, whose entire horizon is filled with it, and who sees the actual velocity of one of the heavenly bodies as if it were brought down to him.

"The reader who has ever ascended to the Superga, at Turin, will recall the magnificent view, and be able to understand the good fortune of an observer (Forbes) who once had the opportunity to witness thence this phenomenon, and under a nearly cloudless sky. 'I perceived,' he says, 'in the west a black shadow like that of a storm about to break, which obscured the Alps. It was the lunar shadow coming toward us.' And he speaks of the 'stupefaction'—it is his word—caused by the spectacle. 'I confess,' he continues, 'it was the most terrifying sight I ever saw. As always happens in the cases of sudden, silent, unexpected movement, the spectator confounds real and relative motion. I felt almost giddy for a moment, as though the massive building under me bowed on the side of the coming eclipse.' Another witness, who had been looking at some bright clouds just before, says: 'The bright cloud I saw distinctly put out like a candle. The rapidity of the shadow, and the intensity, produced a feeling that some material, was sweeping over the earth at a speed perfectly frightful. I involuntarily listened for the rushing noise of a mighty wind.'"

The larger part of the appropriation made by the last congress for Indian training schools in Alaska has been given to the school at Sitka. The balance of the appropriation will be used for a similar school in western Alaska.

COMIC OPERA

The Oregonian

SUNDAY MORNING, FEBRUARY 22

JIM KEENE IN HARD LUCK.

KEENE MADE MONEY FAST

WRECK THE LONGEST PURSE.

FIGHTING COCKS

A GHOST OF WALL STREET.

BRANDER MATTHEWS.

BY GEORGE PARSONS LATHROP.

The Oregonian.

SUNDAY MORNING, FEBRUARY 22, 1885.

JIM KEENE IN HARD LUCK.

He Backed against Jay Gould and will Soon Become a Ghost of Wall Street.

New York Cor. of the Baltimore American.

The enforced sale of James R. Keene's last horse, and his disposal of his final remaining share in a large apartment house, mark the failure of his latest attempts to recoup. This has reminded busy Wall street that Keene still existed, but it needed something of the sort to recall him to memory, for he has dropped entirely out of the financial world, and is no more a factor in the making of prices than is my broker's office boy. Yet Keene had a brilliant career while it lasted. He came on here with three millions or thereabouts in his pockets and struck the boom of 1879-80 and at one time was worth not far from fifteen million of dollars. The riff-raff and the hangers-on and the adventurers of the street fastened on to him, flattered him, told him his mission in life, and his duty towards mankind was to break Jay Gould, and offered their advice and influence.

KEENE MADE MONEY FAST

as long as prices advanced. He bought with great freedom and courage, and his name was in everyone's mouth. But when the tide turned Keene was loaded. He did not have the sagacity and celerity of Gould, who had a knack of turning even misfortunes to good account, but kept on getting in deeper and deeper until the inevitable rappel at his door, and he found he had lost all. Keene's error seems to have been the error common to beginners in Wall street. He wanted to trade all the time. The cool-headed operator waits until the market suits him. Three or four times every year all hands in the street agree that stocks are very low. There has been a flurry, and prices have gone down 10 or 20 per cent.; they are sure to react within a comparatively short time. Then it is that the prudent man comes to the front with his cash. But the man who goes down into the street every day and buys or sells for a short turn, feels as though he must do something every day, and that kind of trading never fails to

WRECK THE LONGEST PURSE.

Keene was always in the market, and he was always buying. The sharp set of fellows who manipulated Denver and Rio Grande up to 110 or thereabouts, sold a great lot of stock to Keene and he was compelled to take more to hold the price against their raids when they had sold it short. He never was cunning enough to conceal his operations, and the sharks of the street marked him from the first. He was indiscreet enough to quarrel with Jay Gould and to threaten him, and Gould thereafter did not count him as a friend. It is very much better for a young Wall street man to have Gould's friendship than his enmity; and so Keene floundered until his money was gone. He bids fair to become what the boys call a ghost of Wall street. That thoroughfare is full of ghosts—of men who have been rich, and who now are penniless. They march down to the street every morning regularly as do the millionaires, and wander from one broker's office to another, bending over the tape and talking all day long about the market, and predicting its course. Once in a while they put up a five-dollar bill in a bucket-shop, and stunt around like

FIGHTING-COCKS

if they increase it to ten dollars; but that is the end, for they stake the ten dollars and lose it. There are ex-railroad presidents and ex-bank presidents, and ex-everybodys. It is sad to see them, and sadder to hear them talk, but it is the old story of fortunes thrown away in gambling; for Wall street operating, as usually conducted on margin, is gambling, simon pure, and you cannot make anything else of it. Nineteen out of twenty of the men who engage in it lose money. They always have some good explanation of why they fail, but the fact remains that they do fail—and that should be convincing, and should serve as a warning. Three-quarters of the Wall street operators to-day are striving not to increase their fortunes, but to get back what they have lost. There is a fascination about winning a few hundred dollars that overbalances the regret of losing a few thousand. A man will lose four times running, and yet go in the fifth time with an assurance within him that he can win back all he has lost. If he chances to win $1000 after he has lost $4000, he instantly believes that he can make his fortune. He never loses that belief while he has a hundred dollars remaining, and when the hundred is broken he repairs to a bucket-shop—having become

A GHOST OF WALL STREET,

firm in the belief that on a cash capital of ten or twenty dollars he will recuperate enough to take him back into a regular broker's office, where he will pile up the money until he is rich again. And so he gambles every cent on which he can put his hands. The Wall street game as played at present is a losing game, and the sooner a man who is behind the game severs all connection with it, the better off he will find himself in the immediate hereafter. Jay Gould did not make his money trading in the fluctuations of stocks. He did it by buying entire railroads, reorganizing them, watering their stock, consolidating them, and putting them on the public at an enormous advance from first cost or cost to himself. His gigantic schemes have been originated by him. The theory has been to get possession of bankrupt roads and consolidate them and give them the appearance of prosperity. The Wabash system is made up of some twenty different roads, not more than three of which were paying running expenses when Gould bought them. Yet he threw them together and ran the price of preferred stock up to 92, and the common stock up to 60, at which prices the public relieved him of them, and he moved on to fresher pastures and put up fresher jobs. His amalgamations and consolidations have been on a most stupendous scale, and have demanded the out-put of millions, but they have brought back tens of millions. The same is true, but to a lesser extent, of Vanderbilt. He has increased the fortune that his father left him, not by speculating in stocks, but by solid investment and by the increase in values of the properties that came into his possession. The men who have made fortunes through stock speculations are indeed few. The men who have lost fortunes in the same manner are numbered by thousands.

BRANDER MATTHEWS.

BY GEORGE PARSONS LATHROP.

Our younger American authors cannot be charged with want of industry. Mr. Brander Matthews, who, in 1852, February 21, was born in New Orleans is not yet quite 33 years old yet he has already published two original works, "The Theaters of Paris" and "French Dramatists of the 19th Century." Besides contributing his share to a volume of stories by himself and H. C. Bunner, entitled "In Partnership," has elaborately edited four other works, produced a three-act comedy ("Marjory's Lovers," given at the Court theater, London, last year), and written copiously for magazines and journals, over his own name as well as under his pseudonym of Arthur Penn. This is the more remarkable in that his public activity as an author dates from only six years ago. Although born in New Orleans, he has passed the greater part of his life in the metropolis and is a thorough New Yorker, having graduated at Columbia college in 1871, on which occasion he was elected class poet; in 1873 he graduated from the Columbia college law school, but promptly forsook the lucrative path of the law for the thorny one of literature, and soon developed that interest in dramatic writing which led him to edit in 1879 "Comedies for Amateur Acting," and in 1881 "Sheridan's Comedies," which last takes rank as the standard edition of that author's works for the stage. This, with "The Theaters of Paris" and "The French Dramatists," has been republished in England, where Mr. Matthews enjoys an established reputation, and "In Partnership" is soon to be issued at Edinburgh. In addition to what has already appeared, Mr. Matthews has for ten years been engaged in gathering materials for a "Life of Moliere." Not content, however, with doing many good things in English, he wrote in 1881 a paper in French on "Moliere en Amerique" for the Parisian monthly, *Le Molieriste*. In brief fiction he has also made a successful debut. "The documents in the case," written in collaboration with Mr. H. C. Bunner, being one of the most skillful pieces of work in the department of short stories which American literature contains. His "Rival Ghosts" and "Venetian Glass" reveal a talent for ingenious plot, which is continued in "The Elixir of Death," a story to appear next week in the series of stories now publishing in this journal. It can hardly fail to sustain Mr. Matthews' position as a writer full of dramatic perception and keen wit, who commands a succinct and polished style.

The Nanaimo *Free Press* gives the particulars of an accident which took place on the railway right of way, in the Cedar district. Two kegs of blasting powder were on Thursday placed under a stump to blast it out. Two men, W[illegible] Toole and Robinson, got behind a tree to be out of danger, but a piece of the stump struck the tree, and glancing off, knocked Robinson senseless, and broke Toole's collar bone in two places. Robinson was not injured seriously.

SHAMUS O'BRIEN.

The Story on which Lover's Poem was Founded—O'Connell's Masterly Defense, Resulting in the Prisoner's Acquittal.

Samuel Lover wrote a poem, which he entitled 'Shamus O'Brien.' It became famous, and is even now so great a favorite with the masses that hardly a patriotic commemoration of Irish events ever takes place without somebody being down on the programme to recite the adventures of O'Brien; seldom is there a mixed class of entertainment offered at a theater that the versified Shamus does not appear as regularly as the thrilling circumstances of "Sheridan's Ride" are retold by the crack elocutionist of the company. Yet, strange to say, there never was a Shamus O'Brien; at least no one ever came so near the noose as he is represented by Lover to have done. Had he been so near the hempen cord as all that, they would have swung him off whether or no. Men in the 1798 period never mounted the gallows and descended from it alive, unless it might be in some rare case of survival after hanging. A writer has taken pains to trace back through the varnished ages the story on which Shamus O'Brien was founded, and has at length hunted up the events on which Lover probably based his beautiful and touching poem. Here they are very much condensed from a trial which took place in the memorable and, to the American, detestable reign of George III.

Larry Cronan was a stout, hardy Irish boy who, although he was but twenty-five years of age, was already a husband and the father of five blooming babes for they were little more when Larry got into that trouble which came so near ending all his troubles in this world. He was in a good condition of life, and what they called a five-pound freeholder and paid his rent punctually. He loved his neighbor, and seldom missed a mass, a fair or a wake, and was altogether one of the best behaved and thriving boys in all Ireland. But, in an unlucky hour he was arrested and indicted at the summer assizes of his native country "for that he, on a certain night and at a certain place, feloniously and burglariously entered a certain dwelling house in search of arms," etc., and stood practically indicted under the Ellenborough act. A writer of the day says: "I was present at his trial, and still retain a vivid recollection of the fortitude and address with which he made his stand against the law, and yet there were objects around him quite sufficient to unnerve the boldest heart—a wife, a sister and an aged mother, or such I found to be the three females who clung to the sideboards of the dock and awaited in silent agony the issue of his fate. But the prisoner, undismayed, appeared almost unconscious of their presence. Every faculty of his soul was on the alert, to prove to his friends and the country at large that he was not a man to be hanged without a struggle. He had used the precaution to come down that morning in his best attire, for he knew that with an Irish jury the next best thing to a general good character is a respectable suit of clothes. It struck me that his new silk handkerchief almost betokened innocence, for who could have gone to the unnecessary expense if he apprehended that its place was so soon to be supplied by the rope? His countenance bore no marks of his previous imprisonment. He was as fresh and healthy and his eyes as bright as if he had been all the time out on bail. When his case was called on, instead of shrinking under the general buzz that his appearance excited, or turning pale at the plurality of crime for which he was arraigned, he manfully looked the danger in the face, and put in action every resource within his reach to avert it, having dispatched a messenger to bring O'Connell from the other court, and beckoned to his attorney to approach the dock side and keep within whispering distance while the jury was swearing, and manifested no ordinary powers of physiognomy in putting by every juror that had anything of a dead, dull, hang-dog look. He had even the sagacity, though against the opinion of his attorney, to strike off one country gentleman from his own barony who owed him a balance of £3. The trial went on after the usual fashion of trials of the kind. Abundance of hard swearing on the direct, retractions and contractions on the cross-examinations. The defence was a masterpiece. Several times the rope seemed irrevocably entwined around poor Larry's neck—as many times the dexterity of O'Connell untied the Gordian knot. From some of the witnesses he extracted that they were unworthy of credit, being notorious knaves or process-servers. Others he inveigled into a metaphysical puzzle touching the prisoner's identity; others he stunned with repeated blows with the butt end of an Irish joke. For minutes together the court and jurors, galleries and dock were in a roar. However the law or the facts might turn out, it was clear that the laugh was all on Larry's side.

"In this perilous conjuncture, amid all the rapid alternations of his case—now the prospect of a triumphant return to his home and friends, now the vision roughly dispelled and the execution staring him in the face—Larry's countenance exhibited a picture of heroic immobility. Once, and once only, when the evidence was in full tide against him, some signs of mortal trepidation overcast his visage. The blood in his cheeks took flight and fled. A cold perspiration broke from his brow. His lips became glued together. His sister, whose eyes were riveted upon him as she clung to the dock side, extended her arm and applied a piece of orange to his mouth. He accepted the relief without turning aside to see by whose hands the relief had been administered. At this crisis of his courage a home thrust from O'Connell floored the witness who had so disconcerted his client. The public buzzed their admiration and Larry was himself again.

"The case for the crown having closed, O'Connell announced that he would call no witnesses. Larry's friends pressed hard to have at least one of their alibi's proved, but O'Connell was inflexible, and they reluctantly submitted. The case went to the jury laden with hanging matter, but not without a saving doubt. After long deliberation the doubt prevailed. The jury came out, and the glorious sound of "Not guilty!" announced to Larry Cronan that he had miraculously escaped the gallows.

He bowed with undissembled gratitude to the verdict. He thanked the jury. He thanked 'His Lordship's Honor.' He thanked O'Connell, shook hands with the jailer, sprang at a bound over the dock, was caught as he descended in the arms of his friends, and hurried away in triumph from the precincts of the court."

It will be remembered that Lover makes Shamus mount the gallows, his mother, if we remember, standing near him. She whispers something in his ear, he springs from the scaffold, is caught by his friends, and is off and away before the jailer or any of the authorities can say "Jack Robinson," much less proceed to lay hands on him to bring him back. But to continue:

"I saw him a few minutes after, he was paraded through the main street of the town to his barony. The sight was enough to make one almost long to have been on the point of being hanged: The principal figure was Larry himself advancing with a firm and buoyant step, and occasionally giving a responsive flourish of his shillelah, which he had already reassumed, to the cheerings and congratulations amid which he moved along. At his sides were his wife and sister, each of whom held the collar of his coat tightly grasped, and dragging him to and fro, interrupted his progress every moment as they threw themselves upon him and gave vent to their feelings in another and another convulsive hug.

"A few yards in front his mother bustled along in a strange sort of pace between a trot and a canter, and every now and then, discovering that she had shot too far ahead, pirouetted round and stood in the center of the street, clapping her withered hands, and shouting out her ecstasy in native Irish, until the group came up again and propelled her forward."

And that's the story of the celebrated Shamus O'Brien in prose! In the flow and beauty of words the poem may excel it, but in dramatic force and feeling the truth is not to be surpassed. A touch of humor, as in the above description, seems to be native to the Irish in relating any story, no matter how tragic.

Ireland's history teems to overflowing with the deeds of her patriotic sons, but of her equally patriotic daughters the record is scant indeed. Full of tears and smiles would be a book relating the lives of the mothers of Irishmen. Like bright dew drops glistening on dying roses shines the devotion of the women of the green isle to their sons, husbands, fathers and brothers, in their darkest hours of peril and of death. The last at the scaffold—the last at the grave—is the mother of the patriot Irishman. Whatever other woman may desert him, she is always there—at his side—to the bitter end.

No Irish woman's name figures in the long list of pensions bestowed by England on informers. No rewards were gained by Irish women for the betrayal of men. Woman was always the first to shelter the hunted patriot, and to keep secret his place of concealment, even when threatened with death herself. Emmet was sheltered by a woman; so was Lord Edward Fitzgerald. Linked arm-in-arm, slowly paced Mrs. Bond in the prison yard with her husband, Oliver Bond, heavily manacled—the coffin in sight of all, and the dreadful apparatus ready.

There was but one vulnerable point in the cast iron heart of Lord Castlereagh. It was that to him was denied the happiness of paternity.

This was the only bitter drop in the cup brimming over with all else that was good and coveted by other men. The force of the blow this is remembered. The mother of Teeling, a youth implicated in the rebellion of 1798, vainly besought of Castlereagh the pardon of her son. Bathed in tears, she turned away from him, saying:

"You cannot comprehend my feelings my Lord. I remember you have no child!"

Previous to the outbreak of the rebellion of 1798 there was a noted prison at Geneva, in the county of Wexford, into which the husband of one young woman and the betrothed of another were thrown. The women were permitted to visit the prisoners. Finally they exchanged clothes, and the young men escaped. As they were only yeomen and their women peasant girls, this act, identical with the escape of Lavalette in the dress of the countess, his wife, was not lauded to the skies and handed down in history as a wonderful instance of female heroism. On the contrary, when the girls were found occupying the men's cells, the rage of the soldiers was so great that at a court-martial they found the women guilty of having aided the escape of traitors, and sentenced them to be tossed in a blanket—nude. They tore their clothing from them, and they were unmercifully tossed amid the brutal laughter of the soldiers and the assembled crowd. The married woman died, also her child, prematurely born in consequence of the treatment. The young girl—a person of great beauty and refinement—was seriously injured both in mind and body. This girl had been offered £1000 to inform on persons implicated in the rebellion, but indignantly refused the bribe.

PERSONAL POINTS.

Mr. A. Bronson Alcott has given a fine stained glass window to the new Trinity chapel, Concord.

Felix Clement, the French composer, and writer of books about music, is dead at the age of 62.

President Diaz of Mexico will attend the laying of the corner stone for the new Texas capitol building.

Colonel Lamont's salary as private secretary to Governor Cleveland was $[illegible] a year. As private secretary to President Cleveland it will be only $3250.

Ernest Renan is "bulky, short, fat, rosy, with large features, long gray hair, a large nose, small eyes, a well-shaped mouth" and his manner as a lecturer "is gay, very gay and his gayety is rather comical."

Colonel William F. Vilas is closing his law business at Madison and intends shortly to resign his seat in the Wisconsin legislature. The cabinet makers have an idea that Mr. Vilas is about to take up his residence in Washington.

Oliver Wendell Holmes, Jr., is one of the youngest men on the supreme bench of Massachusetts, and he looks so much younger than he is that an old lawyer seeing him on the bench one day, inquired if it was a kindergarten court.

The death is announced at Kensington, England, of the naturalist, John G. Jeffreys, LL. D., F. R. S., one of the oldest of English zoologists. He was born in 1809, and for the last twenty years has devoted himself to his favorite branch of science.

The death is announced of Dr. Herbert Davies of London, who originated the plan of treating acute rheumatism by free blistering. He was the son of that Dr. Thomas Davies who introduced the stethoscope into English practice, having learned its use in Paris under Laennec himself.

Senator Palmer of Michigan takes a practical view of life. He has an income of $200,000 a year, and yet says: "The happiest man is the one who has the most illusions. There are only three real substantial things that you can get out of life, and the man who has those at the required intervals is as well off as the richest. The three realities are a full stomach, a good suit of clothes and a bed to sleep in."

General Grant is forbidden by his physicians to leave New York until the weather moderates. He wanted to visit George W. Childs of the Philadelphia *Ledger*, who thinks the general is a very sick man. The veteran says for himself: "I am feeling quite well, except a soreness at the root of the tongue and the tonsil over it, which causes me great pain in talking, and especially when I attempt to swallow water."

Mr. Edmunds, the presiding officer of the United States senate, has fallen into a habit of late of wearing a black silk skull cap. He is bald, and the air of the senate chamber is uncomfortably cool to the exposed cranial surface, causing colds and the consequent inconveniences. So he wears the little black cap all day, in the committee rooms, in the vice president's chamber and in the chair of the senate as its presiding officer.

Victorien Sardou is a firm believer in spiritualism and declares that he is often under supernatural guidance. He shows a plate of copper on which is engraved with minute exactness and marvellous skill a picture of Moliere's house. "Seated one day at my table," he says, "I fell into a reverie. Unconsciously I took up the graver and impelled by secret influence let my hand follow its own direction over that plate. The engraving you see is the result of several hours of purely mechanical toil. I could not of my own will make such a picture to save my life."

Dr. Alexander F. Sterling, who died in New York Saturday, leaving an estate valued at $2,000,000, gave away $40,000 every year. To the fresh air fund he contributed $2000, and Marion Foster, the invalid artist, received $50 a month from him. To his old servants he gave stipends of from $25 to $50 monthly, and the wife of the Rev. Mr. Williams, of All Souls church, got $250 every four weeks to distribute among the needy that were brought to her notice. He used to say, "You find the poor and I will provide the money for them."

A dispatch from Charleston, South Carolina, announces the death of General James Chesnut, who was United States senator from South Carolina, at the time of that state's secession from the Union. He was born in 1815, and was a graduate of Princeton college. He served for several years in the state legislature, and was appointed United States senator in 1859, being subsequently elected. He resigned in November 1860, and was chosen delegate to the confederate congress. He became colonel in the confederate army and was appointed aid-de-camp on Jeff. Davis' staff. He commanded a brigade in South Carolina. He was a member of the national democratic convention in 1868.

Cluny MacPherson, the lord of Badenoch and chief of the clan Chattan, was one of Sir Walter Scott's typical chiefs, combining in himself the different virtues of the baron of Bradwardine and Fergus MacIvor. He was universally esteemed in Scotland, and on his own large estates in Inverness-shire he was adored, as he was a landlord of the old patriarchal type, and the promotion of the welfare of his people was the business and the pleasure of his life. Two years ago Cluny celebrated his golden wedding, and he and his wife—a Davidson of Tulloch—were presented with a handsome centerpiece, representing a famous family incident during "the '45." Cluny always spoke in Gaelic when at home or when conversing with his people; and he invariably wore full highland dress. Cluny served in the Black Watch—lately commanded by his eldest son—in early life; but he settled down on his estates more than fifty years ago. In 1826 Sir Walter Scott described him, in a letter to Miss Edgeworth, as "a fine, spirited boy, fond of his people and kind to them, and the best dancer of the highland reel now living." Cluny was greatly esteemed by the queen, who made his acquaintance during her residence at Ardverikie house, Loch Laggan, now the seat of Sir John Ramsden.

The Rt. Hon. Thomas O'Hagan, baron, who died a few days ago, was born at Dublin in 1810. He was educated at the Institution, Belfast, and was called to the Irish bar in 1836. He held for several years the post of assistant barrister for the county of Longford, was appointed solicitor general for Ireland under Lord Palmerston's second administration, in 1860, and to the Irish attorney generalship in 1861, and was sworn a member of the privy council in January, 1865, when he was appointed a justice of the court of common pleas in Ireland. He was a member of parliament for Tralee from May, 1863, till the his elevation to the bench, and supported the liberal party. On Mr. Gladstone taking the reins of power in December, 1868, Mr. Justice O'Hagan was made lord high chancellor of Ireland, and, being the first Roman Catholic elevated to that dignity in modern times, and in June, 1870, he was raised to the peerage by the title of Baron O'Hagan. He remained in power until the resignation of Mr. Gladstone's cabinet, in February, 1874. In October, 1878, he was nominated one of the commissioners to whom was intrusted the duty of giving effect to the act relating to intermediate education in Ireland. On the return of the liberals to power in May, 1880, he was again appointed lord high chancellor of Ireland, and he held that office until November, 1881, being, on his retirement, created a knight of the order of St. Patrick. He was twice married, first in 1836 to a lady of Belfast, and again in 1871 to a Miss Towneley of Lancaster.

Phoebe Carey's career as a poet began at the age fourteen, when, without consulting her sister Alice to whom she was then, as in all her after years, affectionately attached, she secretly sent a small poem to a Boston magazine. She said afterwards that she did not dare to look or send for the periodical when it appeared, lest she should not find it and be disappointed. The poem had been accepted, however, though the publisher had failed to notify the author, who never knew of its acceptance until its reproduction in the Cincinnati paper which her family was accustomed to read. She often said she could hardly believe her own eyes, and laughed and cried over it, so great was her joy.

THE TALE OF KING MEGACLES.

An Interesting Greek Story of the Sixth Century—A Treasure in the Shape of an old Parchment Roll.

Some weeks ago, writes a correspondent to *The London Society*, when I was voyaging in the Ægean, I stopped for a few days in one of the Greek Islands, where there was a monastery high up among the hills, within whose white walls a monk named Brother Agisthos dwelt, who was the librarian of such books and papers and records as the monastery possessed. When the time came for me to take my departure Brother Agisthos seemed sincerely grieved. In the evening of that day, which was to be my last on the island, he came to me, holding in hand a roll of parchment, brown and discolored and worn with time. As he unrolled it I could see that it was covered with Greek characters.

"I have here," he said, "a treasure that has never before been revealed to the eye of a stranger. It is the manuscript of an old Greek poem—a part, as I believe, of the lost epic cycle. The authorship is unknown, but it is believed to be by a native of this island—a contemporary of Arctinus. The manuscript itself dates from the sixth century of our era, and was transcribed by one of the fathers of our order. If you wish I will read it to you," he said, and this is the story as I remember it:

In this island of the Greek seas, when the world was in its white youth there dwelt a king whose name was Megacles. All the gifts that make men love empire belonged to Megacles—youth and beauty and a strength beyond his 20 years, and skill in all kinds of manly exercises, whether in chasing the wild boar, or taming a savage foal, or in the chariot race or the foot race. The dear love of his people, too, was his, and the eyes of the maidens smiled upon him in the dance; but as yet he had taken no consort, choosing to remain unwedded awhile. On a certain day there came to the island a ship from afar off, and on board of her was a young man who played on the lyre, and sang marvelous stories of the immortal gods. He was conducted to the hall of Megacles, and sat at the high table and feasted there; and, when the feast was ended, he tuned his lyre and sang of the birth of Pallas and the Titan war. But he sang best of Aphrodita, child of Saturn and the sea, who brought love upon the earth. When Megacles heard him sing of Aphrodita, he smiled and stayed him, saying: "Sing, if you please, of Zeus the Father, or far-darting Apollo, but waste no words on Aphrodita. In this island we hunt and fish, and sow and reap, and toil and feast and sleep; and, when we wed, we choose women well fitted to bear children who shall, like us, be stout hunters and workers, and in their turn take wives to bear sons as stout. Such are our lives, and we have no need for Aphrodita. Let her seek other islands for her altars, and thou sing to us of the gods that guard our toils and our slumbers."

When the young man had departed, the king Megacles arose, and made his way to a little headland that overlooked the sea, where, amid the clustering laurels, a temple stood to Poseidon, lord of the sea. Megacles stretched himself upon the grassy brow of the cliff, and gazed out upon the blue flood and the golden evening sky, and mused upon the songs of the departed singer; and as he mused a weariness came upon him, and he fell asleep. And in his sleep he had a vision that the goddess Aphrodita came to him, and spoke to him softly, saying: "Look up, O thou that laughest at the power of love. Behold, I have brought thee a royal love." Then in his sleep the king lifted up his eyes, and saw standing by the side of the goddess a woman fairer than he had ever believed that a woman could be. For a moment he saw her clearly in the bright effulgence that shone round the goddess, and fierce, unconquerable love took possession of his heart. Then a gray cloud hid the goddess and the woman, and Megacles sprang from his sleep to catch at the empty air.

From that hour the people noted a fearful change come over the spirit of Megacles. Cloudy care hung about him and mocked his youth. He cared no more for the woodland music of the hunt, for the dance or the feast, or the tales of the elder, or the songs of the maidens; the eyes of women grew wet with tears as they watched his haggard face; his peers shook their heads over his unused weapons; the old man said that he was suffering under the anger of some deity, and must soon die if the doom were not averted, and the priests offered sacrifice and consulted their oracles in vain—the gods were dumb.

At length, one day, while the king's mood was at its worst, there came sailing round the white horns of the bay two vessels, one from the east and one from the west. The prows of both the ships crunched the shingle at the same moment. Each party grasped its weapons fiercely and moved toward the other across the yellow sand, but before the trampled beach could become a battle-ground, a band of the townspeople, all armed and heralded by a priest of Poseidon, came hurrying from the town to the strand, and stood between the opponents. When they came before Megacles, the king greeted them with a weary smile, and listened languidly while they told their tale. The Argive leader spoke of the rape of Helen, and of the armament of the Greek princes against Troy, and besought Megacles to swell their battle with his ships and his men. The Trojan, on the other part, urged the old wrong done by Hercules in excuse of the deed of Paris, and wooed Megacles to come and fight for Troy by woody Ida.

When each had spoken, the king, who had been listening moodily and tracing idle lines in the earth with his spear point, lifted his head, and there was a joyous light in his eyes such as men had not seen there for many a day. Prompted, so it was said, by the inspiration of Aphrodita, he pledged himself to the men of Troy, and so they departed to their ships again, Trojans and Tyrians, and sailed back to their own people.

Then Megacles made ready ships, and men, and armor, and went across the sea to Asia and and Mount Ida, and passed between the gates of Ilium, he and his fellows, the best blood of the island. As Megacles entered the city he met a great number of youths and maidens crowned with flowers, and singing and piping, going to a temple, and in their midst a woman walked, whom, when his eyes beheld, he knew at once to be the lady of his vision whom Aphrodita had shown to him. So he stood gazing at her with sweet pain in his heart and mind on fire, until she had passed in at the temple portals. Then Megacles turned to a bystander and besought him to tell the name of the woman. The bystander laughed loudly, saying: "You are indeed a stranger in our city if you do not know the face and name of Helen, the fairest of women."

Then there came a desperate sally by the Trojans upon the Greek encampment. Megacles, with his little band of islanders, bore a brave part in the fight, and wrought great execution on the enemy. In the very middle of the fight Menelaos encountered Paris. They closed for an instant in deadly conflict, and then the king of Sparta struck the son of Priam to the ground and would have killed him then and there, and ended the feud ere it had well begun. But the fates willed it otherwise, for Megacles, raging through the lanes of war, saw the stricken Paris, and swooped down like an eagle upon the vengeful king, and beat him back from his prey. While Menelaos turned to meet his new foe many of the Trojans rushed in and picked up Paris and set him on his feet again, and bore him away in safety. But the Greeks coming to the rescue of Menelaos, closed in about Megacles, and bore death in upon him at twenty points. As he slipped the spears of Atrides pierced his breast, and he fell with a great cry upon the plain. The island people hearing that cry, rushed upon his enemies and swept them aside, and lifted up the body of their lord and bore him away from the battle. It was evening and that day's fight was done, and the Trojans were victorious, so the islanders laid their sorely wounded monarch upon a litter of crossed spears and bore him slowly back with the rest of the Trojan army to the city, and Paris walked by the side of the litter.

As the convoy passed the Scæan gate, Helen, who was standing on the wall of the tower to watch the returning warrior, looked down and saw the sorrow of the island people and the pale face of their dying king. Then Helen leaned over the wall and flung two roses, one white and one red, lightly into the air. The white rose floated softly down to the slow-moving bier, and gently fell upon the lips of the Megacles, and a faint smile came over his face, and in that instant his life departed out of him. But Paris caught the red rose in his hand and held it joyously upon high, and waved it toward Helen, and so passed into the town, and all the Trojans after him. Everyone in Ilium rejoiced that night, save only the island people, who grieved much for their lost leader. But none of them ever returned to the home in the blue sea, for they all died, one after another, in battles before Troy, and soon the very name of Megacles was forgotten alike in Phrygia and in the island where his race had reigned.

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When the monk had finished, he sat silent for a few minutes, thinking over the sad story. Then I entreated him that he would part with the manuscript, and that I might be allowed to make this long-lost treasure known to the scholars of England and Germany. But my words appeared to alarm him, for he at once rose up, and, hurriedly thrusting the manuscript into the bosom of his robe, went away, and I saw him no more.

My impression is that the manuscript has not the antiquity which the learned monk ascribed to it, but is probably one of the many mediæval Greek poems which took episodes of the war of Troy for their theme. But it is quite possible that the tale itself, which certainly is not to be found in classical literature, as far as I am acquainted with it, may be a genuine tradition dating back from really remote antiquity.

COW CREEK VALLEY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE OREGONIAN:

Cow Creek valley lies between the Rogue river and the Umpqua valleys, and is located in Douglas county. It is thirty miles long and is from one to three miles wide. About one-half of the valley is fit for the plow, the remainder is covered with trees and under brush which is not difficult to remove.

At the late election 66 votes were cast—36 for Blaine and Logan, and 3[illegible] for Cleveland and Hendricks; republican plurality, [illegible]. The population is about 400.

The valley was first settled by Joseph Knott, near the mouth of the great canyon at the northern entrance to the valley, in the spring of 1851. The following year he sold his claim to Hardy Elliff, who still owns it but is living on another farm of his, with his family, near Glendale. After disposing of his property here, Mr. Knott removed to Camas Prairie, this county, where he remained two years, and afterwards removed to Portland and finally to San Francisco, in which city he died about one year ago.

Cotemporary with Hardy Elliff, A. S. Bates settled on what is now known as the Levens farm at Galesville. He remained there two years and sold out to Elias Musser of Virginia, and Daniel Wiley. Wiley in turn sold out to Fannie Tryon and Peter Miller, and a year later Musser sold out to D. A. Levens and afterward Levens came in possession of the whole, which he owns to this day. His two sons, Douglas and Henry, are conducting the farm at present.

Bates afterward went to British Columbia and engaged in stock raising, where he became very wealthy. While walking on the streets in San Francisco he dropped dead from heart disease in 1872 or 1873.

A. V. Bentley settled at a point about one mile from where Glendale now is, in 1851. He had two sons, Isaac and Joseph. With their assistance, he laid out and put in a farm quicker and better than any one had done before him. He had two wagons and six work cattle. The result of his first year's work was 1500 bushels of wheat, which he threshed out with his cattle and sold to one Thomas, then proprietor of the Eagle flouring mills, one mile north of Ashland, for $3 per bushel, taking his note for the amount, which note has never been redeemed. These same mills may be seen by the traveler and are in operation at this day. The Bentleys hauled their grain to the Rogue river valley, over the mountains, having to cut their way most of the distance, and delivered it in good condition to the purchaser. The Russian colony is a new acquisition to this community. They settled here in 1883, number 38 persons all told, and term themselves the New Odessa colony. They knew nothing of the customs of this country upon their arrival. They could not harness a horse or follow a plow, but through their enterprise, energy and thrift are rapidly becoming accustomed to farm work and during the past year have done exceedingly well. In 1884 they put in 120 acres and threshed over 2000 bushels of grain. They are a welcome addition to the population of the creek; they are reliable and honest; are frugal and industrious.

John Redfield settled at the lower end of the valley in the spring of 1851, at a point near three miles from Glendale. The following year his place was the first to be destroyed by the savages, saving nothing except a few things he had previously secured. He is still living on his original claim. He and his estimable wife have raised a large family—six sons and two daughters—all of whom are living. Four sons, a short time ago, issued a challenge to any four rifle shots in the state to shoot at any distance, in any position desired, for from $250 to $1000 per side. We can assure any who may engage against them that they will be obliged to "shoot close" to win.

Cow Creek valley is especially adapted to stock raising. Hay in abundance can be raised, while the mountains furnish rich and luxuriant grasses in spring and summer, which will sustain large numbers of cattle and horses until late in the fall. A start has already been made by two enterprising young men, Douglas and Henry Levens, of Galesville. They have in stable twenty head, a car-load of as fine steers as it has ever been our pleasure to see. Two are tied in each stall, kept there constantly and attended to at regular intervals. By kind treatment they soon become perfectly gentle and may be approached without danger. In March they will be shipped to Portland, and then Portland people may have an opportunity to compare stall-fed beef with that of the open range. Their progress is being watched with much interest by the farmers of this community, and if successful, will be followed by others in another year. Next year they will build a barn capable of accommodating three hundred head of stock and will then make regular shipments to market. From a weaning age they are allowed to run on the range or kept in pasture until a marketable size has been attained when they will be put in barn.

Hardy Elliff is preparing to go into stock raising. This fall he will confine his attention to hogs, intending to prepare for market 300 head, which he will manufacture into bacon and hams. Next year he will turn his attention to cattle in connection with hogs.

Grain is no longer raised for market, nor is it likely to be in the future, as the freight rates to Portland combined with the low prices for it, leaves no margin for the producer. The

CLIMATE

is all that can be desired. The lowest part of the valley is about 2000 feet above the level of the sea, while the upper part will approach 3000 feet. However, at this elevation, the climate is mild and agreeable, influenced as it is by the warm currents from the ocean. Only occasionally does the ice form of sufficient thickness to support the weight of a man, while snow seldom remains on the ground to exceed a few days at a time. Changes in the weather are always gradual. The lowest thermometer this year was 19 degrees above zero. The soil is of good average, taken as a whole, and will produce anything that can be grown in this latitude. Timber, like other parts of western Oregon, is in abundance. Fir and black oak predominate, while pine, white oak and laurel, may be found on high ground, and maple, ash and cottonwood along the creek bottoms. Features of the mountains that attract the attention of the observer, is their ruggedness and hight and the excessive growth of fir on their northern sides and of black oak on their southern sides. Magnificent fir trees suitable for lumber but better adapted for masts and spars are apparently inexhaustible, but they are not so large as those along the shores of the Columbia river or Puget Sound. Game is plenty, but not varied. Deer, bear, panthers, wild cats and other game abound. Sometimes an unfortunate beaver is entrapped, but not often. Ducks may be found during the winter and early spring in the creeks and ponds. Not less than 1500 deer skins were shipped during 1884, and the greater part of these were killed for their hides. This does not include what was manufactured into gloves, which is quite extensively carried on. A dealer showed us the second floor of his store, which is about 25 by 40 feet, and that was covered to a depth of five feet with deer skins. We calculated that within a few years a deer in these mountains would be difficult to find. Yet, however the citizens of this community respect the law and allow no one to violate it. No one refrains from killing a deer for its meat, for family consumption, in any season, and to this no objection is made. In season there are those who make it a business to kill deer for their hides, and we are informed the meat is left to decay in the mountains. Gold is the only mineral yet discovered. Gold hydraulic mining is carried on during the winter season. The mines yield a good living for their owners, but are not rich enough to attract attention from abroad. Starveout, Hogem and Tennessee gulches have been worked for twenty years, and are still turning out enough to pay for continuing to work them. A quartz ledge was discovered last fall at the head of Starveout gulch, but as yet no startling developments have been made. The leading town of the valley is Glendale. It is situated on the railroad and is 265 miles from Portland. It has a depot which excels anything in that line south of Roseburg; a four-stall round house, railroad warehouse, telegraph office, postoffice, express office, two general stores, one saloon, hotel, and a steam sawmill with a capacity of 10,000 feet of lumber per day. At present it is idle, but may resume work in a short time. When Glendale was the terminus of the railroad it was a lively town, and considerable business was transacted there, but since the road moved on it has never revived. Last week we were favored with an invitation to a country dance. We accepted. Our party consisted of six persons—three ladies and three gentlemen—ourself included. Leaving a point near Glendale, we rode to the dancing hall, fifteen miles distant, down in the great canyon. Upon our arrival the attentive host conducted us to the parlor and housed our horses in the barn. Newcomers continued to appear until the dancing hour arrived, when the doors to the hall were thrown open, the lights lighted, the orchestra assumed its position, and the floor manager cried out: "Partners for the first quadrille." It was not one of those recherche affairs where the gentlemen appear in evening dress and the ladies in silks and diamonds, but one of those common country gatherings where the participants wear their ordinary Sunday clothes, and the aim of all is an enjoyable time. At midnight an excellent supper was prepared to which all did ample justice, after which dancing was resumed and continued until morning, when all, sleepy, tired and exhausted, went to their homes.

A. S.

GEORGE ELIOT'S LIFE.

How the Great Novelist Became a Writer of Fiction—Her Relations with Mr. Lewes.

"George Eliot's Life, as Related in Her Letters and Journals," has just been published. The book is described as having been arranged and edited by Mr. J. W. Cross, husband of George Eliot, and, as its title indicates, is mainly of an autobiographical character. With the exception of a slight introductory sketch of George Eliot's childhood "up to the time when letters became available," Mr. Cross has confined himself to the task of selecting and arranging such correspondence as was best calculated to tell the story of the great writer's life in her own words. Of her early life and surroundings many incidents and anecdotes are related.

Mary Ann Evans was born on the 22d of November, 1819, at Arbury farm, in Warwickshire. In March, 1820, when she was only four months old, the family removed to Griff, "a charming red-brick, ivy-covered house on the Arbury estate 'the warm little nest where her affections were first fledged,' and there George Eliot spent the first twenty-one years of her life."

"In my earliest remembrance of my father his hair was already gray, for I was his youngest child; and it seemed to me that advanced age was appropriate to a father, as, indeed, in all respects I considered him a parent so much to my honor that the mention of my relationship to him was likely to secure me regard among those to whom I was otherwise a stranger—his stories from his life including so many names of distant persons that my imagination placed no limit to his acquaintanceship. * * * Nor can I be sorry, though myself given to meditative if not active innovation, that my father was a tory who had not exactly a dislike to innovators and dissenters, but a slight opinion of them as persons of ill-founded self-confidence. * * * And I often smile at my consciousness that certain conservative prepossessions have mingled themselves for me with the influences of our midland scenery, from the tops of the elms down to the buttercups and the little wayside vetches. Naturally enough, that part of my father's prime to which he oftenest referred had fallen on the days when the great wave of political enthusiasm and belief in a speedy regeneration of all things had ebbed, and the proposed millennial initiative of France was turning into a Napoleonic empire. * * * To my father's mind, the noisy teachers of revolutionary doctrines were, to speak mildly, a variable mixture of the fool and the scoundrel; the welfare of the nation lay in a strong government which could maintain order; and I was accustomed to hear him utter the word 'government' in a tone that charged it with awe, and made it part of my effective religion, in contrast with the word 'rebel,' which seemed to carry the stamp of evil in its syllables, and, lit by the fact that Satan was the first rebel, made an argument dispensing with more detailed inquiry."

With regard to the beginning of her literary career, we learn that in 18[illegible] an excursion to Stratford-on-Avon with her friends, the Hennells, led to her undertaking the translation of Strauss' "Leben Jesu." That work engrossed her for long, and her letters to the Hennells are full of it. Alone in the world, as she had said, and cast adrift as it were, we find her, though she had indulged herself with a trip to Switzerland, feeling the pinches of poverty. She writes from Geneva asking her friends to try and sell her "Encyclopedia Britannica" and her globes. But that translation of Strauss gained her great credit and some money as well; she had been brought into notice, and had begun to make acquaintance with philosophers and distinguished men of letters, and in 1851 she removed to London as assistant editor of the *Westminster Review*.

In the following passages we are informed how George Eliot became a writer of fiction: "September, 1856, made a new era in my life, for it was then I began to write fiction. It had always been a vague dream of mine that some time or other I might write a novel, and my shadowy conception of what the novel was to be varied, of course, from one epoch of my life to another. But I never went further toward the actual writing of the novel than an introductory chapter, describing a Staffordshire village, and the life of the neighboring farm houses; and as the years passed on I lost any hope that I should ever be able to write a novel, just as I desponded about everything else in my future life. I always thought I was deficient in dramatic power, both of construction and dialogue. But I felt I should be at my ease in the descriptive parts of a novel. My introductory chapter was pure description, though there were good material in it for dramatic presentation. It happened to be among the papers I had with me in Germany, and one evening at Berlin something led me to read it to George. He was struck with it as a bit of minute description, and it suggested to him the possibility of my being able to write a novel, though he distrusted—indeed, disbelieved in—my possession of any dramatic power. * * * One morning as I was thinking what would be the subject of my first story, my thoughts merged themselves into a dreamy doze, and I imagined myself writing a story of which the title was 'The Sad Fortunes of the Reverend Amos Barton.' I was soon wide awake again, and told G. He said, 'O, what a capital title!' and from that time I had settled in my mind that this should be my first story."

Mr. Lewes wrote to Mr. John Blackwood, who afterwards became one of the author's earnest friends, offering him the manuscript of "Amos Barton," and the work was published.

Of "Adam Bede" the author says, "I love it very much, and am deeply thankful to have written it." The following particulars of some of the characters will be interesting: "The character of Dinah grew out of my recollections of my aunt; but Dinah is not at all like my aunt, who was a very small, black-eyed woman, and (as I was told, for I never heard her preach) very vehement in her style of preaching. She had left off preaching when I knew her, being probably 60 years old, and in delicate health; and she had become, as my father told me, much more gentle and subdued than she had been in the days of her active ministry and bodily strength, when she could not rest without exhorting and remonstrating in season and out of season. I was very fond of her, and enjoyed the few weeks of her stay with me greatly. She was loving and kind to me, and I could talk to her about my inward life, which was closely shut up from those usually round me. I saw her only twice again, for much shorter periods—once at her own home at Wirksworth, in Derbyshire, and once at my father's last residence, Foleshill. The character of Adam and one or two incidents connected with him were suggested by my father's early life; but Adam is not my father any more than Dinah is my aunt. Indeed, there is not a single portrait in 'Adam Bede;' only the suggestions of experience wrought up into new combinations. When I began to write it the only elements I had determined on, besides the character of Dinah, were the character of Adam, his relation to Arthur Donnithorne, and their mutual relations to Hetty—i. e., to the girl who commits child murder—the scene in the prison being of course the climax toward which I worked. Everything else grew out of the characters and their mutual relations. Dinah's ultimate relation to Adam was suggested by George when I had read to him the first part of the first volume; he was so delighted with the presentation of Dinah, and so convinced that the reader's interest would center in her, that he wanted her to be the principal figure at the last. I accepted the idea at once, and from the end of the third chapter worked with it constantly in view."

Soon after she came to London she formed the acquaintance of Mr. G. H. Lewes, and from that acquaintance sprang the union which in the whole history of celebrated authors will be reckoned among the most remarkable episodes. From a letter to her life-long friend, Mrs. Bray, we take the following passage: "If there is any one action or relation of my life, which is and always has been profoundly serious, it is my relation to Mr. Lewes. It is, however, natural enough that you should mistake me in many ways, for not only are you unacquainted with Mr. Lewes' real character and the course of his actions, but also it is several years now since you and I were much together, and it is possible that the modifications my mind has undergone may be quite in the opposite direction of what you may imagine. No one can be better aware than yourself that it is possible for two people to hold different opinions on momentous subjects with equal sincerity, and an equally earnest conviction that their respective opinions are alone the truly moral ones. If we differ on the subject of the marriage laws, I at least can believe you cleave to what you believe to be good; and I don't know of anything in the nature of your views that should prevent you from believing the same of me. How far we differ, I think neither of us know, for I am ignorant of your precise views; and apparently you attribute to me both feelings and opinions which are not mine. We cannot set each other quite right in this matter in letters, but one thing I can tell you in few words. Light and easily broken ties are what I neither desire theoretically nor could live for practically. Women who are satisfied with such ties do not act as I have done. That any unworldly, unsuperstitious person who is sufficiently acquainted with the realities of life can pronounce my relation to Mr. Lewes immoral, I can only understand by remembering how subtle and complex are the influences that mold opinion. But I do remember this: and I indulge in no arrogant or uncharitable thoughts about those who condemn us—even though we might have expected a somewhat different verdict. From the majority of persons, of course, we never looked for anything but condemnation. We are leading no life of self-indulgence, except indeed that, being happy in each other, we find everything easy. We are working hard to provide for others better than we provide for ourselves, and to fulfill every responsibility that lies upon us. Levity and pride would not be a sufficient basis for that."

Touching this delicate subject, Mr. Cross writes a few well considered words: "Here, as elsewhere it seems to me to be of the first importance that she should speak for herself; and there is, fortunately, a letter to Mrs. Bray, dated in September, 1855,—fourteen months after the event,—which puts on record the point of view from which she regarded her own action. I give the letter here (out of its place as to date); and I may add what, I think, has not been mentioned before, that not only was Mr. Lewes' previous family life irretrievably spoiled, but his home had been wholly broken up for nearly two years. In forming a judgment on so momentous a question, it is above all things necessary to understand what was actually undertaken,—what was actually achieved,—and, in my opinion, this can be best arrived at, not from any outside statement or arguments, but by consideration of the whole tenor of life which followed, in the development of which Mr. Lewes' true character, as well as George Eliot's, will unfold itself. No words that anyone else can write, no arguments anyone else can use, will, I think, be so impressive as the life itself."

Among the more interesting of George Eliot's letters and opinions which will bear isolation is one on novel-reading, written before her novels: "When I was quite a little child I could not be satisfied with the things around me; I was constantly living in a world of my own creation, and was quite contented to have no companions that I might be left to my own musings and imagine scenes in which I was chief actress. Conceive what a character novels would give to these Utopias. I was early supplied with them by those who kindly sought to gratify my appetite for reading, and of course I made use of the materials they supplied for building my castles in the air. But it may be said, "No one ever dreamed of recommending children to read them; all this does not apply to persons come to years of discretion, whose judgments are in some degree matured." I answer that men and women are but children of a larger growth; they are still imitative beings. We can not (at least those who ever read to any purpose at all)—we can not, I say, help being modified by the ideas that pass through our minds. We hardly wish to lay claim to such elasticity as retains no impress. We are active beings, too. We are each one of the dramatis personæ in some play on the stage of life; hence our actions have their share in the effects of our reading. As to the discipline our minds receive from the perusal of fictions I can receive none that is beneficial, but may be attained by that of history. It is the merit of fictions to come within the orbit of probability; if unnatural they would no longer please. If it be said the mind must have relaxation, "truth is strange—stranger than fiction." When a person has exhausted the wonders of truth there is no other resort than fiction; till then I can not imagine how the adventures of some phantom, conjured up by fancy, can be more entertaining than the transactions of real specimens of real human nature from which we may safely draw inferences. I dare say Mr. James' 'Huguenot' would be recommended as giving an idea of the times of which he writes; but as well may one be recommended to look at landscapes for an idea of English scenery."

In one of her letters referring to the manner in which literary biographies are managed, she says: "Still, something should be done by dispassionate criticism toward the reform of our national habits in the matter of literary biography. Is it not odious that as soon as a man is dead his desk is raked, and every insignificant memorandum, which he never meant for the public, is printed for the gossiping amusement of people too idle to reread his books? He gave the people of his best. His worst he kept; his best he gave. But there is a certain set, not a small one, who are titilated by the worst and indifferent to the best. I think this fashion is a disgrace to us all. It is something like the uncovering the dead Byron's club-foot."

The following summary disposal of Mrs. Hannah More and subsequent attack on the ideas expounded in Disraeli's novels, is in a letter to Mr. [illegible] Sibree, written in 1848. "I am glad you detest Mrs. Hannah More's letters. I like neither her letters nor her books nor her character. She was the most disagreeable of all monsters, a blue stocking—a monster that can only exist in a miserably false state of society, in which a woman with but a smattering of learning or philosophy is classed along with singing mice and card-playing pigs. It is some time since I read 'Tancred,' so that I have no very vivid recollection of its details; but I thought it very 'thin' and inferior in the working up to 'Coningsby' and 'Sybil.' Young Englandism is almost as remote from my sympathies as Jacobitism, as far as its force is concerned though I love and respect it as an effort on behalf of the people. D'Israeli is unquestionably an able man, and I always enjoy his tirades against liberal principles as opposed to popular principles—the name by which he distinguishes his own. As to the theory of races, it has not a leg to stand on, and can only be buoyed up by such windy eloquence as—you chubby-faced, squabby-nosed Europeans owe your commerce, your arts, your religion, to the Hebrews—nay, the Hebrews lead your armies; in proof of which he can tell us that Massena, a second-rate general of Napoleon's, was a Jew, whose real name was Manasseh."—*St. James Gazette.*

CONCERNING "HOMELY."

PORTLAND, Feb. 16.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE OREGONIAN:

There are many persons who will certainly object to your law that "homely" has a "necessary and fixed signification," equivalent only to plainness and ugliness, and that it is "bad usage" to give it the sense of "homelike." This word, like a multitude of other words, has more than one meaning, and, from the examples we have, I conclude that it is quite allowable to use it in the sense of "homelike." The first meaning given by Worcester is, "Pertaining to home, or to the household," with the sign implying "obsolete or antiquated." We do not then "take care of a good old English word better than the English do" when we accept this meaning.

An obsolete or antiquated meaning can not necessarily be called "bad usage," and sometimes quite as good service is done to our language by reviving an obsolete word or sense as by inventing a new one. In Wickliff's translation of the passage of scripture "A man's foes shall be they of his own household," it reads: "And the enemyes of a man, ben thei that ben *homeli* with him." When Shakespeare says: "Our stomachs will make what is *homely* savoury" the sense of *homelike* is more apparent than that of "plainness and ugliness." So again "The Shepherd's *homely* curds" of Henry VI, and "*homely* stars" of All's Well, mean *homelike*—pertaining to home. And so again when Dryden says:

"Their *homely* fair dispatch'd the hungry band
Invade their trenchers next,"

homelike is surely the meaning.

In Gray's elegy we have:

"Their *homely* joys, and destiny obscure,"

Surely with the meaning of "homelike"—pertaining to home.

Another meaning of *homely* is "familiar." "With all these men . . . was right *homely*, and communed with them long time and oft."—Foxe.

This may be allowed to be of rare use by present writers but these examples are enough to prompt us to beg you not to insist that it is "bad usage" to say *homely*, when we mean something else than plain and ugly.

And while we are on this matter of the use of words, will you allow an humble but earnest plea for the restoration of "a good old English word" to our common, every day language? What has the word "begin," with its various inflections, done, that it should be banished from the newspaper vocabulary of the day, and the long, pretentious word "commence" put in its place? Nowadays, we *begin* nothing, but *commence* everything, whether it be to send a boy to school, open the session of a legislature or court, start a steamboat or railroad line, or dig a ditch. This miserable affectation is well exposed in the following article from *Good Words*, which in your columns may have some influence in abating what you will surely allow to be very "bad usage."

B. W. M.

COMMENCE, BEGIN.—The same persons who habitually discard the word *many*, when they chance of glorying in *numerous*, have concurred in giving the cold shoulder to begin. I do not know a more flagrant dandyism of speech than commence to. "Directly I commence to speak every one commences to look at me," said a mincing Miss at a suburban "At home." There are mincing misses of the male sex in authorship who are always commencing to. Female authors are seldom caught at this feminine weakness of phrase. The verb commence, if not followed by some other verb in the infinitive mood, may be tolerated for a change. Though it is not to be found anywhere in the bible, (imagine "In the commencement!") it occurs a few times in Shakespeare; as many as thirteen times in all, reckoning the inflections commenced, commencing and commencement. Set to this account against the number of times Shakespeare uses the word begin. I am not going to count, but I find a double row of them in Mrs. Cowden Clark's Concordance, nearly as long as the line of Saint John, in the postoffice London directory, or of area railings along Wimpole street.

FAILED TO ELECT.

The Legislature Adjourns Sine Die, and no Senator.

COMPROMISE IMPOSSIBLE.

A Ca[illegible] the Last Hour Votes for Ex-Senator Corbett, but Seven Stay-aways Break a Quorum.

SALEM, Feb. 21.—At 10 o'clock this morning both houses of the legislature were called to order. All republicans were present, and every democratic seat was vacant. For want of a quorum both houses adjourned to meet at 11:45. During the interval vain efforts were made for a general caucus, but republicans could not be got together. Although there was no regular conference there had been a good deal of individual whispering, and most of the members determined to answer the roll call, with scattering votes, or to sit silent in their seats when the ballot was called.

The scene when joint convention assembled was dismal to the last degree. Nearly half the chairs were unoccupied, the floor was littered an inch deep with the debris of yesterday's session, the manner of officers and members was anxious and constrained and the lobby, which was large, stood eagerly expectant and in unaccustomed silence.

The sixty-ninth ballot was called, and the votes were divided among twenty-nine different names, the highest receiving three. Nine members voted blank.

The afternoon was spent in anxious consultation in halls and corridors. Shortly past three the republicans assembled in the chamber of the president of the senate.

Hirsch made a speech in which he thanked his friends for their loyal support, and declaring his republican fealty unshaken and his purpose of standing by the party. With the statement that he would not stand in the way of party unity, Hirsch gracefully withdrew from the contest.

Simon proposed ex-Senator H. W. Corbett, and various other names were considered, and on the vote being taken Corbett received 28 to 19 against him. Most of the opposing 19 declared they would not vote for Corbett in joint convention.

The caucus rose, and as the time for re-convention in joint session had arrived, proceeded to the call of representatives. The roll being called only forty-five members were present, one less than a quorum. There was some delay in hope that laggards might come in, but it soon became evident that they were purposely absent with the design of breaking a quorum and preventing an election. At 20 minutes past 4 it was moved to adjourn till 7 to-night; lost. Again it was moved to adjourn till noon Monday; lost.

Simon then moved that joint convention dissolve, declaring that it was useless to wait longer for members who knew their duty but chose to violate it. He made this motion with regret and only upon the conviction that further effort was useless. It is due to Simon to say that his whole effort to-day has been to secure an election. In this matter as in all others during the session he has been the faithful and vigilant representative of his constituents. The motion of dissolution was carried and was greeted with yells of delight by the democrats in the lobby. The republicans who absented themselves and who thus defeated the election of a republican senator were Barnes and Bourne of Multnomah, Clare of Washington, Miller of Josephine, Voorhees of Marion and Cameron of Jackson. It is but fair to say that Miller was detained at home by the illness of his wife.

The satisfaction of the democratic members, most of whom remained quietly in the city during the day, over this unfortunate end is intense and hilarious. They consider that they have won a great victory, and within an hour after adjournment the telegraph office was gorged with messages of congratulation to Barnum, Thompson, Vilas, Cleveland and other democratic leaders.

The duty of the governor in this emergency is not clear. The law declares that he shall by executive appointment fill vacancies occasioned by death or resignation. The present exigency is not specifically covered. It is the opinion of Judge Williams, however, that the governor has the right to appoint. The governor of New Hampshire in a similar case a few years ago, appointed Bell to the senate and his title to the seat was confirmed. In any event a man appointed by Governor Moody, would only hold till the meeting of the next legislature, two years hence.

Speculation as to who the governor will appoint, if he fills the vacancy, is scattering. The truth is that nobody knows aught about it.

There was a general clearing out for home at 8:30 to-night.

MR. BILYEU'S DEFENSE.

Bilyeu of Lane who was reported in the OREGONIAN this morning as having attempted to assault Simon in the row in the senate last evening, had no such purpose. He says that when his brother was addressing the president he was standing with his hands, by mere accident, in his pocket. As the crowd closed in, angrily, he rushed forward, with no other intent than to be on hand to defend his brother. He had no thought of attacking Simon or anybody else, and had not, in fact, a pistol in his possession. Nobody will question Mr. Bilyeu's entire truthfulness in this matter, but it must be said in defense of the reporter, that the appearances were as he presented them, and that all who saw Bilyeu's excited movement thought his purpose was to assault Simon.

NOTES FROM NEW ORLEANS.

NEW ORLEANS, Feb. 4, 1885.

The thick clouds of mist and fog that have enveloped this part of the sunny south for the greater part of the time since our arrival here, and which have poured out upon us such quantities of water as to make an Oregonian blush for the reputation of his own web-foot clime, have at last cleared away and the sunny south may once more claim to be "herself again." This fine weather, coming as it has with the Liberty bell, has given to the exposition a fresh start and renewed hopes in its great success as to attendance—for now that it may be said to be complete in all of its parts, and to truly excel any other ever made in the character and extent of its exhibits—all that is now wanting to make it a great success financially is the crowd that turned out in such a wonderful manner from all parts of the country to attend the centennial during the last months of its continuance. This month will, no doubt, be the most attractive one, bringing as it does, the attractions of the grand carnival season, for which New Orleans has a world-wide reputation, and each season brings to witness and participate in its festivities thousands from all parts of the country. The city is already beginning to feel the pulse of the on-coming crowd, and the manner in which they are being taken care of by being absorbed into the houses of the citizens is truly wonderful.

The extent and character of the exhibits found within the different buildings of the exposition are more and more evident to the beholder in the vain endeavor to compass them all within the range of a week's visit. It embraces within its enclosure exhibits natural, agricultural and manufactured products from nearly if not quite all parts of the world. Here may be found the products of the Arctic regions and the utensils and wearing apparel used by those who have tried in vain to find that mystic pole upon whose axis the world is supposed to revolve, and the far more luscious products of the tropics and [illegible] wearing apparel of those who sit astride the equator and bask in the warm sunshine of that region. There is no department within the grounds of the exposition—and there are seven of them—but what is worth the price of at least ten admissions to see. Take the live stock department alone—it's worth the time and expense of coming a great way to see. The management have erected six large buildings for the accommodation of the stock. These have been constructed on the most improved plans, and are so perfect in their arrangements that many of the large stockmen have taken plans of them home for the purpose of erecting buildings like them for their own use. These stables have been filled to overflowing with the finest collection of live stock that I think has ever been brought together in any one exhibit, embracing, as it does, horses, mules, cattle, sheep, hogs and poultry of every grade and breed known among stock and poultry men, making a grand total of over 2000 head. These are largely made up of first-premium animals from the states of Illinois, Kentucky, Indiana, Michigan, Iowa and Wisconsin. The premiums were [illegible] awarded on draft horses, mules and fat cattle, and aggregate sums $75,000. Illinois, I believe, taking the lead in the number and amount of the premiums received, although some of the best premiums were taken by some of the other states; the balance of the awards in this department, which includes many fine roadsters and fancy stock, will be made between now and the middle of March.

The dairy exhibit is made in the main building, and is not only of large proportions but excellent quality. There are on exhibition in this department 1251 packages of the choicest kind of creamery butter from various sections of the country. Iowa, Illinois, Wisconsin and Minnesota are styled "The Dairy Quartette." The following facts relative to Iowa alone may be interesting reading, and should be food for reflection for some of the farmers of Oregon, who scarcely make sufficient butter for their own use, say nothing about supplying the home market, which is now being largely supplied from butter creameries located as far east as Illinois. In the state of Iowa there are 1,200,000 cows, yielding 90,000,000 pounds of butter annually, at a market value of $25,000,000. The products of milk and cheese add $25,000,000 more. In 1875 the first creamery was opened in northern Iowa. She has now over 800 in full operation. In 1876 Iowa carried off the sweepstake premium and gold medal for the best butter at the Centennial at Philadelphia, and she now comes out from this, the largest exhibit and most thorough list ever given before the public, with the larger portion of the first premiums nailed to her masthead, although Minnesota is close after her, and may be considered as coming in as second best. The exhibit of cheese is simply immense. There are houses into which you are invited to come and sit and partake of a cheese lunch, constructed entirely of cheese of every kind, quality and shape known to men who "cheese it." The contest for premiums has been sharp and spirited, New York and Vermont coming in as sharp contestants with the western states. Wisconsin, however, held the long pole that took the persimmons in the cheese contest, and has nailed most of the first premiums to her mast head. In all of these Oregon has no part, and is only interested in noting the development of these great productive interests in states that were as backward but a few years ago in taking hold of them as are the farmers of Oregon to-day.

The following Webfooters have made their mark upon our register, lounged about in our easy chairs, posted themselves as to what is going on at home through the columns of the Oregon papers kept on file, and are seeing the sights in and about the city and exposition: W. K. Smith and daughter, A. W. Sites and wife, T. Patterson, E. K. Henderson, L. N. Roney, Dan Hoster, J. H. Sinton, J. W. Gardner and wife, H. C. Humphrey, A. S. Stimson and J. N. Ketchum of Portland; William Cochran and wife, Brownsville; Dr. M. F. Honan and wife, La Grande, J. H. Rinehart and daughter, Summerville; W. J. White, Astoria; J. M. Abrams, Eugene City; John R. Langory, McMinnville; A. B. Paxon, George E. and H. W. Chamberlan, Albany.

Rev. T. B. White of Albany, Oregon's alternate commissioner, has been spending some time in the city visiting friends. He brought with him as his contribution to Oregon's exhibit one ax-handle and one pair of pincers. He has honored us with a number of short calls. He has, however, ceased to preach about Oregon and turned his attention to a subject that he is more familiar with, and has accepted a call and is now preaching in the northern part of the state.

Mr. J. C. Swash from Eastern Oregon, my esteemed and efficient associate commissioner, being an old newspaper man, is making many friends among that fraternity, and through this he is enabled to say a good deal about Oregon through the columns of the papers represented here throughout the entire country.

We are both on the anxious seat about printed matter, and hope something is being done to furnish us with a supply.

Yours truly, E. W. ALLEN.

PACIFIC COAST.

THE SHARON HILL CASE.

SAN FRANCISCO, Feb. 21.—Counsel for Senator Sharon have served the attorneys of Miss Hill-Sharon with notice that defendant will move the court, on the 27th of February, to annul the order made by the court February 16, awarding alimony and counsel fees to plaintiff. This action is based upon the ground that the findings of the court, signed since the granting of alimony and counsel fees, state that no marriage valid under the laws of California ever existed between plaintiff and defendant.

BARNES CENSURED.

The *Examiner* to-morrow will publish the report of the bar association committee appointed to consider the conduct of W. H. L. Barnes and G. W. Tyler, in the matter of the Tyler-Gumpel contract transaction. The report severely censures Barnes for purchasing evidence. The committee declined to consider Tyler's action, as he has been indicted by the grand jury in connection with the same matter.

ANOTHER GIFT BY MRS. STANFORD.

SAN FRANCISCO, Feb. 21.—Just before leaving for the east, a few days ago, Mrs. Leland Stanford donated another $5000 for extension of the kindergarten work. The money was placed in the hands of Mrs. Cooper. This makes $11,500 given by Mrs. Stanford for this class of charitable work.

SHIPPING INTELLIGENCE.

Cleared: Steamer Queen of the Pacific, Astoria; steamer Empire, Victoria. Sailed: Steamer San Pedro, Tacoma; steamer Empire, Victoria.

WASHINGTON TERRITORY.

WHATCOM NEWS ITEMS.

WHATCOM, Feb 20.—A rich bituminous coal field was recently discovered near Whatcom. A syndicate is organizing for development.

No clue has yet been obtained to the perpetrators of the dynamite outrage Monday night. The city council offer a reward of $250. A private subscription reward fund amounts to $600 more. It is understood a secret committee has been organized to assist the officers in ferreting out the criminal, and bring him to speedy justice.

DROWNED IN LAKE UNION.

SEATTLE, Feb. 21.—Martin Nett and a companion were upset while boating on Lake Union last night, and Mr. Nett, a German butcher of this city, was drowned. His remains have not been found, though men have been dragging the lake all day.

BRITISH COLUMBIA.

NEWS NOTES FROM VICTORIA.

VICTORIA, Feb. 21.—The government was sustained on a test vote in the assembly to-day, by a vote of 16 to 7. The question was on a grant of land for the extension of the railway line to Coal Harbor, which was approved of by the vote.

Smallpox has broken out in camp 10 of the Island railway works.

FAILURES.

ASSIGNED.

NEW YORK, Feb. 21.—William E. Grines, ship-broker, has assigned, with preferences of $94,000.

BALTIMORE, Feb. 21.—F. L. Claflin & Co., ship brokers have made an assignment to Robt. H. Smith, for the benefit of creditors. Assets estimated at $80,600, liabilities $150,000.

RUSSELL SAGE DISCHARGED.

NEW YORK, Feb. 21—Russell Sage in the Tombs police court to-day, was charged by J. S. Purdy with larceny of certain bonds. The justice discharged the prisoner as not guilty.

Sir Herbert Stewart.

The London *Life* a few days ago spoke thus of General Stewart, whose death occurred on the 11th inst. "Sir Herbert Stewart has been spoken of sometimes as one of the 'luckiest' of soldiers. He has been fortunate, but he has deserved his good luck. He entered the service in November, 1858, under the old purchase system, and he was a captain in April, 1878. He had, however, to wait upward of eleven years for his majority. In December, 1878, he passed through the Staff college, and the Zulu war of 1879 gave him an opportunity of showing the stuff that was in him. As brigade major of cavalry he then attracted the favorable notice of Brigadier Russell. In the operations against Sekukuni, Stewart did admirable service, and became chief of the staff and military secretary to Wolseley. The close of the war found him a lieutenant colonel, after his name had been frequently mentioned in dispatches. He was on special duty in South Africa in 1881, and in the Boer war he served as assistant adjutant and quartermaster general. In the latter capacity he was present with his ill-fated friend Colley, at the disastrous affair of Majuba Hill. His friends thought that his military career was then checked, and that the road to future honors and promotion was blocked; but Wolseley remained staunch to him through good and evil report, and having so powerful a friend, Stewart was not 'laid upon the shelf.' In the Egyptian campaign of 1882 he did excellent service with the cavalry division, and after the capture of Cairo he was made a C. B., and A. D. C. to the queen. But further work and honors were in reserve for him. In the Soudan last year he commanded the cavalry brigade under Gerald Graham, and was present at the actions of El Teb and Tamai, winning his spurs as K. C. B. He is only forty-three years of age, and fortune, it is to be hoped, has still in store for him long life and further distinction."

A DAY OF DISASTER.

Terrific Explosion of Gas in West Virginia.

AN ENTIRE FAMILY KILLED.

Several Persons Killed by Railroad Disasters—Six Persons Burned to Death in New York—Etc.

STEUBENVILLE, O., Feb. 21.—A terrific natural gas explosion occurred at Wellsburg, W. Va., seven miles down the river, this morning, caused by gas leaking in the cellar of a two-story brick occupied by R. Helsely & Bros., cigarmakers. This building and an adjoining one, occupied by Luke Welter, saloon, also a substantial brick, was blown to atoms. The debris took fire, and the intense cold gave the fire sway, and it spread rapidly to adjoining buildings. The shock of the explosion was so severe that glass was shattered and plaster shaken from the ceilings of nearly every residence in town. The inhabitants ran in all directions. A great many buildings were found badly damaged quite a distance from the explosion.

As far as learned, four were killed and ten injured. The fire is now under control. The loss is $20,000. By great effort the fire was confined to the buildings blown up, and two frame dwelling-houses adjoining. The whole family of Mr. Helsely, consisting of himself, wife, mother and two children, were instantly killed. Several others are reported fatally injured.

FURTHER PARTICULARS.

Later reports from the scene of the gas explosion at Wellsburg increase the horrors of the singular disaster. Six lives are known to be lost, viz.: Mr. Helsely, his wife, mother and son and two children, one aged six years and the other eighteen months. The eldest of the two children was taken out of the ruins alive, but so seriously injured that it died at 4 P. M. The youngest child has not yet been found. Mr. Lucas Walters, wife and two children were saved, but their eldest son, aged about fourteen years, is missing. The missing named are undoubtedly in the ruins. Mrs. Walters sustained injuries, but they are not considered dangerous. Leonard Esterdar, a shoemaker, doing business in a small frame shop adjoining Walters' home, who boarded with Mr. Walters and was asleep in his room at Mr. Walters', received injuries not considered serious. Miss Lucy Letzkus, residing with Mr. Walters, asleep on the second floor, was carried with the bed by the explosion into an adjoining lot, and miraculously escaped injury.

Firemen are busy throwing water on the ruins, endeavoring to cool off the debris, so search can be made for the remains of the two missing children.

CAUSE OF THE EXPLOSION.

As to the cause of the explosion it is stated by reliable persons that Mr. Helsely stated during the day and evening that gas was leaking in his cellar, and that he had opened up some of the approaches thereto to allow the gas to escape, and retired for the night. Supposition is, that the escaping gas found its way from the cellar to the upper rooms of the house, and coming in contact with fire in the grates or gas jets the explosion took place.

Helsely's and Walter's houses joined, and were two story brick and recently built. Both buildings were entirely demolished, and portions thereof were scattered from 100 to 150 feet in every direction. The house occupied by Martin Brownbee, on the southeast corner from Helsely's, an old structure, was almost shaken to pieces. The blacksmith shop of George Davidson, opposite the Helsely home, was entirely demolished. His residence, adjoining the shop, is almost a total wreck. Two dwellings of Mr. John Fare, and the shop and dwelling of Andrew Barth, north of Davidson's, were badly damaged. The occupants of these houses were thrown out of their beds, and those who were up were staggered by the shock, but none of them were injured.

EXTENT OF THE SHOCK.

Windows were broken and doors blown open two blocks and more north, south and west of the explosion. On the east the houses on Commerce street, upon the hill, in the vicinity of the Catholic church, suffered by having much glass broken. The old brewery of Leonard & Hebrank had nearly every light of glass in it broken. In fact every house, as before stated, within two and a half squares is more or less damaged. The explosion was terrific. It was heard for miles in the surrounding country, and many farmers made haste to town to ascertain the cause. The concussion was felt in every house in town, and windows, furniture and crockery were rattled in a way to terrify and bewilder the inhabitants. At Lazerville, one and one-quarter miles north, the concussion was felt.

TWO RAILROAD ACCIDENTS.

CINCINNATI, Feb. 21.—The St. Louis express train, due here this morning, ran into the rear car of a train waiting on the side track at Delhi, twelve miles from this city, injuring some fifteen passengers, all were suburban residents of Cincinnati. The cause of the accident was an open switch, but why it was open is not clearly explained. Several of the injured received serious wounds.

Not far from the same time, another accident happened on the line of the road at Lockland station, thirteen miles north of this city. The New York express train was approaching the city and had just passed Lockland when it ran over a broken rail. Two sleepers and the rear passenger coach were thrown from the track. No one was killed and so far as known only two are reported seriously injured. Quite a number of others were more or less bruised.

BAD ACCIDENT IN NEW YORK.

UTICA, N. Y., Feb. 21.—At 3 A. M. to-day a passenger train bound west on the West Shore road ran into a freight car at Canajoharie. Three locomotives were smashed, the engineer and fireman instantly killed and others severely injured. The loss is estimated at $100,000.

TRAIN ACCIDENT IN ILLINOIS.

BLOOMINGTON, Ill., Feb. 21.—An accident occurred this morning on the Lake Erie and Western railroad, near Arrowsmith. Several passenger cars were ditched. The passengers, more or less injured, were taken to Bloomington.

SIX PERSONS BURNED TO DEATH.

NEW YORK, Feb. 22.—At a fire early this morning, in Beaver and William street, six lives were lost, as follows: Mrs. Annie Murray, age 30; James Murray, Jr., aged 7; David Murray, aged 5; Maggie Murray, aged 2; Mrs. Vennue, Murray's wife's mother, who was 55 years old, is also dead. James Murray, father of the family, was a policeman attached to the first precinct. His wife attended to the janitor's duties of the Litchfield building. He was doing patrol duty near the scene of the fire, and rushed to the burning structure, his first thought being to save his wife and children. He was seen to enter the house, but he has not been seen since and it is thought he was suffocated by smoke, and subsequently burned to a cinder. Three generations in the persons of Mrs. Murray, her children and her mother lay dead on the station house floor at the same time. To render the disaster more deplorable Mrs. Murray was shortly to become a mother. Several persons in the building were rescued by means of ladders.

DISASTROUS FIRE.

PHILADELPHIA, Feb 21.—Fire broke out between 6 and 7 this morning in the house of John A. King, 1539 Pine street. The flames made great progress and three dwellings were destroyed. The occupants of King's residence were asleep in the upper stories and were disturbed by the heat and smoke, only to discover their usual means of egress cut off. They ran to the windows and most of them jumped out. King appeared at the fourth story window and was seen to make an effort to jump, but was overcome by the heat and fell into the flames. Three people, who jumped to the ground, two female servants and a sister of Mrs. King, also lost their lives. Mrs. King appeared at a window crying for help. A mattress was held by firemen and she was told to drop her baby first and then jump herself. She did so and received severe, but not dangerous injuries. The baby was killed.

BIG BLAZE IN CONNECTICUT.

NEW BRITAIN, Conn., Feb. 21.—At 3 o'clock this morning fire was discovered in the livery stable of Bailey & Bunting, situated near Main street. It gained such headway that three occupants of the stable office barely escaped with their lives, while the fourth, Ed. Rowly, burned to death. The fire spread to a large wooden block on Church street, occupied by several small shops and tenements, and got beyond control of the firemen. The fire then spread from Church street north to Main street. Some merchants saved goods, but most lost everything. Central block, a large four-story brick, was also destroyed. Loss, $220,000; insurance, $135,000.

CHAPPAQUA INSTITUTE BURNED.

CHAPPAQUA, N. Y., Feb. 21.—The Chappaqua mountain institute burned at 3 o'clock this morning. Its seventy-five scholars were all safely removed, although there were some narrow escapes and many children were carried insensible through the smoke and flames upon the frozen snow-covered ground in their night clothes, barefooted and partly naked. Neighbors were soon at the scene, and the half-frozen children cared for. The institute was started sixteen years ago as a Quaker school for boys and girls.

ANOTHER FIRE.

PHILADELPHIA, Feb. 21.—A fire occurred early this morning in a four-story brick building, 450 Market street, occupied on the first floor by Root, Bonnet & Co., china and glassware. The two upper floors were occupied by Joseph L. Meary & Co., boot and shoe commission merchants. The stock of both firms were destroyed. The stock of Root Bonnet & Co. was valued at $65,000. The flames spread to the paper warehouse of Rudolph Sons & Co., the contents of which were destroyed, and the building, 508 Market street, the upper floors of which were damaged. The first floor and basement were occupied by Lippincott, Son & Co., auctioneers. The total loss on buildings and stocks is estimated at $125,000.

AT TEXARKANA.

TEXARKANA, Ark., Feb. 21.—Marx's block burned this morning. The loss is estimated at $175,000, but may reach a quarter of a million. Insurance, $118,000. The largest individual sufferer is J. N. Dougherty, whose stock, valued at $32,000, was destroyed. His insurance is $22,000.

PENITENTIARY BURNING.

NEW ORLEANS, Feb. 21.—A Baton Rouge dispatch says the state penitentiary is on fire, and from appearances the whole building will burn.

EASTERN NEWS ITEMS.

LAST PUBLIC RECEPTION.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 21.—President Arthur gave his last public reception to-night. He was assisted by Mrs. McElroy, Mrs. Hatton, Mrs. Teller, Mrs. John Davis and others. The number of callers was greater than at any previous reception, including almost every government official in Washington and many members of visiting military and Masonic organizations.

TO-DAY'S WEATHER.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 21.—North and Central Pacific coast, partly cloudy weather and light rains.

CRIMINAL CALENDAR.

THE WORK OF A MANIAC.

LAS VEGAS, N. M., Feb. 21.—Later reports of the murder of Don Manuel Montano and wife, last Tuesday, at their ranch at Las Narias, are to the effect that Jose Gallegos, a ranchero and desperate character, killed Montano in a fit of insanity. After assuring himself that his victim was dead he went to his own home and cut the throats of his entire family, wife, two daughters and a young son. A posse of citizens have organized to surround the house and capture the maniac.

MURDERED BY MAIL ROBBERS.

NEW BRAUNFELS, Tex., Feb. 21.—Hal. Gosling, United States marshal for the western district of Texas, and his deputy, Manning, were killed here this evening by mail robbers, whom the two officers were attempting to arrest. The authorities have telegraphed to Huntsville for bloodhounds to track the robbers.

SHORT ARRAIGNED.

NEW YORK, Feb 21.—Richard Short appeared in the Yorkville police court to-day, to answer the charge of stabbing Phelan. Judge Patterson denied a motion to discharge Short and refused to reduce the bail.

THE CITY BY THE SEA.

[WRITTEN FOR THE OREGONIAN.]

What an exaggerated joke was imposed upon Astoria by calling it the Venice of America! Astoria survives. It has attractions which it does not borrow from any other place. Its hills, once so unsightly, are being covered with buildings and gardens, or reduced to gentle slopes. Bay and ocean are unborrowed charms in the scenery. The increase of comfortable and even costly dwellings, give it the air of permanent life. No city is enduring which is composed of factories and warehouses; it must have homes and schools and churches.

One of the conspicuous new buildings in Astoria is the public school. It piles story upon story, after the usual ill-considered fashion of the times. The improvement is not far distant when consideration of the comfort and safety of the children shall decree that the recitation rooms shall be placed on the first floor, and the second shall be devoted to the large assemblies—a capacious hall, whose walls shall be covered with charts and maps and cases filled with various specimens, like cabinets, a museum, throwing light upon the sciences and arts. Beneath the whole shall be a lofty basement, well lighted and ventilated, devoted to the recreation of the younger portion of the scholars in stormy weather, while the hall above may be used for the same purpose by the students who can be trusted to treat the place and property with care and conduct themselves with decorum. But Astoria might be justified, if any place could, in building its school houses high. The uneven surface of the land makes the laying of foundations expensive.

Astoria needs all the restraining influences that can be brought to bear upon a roving population. It is the resort of a mixed multitude from the sea and from the land, men who are attracted to ports by the license they enjoy and the ease with which they can betake themselves to other quarters. This roving population is composed of men who have no homes, that care not where they tramp or stay. No domestic ties anchor them; no social restraints environ them. The sea, the fisheries, the canneries attract many, and the prospect of illicit gains and pleasures draws others who are experts in laying snares for the older birds and enticements for the young.

Saloons, a specious name for liquor shops and gambling dens, are very numerous; and a tour of inspection lately taken on a Sunday, reveals the fact that they appeared to be all open, and some of them crowded. The noise and the odors which issue from them were perceptible at a distance; and a glance within the open doors disclosed groups of men gathered around card tables and drinking at the bar or reeling in groups. The noise amounted to a dull roar. The words caught were the jargon of illiteracy mingled with curses. The fumes of burnt tobacco and whisky breaths poisoned the air and sent forth a stench which was intolerable. Some were leaving half intoxicated, while more were entering. No old men were visible. The patrons of these stalls of vice make way with their lives quickly. Young men and boys hustled past the observer, each with a cigar or pipe, some strutting with outlandish step or made unsteady by a dizzy brain and shattered nerves. These are the common resorts where "dead-eye" and "forty-rod" are dispensed over the resounding counter by pugilistic fists challenging a fight. Other saloons are fitted up with more costly furniture and gilt attractions, with shades behind which the delicate sense is gratified and the taste educated to absorb slowly the transfusions of the bibulous artist: and where the novice enters for concealment, and the clerk or book-keeper that drinks to his employer's success and makes false entries in his employer's cash account, indulges his propensities to imbibe and gamble.

Here is a front covered with hieroglyphics in gaudy red, supposed to be a highly attractive programme of the entertainment within, of which notice is given in advance by music on the Chinese harpsichord, accompanied with sounds like the cracked voices of a score of old market-women—a din and discord truly heathenish. A philosopher would be puzzled to discover the essential difference between the white man's gratification of his debased passions and the Chinaman's. The means differ, the propensities are the same.

These dens are the recruiting ground of the gallows and the penitentiary. The crimes against person and property are few which are not instigated by vicious habits that are acquired in the grog shop. The interval of rest from the weekly toil is employed, not to recruit the strength, but to enervate the system and to corrupt the mind; and the Monday work begins under a condition of the system which unfits it for honest toil, and impels it by natural sequence to the use of stimulants, and the renewal of enervating pleasures. No gauge of this dreadful reality is more disheartening than the sight and number of the young men who are drawn into these resorts of shame.

Any competent board of health would pronounce these groceries too numerous for the most extravagant claims of the imbibing class. Their opinion would be founded upon the physiology of the human frame and the laws of hygiene. Any committee of taxpayers or heads of families would adopt the opinion of the board of health, adding cogent arguments touching the ruinous cost of the business, and its immorality and combined destructive influences. But the license commissioners put a different construction upon their oath-bound obligations.

No reflecting person can take a survey like this without finding some grave inquiries started in his mind. Some of these are: Why governments are instituted. What is the sphere of the legislature? What is the function of the magistrate? What is the responsibility of the private citizen? These questions touch the deepest and most permanent interests of society, and they concern everyone who has a family or who is woven into the texture of social life. No one can question that our institutions are admirably adapted to promote the general welfare. Such is the nature of social relations that the welfare of the individual is often dependent upon the order and morality which are maintained in the body politic, and society prospers when the individuals who compose it are intelligent, industrious and virtuous.

These are the unchangeable conditions of social welfare.

VIATOR.

GENERAL NEWS.

Startling Rumors in Relation to the British Forces.

ENGLAND AND RUSSIA MAY FIGHT.

The Chicago Election Conspirators Convicted—A History of their Crime and an Account of the Trial—Eastern Notes.

LONDON, Feb. 21.—General Buller's relief transports from Gakdul were expected to reach Abu Klea to-day. It is feared the retreat upon Gakdul will be attended with heavy losses. Water is scarce, camels are dying from exhaustion, and ammunition is limited. If El Mahdi's advance should be accelerated General Buller's entire force will be imperilled.

General Sir Thomas Steele, commander of the forces in Ireland, reports to the government against any reduction of the numbers of troops in that country for service in the Soudan. He protests that it will be necessary to increase rather than diminish them.

Pearce, correspondent of the *Daily News*, with General Buller, is missing.

RUMORED MASSACRE OF THE BRITISH FORCES.

Turks at Jeddeh are circulating reports that the British troops in the desert have been massacred, and that General Lord Wolseley committed suicide.

Rumors are current here to-day of a serious disaster to the force of General Buller, entrenched at Abu Klea wells, but neither the war office nor any of the several news agencies have any confirmed report.

AN ENTHUSIASTIC POPULACE.

LONDON, Feb. 21.—The enthusiasm of the London populace for vigorous prosecution of the war in the Soudan reached its culmination to-day on the occasion of the departure of the "Scots" guards from the capital at Westminster bridge. The Prince of Wales, accompanied by his daughters, was waiting to bid the guards God speed. The prince signalized the event by appearing in the uniform of the guards. He addressed them briefly, encouraging them to high endeavor, and expressing the hope that the necessity for their absence from England might be of brief duration. The royal party remained while the guards embarked upon the steamer to take them to Gravesend.

TROUBLE WITH RUSSIA FEARED.

LONDON, Feb. 20.—Papers make much of the account published in the *Times* that there is great danger of a conflict between Russians and the Afghan outposts. The trouble arises over disputed territorial boundary.

A dispatch from Sir Peter Lumsden informs the government that he has withdrawn the commission expedition from Bala Murghab towards Herat, where he awaits orders from England. Sir Peter repeats his advice that the British occupy Herat and two mountain passes, forming a natural strategic line. The reported presence of Russian troops near Penjdeh is confirmed. Negotiations between Earl Granville and Lessar, Russian agent, on the basis of the Afghan frontier line, are progressing. The question was up before the cabinet yesterday. Gladstone, Chamberlain and Sir Charles Dilke were in favor of settlement of the question on the basis of Lessar's proposals, excluding Penjdeh.

The government stocks continue to decline. This is due to the Russian scare more than to news from the Soudan.

The *Evening News* says it is asserted that the guards ostensibly dispatched to the Soudan, are destined to land at Kuriacho, and will thence proceed to Afghanistan. It says this report, if true, forms England's reply to Russia's advance to Herat.

HALIFAX OBJECTS.

HALIFAX, Feb. 21.—At a meeting of the Short Line railway committee of the city council and chamber of commerce strong resolutions were passed blaming the Dominion government for giving virtual aid to the Canadian Pacific railroad to extend their line to Portland for a terminus. The resolution set forth that the Canadian Pacific railway is a great national highway, built by national funds, and therefore should be so constructed as to bring wealth not to the people of a foreign country but to the taxpayers of Canada who built it. Its terminus should be on the Canadian seaboard.

EUROPEAN POLITICS.

RUSSIA AND FRANCE BACKING TURKEY.

LONDON, Feb. 21.—Russia and France are backing the sultan of Turkey against Italy. The porte's preparations to mobilize a fleet for the purpose of sending an expedition to Massowah have been checked. This is reported to be due to a warning from England that the Turkish fleet would not be permitted to enter the Suez canal. Owing to the attitude of Turkey the Italian government holds in readiness for embarkation a full *corps d'armee.*

ENGLAND.

STEAMER PROBABLY FOUNDERED.

LONDON, Feb. 21.—It is the opinion of insurance circles that the British steamer Fernwood, Captain Roberts, which left New York January 29 for Avonmouth, has foundered.

GERMANY.

DUTY ON WINES.

BERLIN, Feb. 21.—The reichstag has fixed the duty on sparkling wines at 80 marks.

ELECTION CONSPIRATORS CONVICTED.

A History of the Chicago Frauds and an Account of the Trial.

CHICAGO, Feb. 21.—The trial of Joseph C. Mackin, William J. Gallagher, Arthur Gleason and Henry Biehl, on a charge of conspiracy to affect the result of the election for congressman in the fourth Illinois district at the presidential election last November, was concluded to-day, and resulted in the conviction at 5:30 this evening of Mackin, Gallagher and Gleason and the acquittal of Biehl. The facts in the case are as follows: The fourth congressional district includes the north division of Chicago, and the sixth legislative district covers a part of the same territory. In this legislative district Henry W. Leman, republican, and Rudolf Brand, democrat, were candidates. It was in returns from the second voting precinct of the Eighteenth ward, in this district, that the crooked work was done. When the count was completed, on the night of election, the record showed that Leman had 420 votes, and Brand 274, which with other returns from the district, gave Leman a small majority. When the canvassing board reached that precinct the returns showed that Leman received only 220 votes, while Brand had 474 votes which gave Brand a majority in the district. The returns gave evidence of having been tampered with, but the canvassing boards decided that it could not go behind the returns and accordingly certified the result to the state canvassing board which reversed the decision and gave the certificate of election to Leman, thereby creating a tie on joint ballot for United States senator. Had Brand been given the seat the democrats would have had a clear majority on joint ballot, and this was evidently the point aimed at by tampering with the results in the precinct above mentioned.

THE CONSPIRATORS INDICTED.

United States District Attorney Tuthill filed information in the federal court against the defendants in this case, charging them with conspiracy to tamper with the returns of an election at which a member of congress had been voted for. The bringing in of congressional matter was merely to bring the case within federal jurisdiction, as there were no evidences of change in the result for congressman. Subsequently these defendants and the judges and clerks of election were indicted by the federal grand jury. That jury, in opening the sealed package of ballots for the precinct in question, discovered that 200 republican ballots bearing Leman's name had been abstracted and replaced by 200 other republican ballots, except that Brand's name was substituted for Leman's. Subsequent investigations developed the fact that these ballots were printed on the night of November 21st, nearly three weeks after the election, and delivered to Mackin; that the handwriting on the returns which had been tampered with was that of Gallagher, and that Gleason or Biehl, who are employes of the county clerk's office, in whose custody the returns were, must have been, one or both in collusion with the parties who, on the night of November 23, made the substitution of false ballots for the genuine.

THE TRIAL.

The trial has been in progress over two weeks and every point has been stubbornly contested by nearly a score of lawyers. When the prosecution rested its case it had apparently proved what it set out to do. For the defense a man named Gilmore swore he secured a stereotype plate of the republican ticket from the office at which the republican tickets were printed on the night before election; that he gave it to a printer named Sullivan, who printed 500 of them with Brand's name in place of Leman's, and that he (Gilmore) delivered them to a man named Simons at democratic headquarters. Sullivan and Simons corroborated the story, as did Tilman, the printer, on whose presses Sullivan swore he printed the tickets. Gilmore Sullivan and Tilman were at once arrested for perjury and Simons fled. Subsequently Sullivan and Tilman made confessions to H. E. Stone, a member of the citizen's committee, and the editor of the *Daily News*, that their testimony was false, and the next day they went upon the stand and testified that they were induced to swear falsely by Mackin and Gallagher. Their revelations produced a strange effect upon the jury. Three days were spent in arguments, and the judge's charge and case were given to the jury at noon to-day, with the result stated above. The jury came in with its verdict at 5:30 o'clock this evening.

GREAT EXCITEMENT.

The greatest excitement prevailed in and around the court room when the verdict was announced. The attorneys for the defendants at once moved for a new trial.

Other indictments are pending against most of the defendants, both in the federal and state courts, and Mackin is under bonds on various cases to the amount of $20,000 to $30,000. The case has attracted unusual interest, because of its bearing (it touches the senate of the United States), because of the boldness of the fraud in its execution, and because of sensational developments at the trial. The fraud excited great indignation in this city, and a convention of leading citizens was formed, comprising prominent men of both the democratic and republican parties, and a fund of $20,000 was raised to push the prosecution to successful issues.

Mackin is a working politician, and has held a prominent place in the councils of his party in this city, being secretary of the democratic county, city and district committees. Gallagher is less prominent, but has taken an active part in politics in a small way since his arrival here from Philadelphia. Gleason is a republican, and has been an active worker also in a small way.

AMONG THE BOOKS.

Personal Gossip and Literary Notes—News of Interest to Book Lovers and Buyers.

PERSONAL TRAITS OF BRITISH AUTHORS. Edited by Edward T. Mason. Published by Chas. Scribner's Sons, New York. 2 vols. Illustrated.

In the two volumes just issued of a series of four or more promised by Mr. Mason, much interesting matter has been compressed. While there is little in the mass of anecdote and reminiscence that has not already been read by the student of biography, there is much that is new to the average reader, and it is for this class that the books have been compiled. The volumes are not numbered, although an attempt is made to carry the reader along after a chronological fashion in each volume. The work of the editor has been confined to a compilation of extracts from various sources, portraying the personal characteristics of each author from childhood to death. This has been done in such a manner that the reader may obtain a very good idea of the personal traits of each, although in several cases there have been needless repetitions of the same fact. For instance Byron's club feet are referred to in a number of anecdotes where the reference could well have been expunged. An occasional "dout ing up" is about all that may be considered objectionable in two otherwise interesting volumes. An index is furnished at the end of each volume, and marginal notes add much to their value. A bibliography is also added. The books are neatly bound and clearly printed. Illustrations of Byron, Shelley, William Hazlitt and Wordsworth are given, and the editor has sought to assist those who wish to go to the fountains from which he drew his information, by stating in a brief introduction to each author the sources of supply in book or magazine. For sale by W. B. Ayer & Co., Portland.

LITERARY NOTES.

Gen. McClellan will contribute to the *Century's* war series a paper on the peninsular campaign in general, and one on the battle of Antietam. Gen. Joseph E. Johnston, who for a time commanded the confederate side covering the period from Manassas to Seven Pines, and will also write of his relations with Jefferson Davis.

The tragic and intensely interesting story of the heroic wife of Charles La Tour, one of the noble figures of Acadian history, forms the subject of a paper by Charles G. D. Roberts in *The Century* of February 14. Her extraordinary courage, her devotion to the fortunes of her people, and her pathetic death, are most admirably presented.

Mr G. W. Cable is preparing what he calls a book "of remarkable true stories, largely illustrated, of Louisiana life which have come to me in the last fifteen years, some have been told me, some of them have come under my own observation. The strange thing about these stories is the purely accidental connection between them. I shall give them to the public without embellishment, just as they have come to me, and I think when you read them you will agree with me that they are a remarkable series. My great difficulty will be to make it appear plain to the public that they are really and only true stories."

As the letters of Lord Lytton were suppressed, no copyright in the volume was secured in England; consequently there is nothing to prevent the importation of the American reprint.

Charles Lamb wrote from the India House to a friend one day—in a letter which will soon be sold in London: "I am determined my children shall be brought up in their father's religion, if they can find out what it is. Bye is about publishing a volume of poems—they are chiefly amatory. They are most like Petrarch of any foreign poet, or what we might have supposed Petrarch would have written if Petrarch had been born a fool. If I am singular in anything, it is in too great a squeamishness to anything that remotely looks like a falsehood. I am called Old Honesty, sometimes Upright Telltruth, Esq., and I own it tickles my vanity a little. The committee have formally abolished all holydays whatsoever, for which may the devil, who keeps no holydays, have them in his eternal burning workshop."

The *Atlantic Monthly* for March is an unusually spirited number. Dr. Holmes here definitely opens his "New Portfolio," which is exceedingly engaging. Besides the three serials by Mrs. Oliphant, Miss Jewett and Mr. Craddock, which continue to increase in interest, there are several papers which are of value to thoughtful readers. Two scholarly articles, "Time in Shakespeare's Comedies" by Henry A. Clapp, and "The Consolidation of the Colonies" by Brooks Adams, an almost painfully realistic story by Bishop, called "The Brown-Stone Boy," and a delightful Mexican travel paper with the grateful title of "A Plunge into Summer," by Sylvester Baxter, complete the longer articles of the number.

In *Babyhood* for February "The Baby's Bath" with all that pertains to it, by Marion Harland, makes one of the most interesting and practical subjects yet touched upon by this magazine.

A piece of good luck befell a bookseller's assistant this week, says the *Pall Mall Gazette*. A man who sells books from a barrow in the streets was wheeling it on the way to open for the day and passed close to the aforesaid assistant, who was on his way to work. As the man passed, a small volume fell off into the road, which the assistant kindly picked up, with the intention of replacing it on the barrow. Before doing so, impelled by what he calls the "bookseller" instinct, he looked at the volume. Once glance was enough. "Here, what do you want for this?" The dealer, taking a casual glance at the unlucky volume, said: "Oh, threepence, I suppose, will do." The threepence was joyfully paid, and the assistant departed with his prize. The book was no less than a rare volume by Increase Mather, printed in 1698, at Boston, United States. Any collector will know that an American-printed book bearing this date must be of great value. The book has been valued at from $8 to $12. Moral: Booksellers are not worked out, and kindness sometimes pays.

Houghton, Mifflin & Co. announce that 50,000 subscriptions have been received to the illustrated edition of Longfellow's works published by them, in the superb quartos familiar to the public.

Volume two of Cassell's "Greater London," by Edward Walford, is nearly ready. This completes a most interesting and valuable narrative of the wonderful city on the Thames. The maps and engravings that accompany the book are an attractive feature, and make it invaluable to those persons who want to know London as she is and has been for so many years.

The "Dictionary of English History" announced by Cassell & Co., will be ready in a few days. It is edited by Sidney J. Low, B. A., and F. S. Pulling, M. A., and will be issued in one large octavo volume of 1120 pages. The value of a dictionary of English history need hardly be dwelt upon. Why the want of one was not supplied long ago is the first question that suggests itself. Few dictionaries will be more frequently referred to by students in and out of school than this one.

Mr. John Webb Probyn's "Italy: from the fall of Napoleon I. in 1815, to the death of Victor Emanuel in 1878," will be published by Cassell & Co. in a few days. The purpose of Mr. Probyn's book is to give a concise account of the chief causes and events which have transformed Italy from a divided into a united country. Mr. Probyn passed the greater part of ten years in Italy and among its sons, so that he writes from an intimate knowledge of most of the events described.

Houghton, Mifflin & Co. will soon publish "My Lady Pocahontas," by John Esten Cooke; "John Marshall," by Allen B. Magruder, in their American statesmen ser[illegible] poems by Mrs. S. M. [illegible] round," by Dr. W. F. [illegible] a temper to show that th[illegible] poles.

Harper's *Magazine* [illegible] ceived by Edward Dekum & Co. [illegible] illustrated articles are "The House [illegible] "A Glimpse of Some Washington [illegible] "The Cape Ann Quarries." Several [illegible] cles are also illustrated. The number [illegible] cellent one.

The late Dr. Ezra Ab[illegible] of about 4000 volumes has been [illegible] Harvard divinity school and a [illegible] being raised for an fire-proof [illegible] it in. About $20,000 is wanted.

Lawrence Hutton has nearly ready [illegible] Landmarks of London," on which he [illegible] at work for three years. It is [illegible] typographical dictionary of the [illegible] haunts of famous London writers.

The Scribners will publish this [illegible] edition of the works of George P. [illegible] minister to Italy, and [illegible] Dr. Holland in fourteen volumes.

C. B. Bruce, who used to edit [illegible] and who sold 135, [illegible] of his [illegible] entitled "Don [illegible] called "The Adventures of Timias [illegible] and the Appletons will soon publish [illegible] hero is a New York parlor.

Henry Holt will publish [illegible] Austin Do[illegible] volume of poems, "As the S[illegible] next month, six months ahead of the [illegible] edition. It will contain only the [illegible] written since "Vignettes in Rhyme" [illegible] lished here.

Louise Imogen Guiney, author of [illegible] the Start," will soon publish a volume [illegible] essays. She is described as a [illegible] 23, graceful, accomplished and [illegible] the daughter of the late General [illegible] who commanded the Ninth Massachusetts [illegible] teers, participated in thirty-six [illegible] war, and died in Boston some years [illegible] result of a wound received in the [illegible]

The Dalles *Times-Mountaineer* has [illegible] a neat almanac containing much [illegible] regarding that city.

"Henry Irving," by Mr. William [illegible] the title of a little book in the press [illegible] to be published by Mr. George I. [illegible] will contain a complete and minute [illegible] of Mr. Irving's performances in this [illegible] critical estimate of his acting. The [illegible] which is being done by Mr. DeVinne [illegible] to be a model of what good printing [illegible] be.

"Vernon Lee," says the *Critic*, [illegible] first novel, 'Miss Brown,' to Mr. [illegible] "for good-luck." Miss Violet Paget [illegible] name of this writer. She is an [illegible] living in Florence, where she has [illegible] self with the Italian literature of the [illegible] century. Heretofore she has confined [illegible] to writing essays for the English [illegible] from her *nom de plume* and her [illegible] she has often been mistaken for a [illegible] quite curious to see how she adapts [illegible] light literature."

About 900 copies have already [illegible] England of Lord Tennyson's new [illegible] poem, "Becket."

The many friends of Louisa Alcott [illegible] eagerly looking forward to the pub[illegible] "Jo's Boys and How They Turned Out" [illegible] very much disappointed to learn that [illegible] been obliged, from overwork, to lay [illegible] pen for an indefinite period.

"Queries" is the title of a new [illegible] lished in Buffalo, New York, by C. L. [illegible] Co. Its mission in the literary field [illegible] agreeable occupation to all its readers [illegible] ing prizes payable in books for correct [illegible] to a large number of questions pro[illegible] each issue. These questions are on a [illegible] ber of subjects ranging through all [illegible] literature, and the prizes are large [illegible] furnish an incentive to study. One [illegible] the department devoted to questions [illegible] ners. It is alone in its field, and will [illegible] edly find many readers. Price 50 [illegible]

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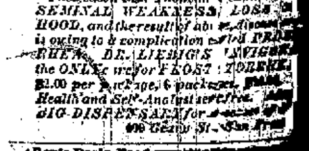

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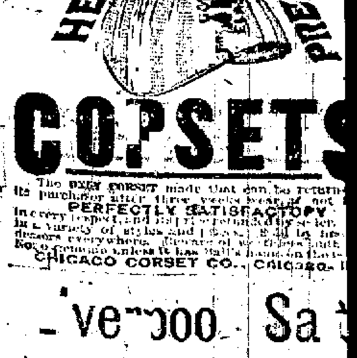

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